# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 201, Number 26

Dec. 29, 1928

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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# HOOCH

## By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

*"Well, You'd be Surprised," Barr Countered. "This Prohibition Law, Paddy, is the Biggest Thing Since Lincoln's Proclamation Freeing the Slaves; It's Even Bigger Than That"*

I SEE by the papers," Captain Barr remarked, "that Massachusetts has ratified this prohibition amendment." As he spoke he leaned forward and hooked his elbows on the edge of his desk. This made it possible for him to stare impressively into the eyes of his astute lieutenant, Paddy Flenger.

Paddy was a foxlike individual whose features marked, for the careful observer, a decided worldliness; one might even say cupidity. His voice was high, penetrant and nasal in tone. He affected a bristling mustache which was dyed deep from the nicotine of the cigars he continuously smoked. He met the gaze of his chief, inhaled deeply of a cigar and hissed the smoke through the hair of his mustache. Mingled scorn and anger were in the gesture.

"Massachusetts?" he gasped. "That's a hell of a note!"

Captain Barr smiled complacently. "You mark my words, Paddy; in three years' time any man that buys a drink in this country is going to be a criminal."

Flenger bit viciously at his cigar, jumped to his feet and paced the room. His hands were stuffed deep in his trouser pockets and his cigar protruded from his lips at an angle that was almost vertical. He spoke so vehemently that his jaw snapped the ashes from the cigar and trailed them over the lapel of his coat. He paid no attention.

"That's the craziest idea, chief," he growled, "that I ever heard from you. What do you think the brewers are goin' to do—an' the whisky ring?" His tone changed suddenly from anger to scorn. "I suppose they're goin' to sit quiet an' turn their breweries an' distilleries into candy factories—or maybe soda-pop works." He jerked the cigar from his mouth, gazed at its charred end and snapped it in the general direction of a cracked porcelain cuspidor in the corner.

Captain Barr remained unaffected by the outburst. He sat quiet, his elbows still hooked over the edge of his desk and his eyes complacently following the gestures of his lieutenant. When he spoke, it was in even tones, measured confidence.

"Mark my words," he repeated; "inside three years. It can't miss, Paddy. I tell you this war has put different ideas in the minds of the people. There's been so much ballyhoo about laying down your life for ideals that people are ready to lay down their votes for them. Everybody is in a tender mood. There ain't a heart in the country that hasn't been singed somewhere by this war business. It's when you get a man in a tender mood that it's easiest to reform him.

"Nobody knows that better than you, Paddy. Look back through your own experience right here in the station house. You've seen criminals soften up after their wives called on them, or after their mothers came in and pulled a little sob stuff. It's the same with this country."

Flenger, having jerked a fresh cigar from his waistcoat pocket, jammed it between his teeth and interrupted:

"That's the bunk, chief. In the first place, it ain't the people that's ratified this amendment. It's the members of the legislature. The people haven't got anything to do with it."

Captain Barr laughed softly. "You know better than that," he said at long last. "I guess between us we know enough politicians to prove that every one of them casts

*"Well," Flenger Insisted, "You Watch Your Step. You Got to Play Along With Us, Too. It Ain't All on Our Side"*

his vote the way the wind blows. Right now it's blowing toward prohibition. Nation-wide prohibition. And that's just what we're going to get."

"I tell you it ain't the people," Flenger insisted; "it's a few cracked fanatics that are tryin' to save the world for the Democrats. They know everything's upset now an' they're steppin' in, packin' legislatures an' buildin' up enough of a case so they can put the shake on the brewers an' distillers. In a year's time you won't hear anything about prohibition, because the paid reformers will have been bought off."

"I've just got a hunch," Barr answered in a matter-of-fact tone, "that the leaders of this dry movement can't be bought off. Some of the biggest men in the country are pouring their money into this fight, and they're doing it because they think it's the right thing to do. There's already a dozen or so states that have ratified, and what chance have the wets got in states that have been dry for years?"

"Take it from me," Flenger snapped, "this whole thing is a lot of hypocritical bunk. People lookin' for political power an' publicity. It won't come off. Somebody'll have brains enough to stop it."

He was pacing the floor and searching his pockets for a match. He paused sharply as there came a knock at the door of the captain's office. At a gesture from Barr he stepped across the room and opened the door. A desk sergeant entered. He saluted the captain carelessly.

"We've picked up that old souse again, captain," he explained. "Martin kicked him out into the street an' he stood on the corner makin' speeches that didn't please the ladies a whole lot."

A look of impatience crossed the captain's face. "Who brought him in?" he asked.

"Flaherty, sir. The old boy's pretty noisy."

The captain looked at his watch and thoughtfully ran his thumb over its crystal. "Why didn't Flaherty take him home?" he demanded impatiently.

"He's pretty bad," the sergeant replied. "About the only place that'll hold him is a cell."

"He didn't go to work today at all?" the captain asked.

The sergeant smiled wryly. "It's Monday, you know, captain. He never goes to work on Monday."

"Who've you got?" Flenger cut in. "The old boso from over in the next block?"

"That's him," the sergeant nodded.

"Did he have any money on him?" Flenger asked.

"Four or five dollars," the sergeant shrugged.

"Well," Flenger growled through his mustache, "if you take my advice you'll buy him a pint of nose paint an' throw both of 'em into a cell together. After he quiets down we can spring him."

"We get him about every Sunday night, don't we?" Barr asked.

"We get him pretty often," the sergeant admitted. "Sober he ain't a bad old guy, but just as soon's he gets a week's pay he's off on a grand souse. He's been in here so often that last Thursday he walked in an' asked if there was any mail for him."

"Poor old bum," Barr said. "Get him half a pint, sergeant, and put the two of them in a cell. When he quiets down have one of the boys take him home."

"Very good, sir." The sergeant turned toward the door.

"How much money did you say he had?" Barr asked quickly.

"Four or five dollars, sir."

"That's all that's left of his week's pay?"

"I suppose so. That's all he had when he came in, sir."

Barr's fingers drummed a tune on his desk. Wrinkles crept across his forehead. The sergeant waited at the door. Flenger found his match, struck it on the sole of his shoe and filled the air around his head with bluish-white smoke clouds.

"Have one of the boys take him home later on tonight," Barr repeated. "See that he gets home, sergeant, and to bed. Also see that his wife gets whatever money he had when he came in. Don't let him get his hands on it again."

When the sergeant had left, Flenger turned again toward Barr. "Just on account of bums like that old fool," he said, "your idea is that decent people can't have a drink now an' then?"

"It ain't my idea, Paddy. I'm only telling you what's in the wind. With thousands of men dead in France, there's no room in this educated generation for the finished product of the corner saloon. The women are taking a hand in affairs. And you mark my words, it won't be long before you see every saloon in America closed tight as a clam."

Flenger interrupted: "You'll never close them with a law! A blind man can see that. There's been a law in this town for years making them close at one A.M. an' I don't know a saloon that isn't open all night! What's the law got to do with it? If we can't enforce a law closing saloons at one o'clock in the morning, what chance have we got to enforce one that keeps them closed all the time?"

"A better chance," Barr countered, "than we ever have of closing them at a certain time. As it is now, the saloons are there and it ain't a very difficult thing to break the law in them. If this amendment goes through, there just won't be any saloons and we won't have to bother about closing them at a certain time. It's the old difference between a halfway slap and an honest-to-God wallop.

"You got to admit, Paddy, the saloon gives a man plenty to talk about. Any factory owner in town will tell you that he can't get anything done on a Monday. Half the stores don't have enough people in their delivery departments to make shipments. The biggest trouble is that most of the money spent in saloons is spent by those who can least afford it. And what is spent, too, ain't a hundredth part of what they actually cost the people!"

"You been readin' folders," Flenger sneered.

Barr shrugged. "Well, there ain't any sense in an argument between you and me, Paddy. I just mention that Massachusetts has ratified. Others are going to fall into line. I think the country's going to go dry. The next thing is what effect has that got on you and on me? We've worked together the last nine years and we understand each other's ways. You're on the eligible list for captain and you ought

to make the grade within the next five years. I'm retiring in four and I've got a pretty good chance to make an inspector's rank before I do. With that in mind, Paddy, take a flash at this."

From among the papers on the desk, Barr selected a departmental order and slid it impressively toward Flenger. The lieutenant stepped to the desk and picked it up, a look of inquiry in his eyes.

It announced the transfer of Captain Barr to a new precinct. Flenger chewed his mustache and his eyes darted about the room as if reflecting the activity of his thoughts.

"Well," he muttered at last, "what's back of it? I thought everything was goin' sweet here. You ain't got a better break over there, have you?"

Barr shook his head negatively. "I ain't got anything there, Paddy. This is just one of those things. Crabo's taking my place here and I never had the notion that he was tied up with any weight."

"Crabo won't click in this house," Flenger sneered. "This is a police station. Things happen around here. What politicians is he tied in with that could help him run this house?" The manner of the man had changed considerably. It was inbred in him that a sudden and inexplicable change of this nature could presage but one thing. That was a shake-up. He guessed that the same thoughts filled Barr's mind.

The captain went on by way of explanation: "I talked with Crabo on the telephone this morning."

"What'd he have to offer?" Flenger snapped.

"Well," Barr drawled thoughtfully, "judging from what he said and the way he said it, he don't like it any better than I do."

Flenger puffed his cigar meditatively; finally he said: "Of course, he may be lying."

"He may be," Barr grunted.

"An' if there's anything to cover up," Flenger went on, "he's certainly lying. We've got to figure that. Have you talked to Swinnerton about this?"

Barr laughed. "I called him the minute I read the order."

"Is it a shake-up?"

"The alderman says not. He says there's something in the wind all right, but he can't do much talking about it now. However, he told me to go out there and not to let anything worry me. . . . Of course, it ain't a bad station."

Flenger was chewing his mustache again. When he answered, it was with a growl: "No, it ain't so bad. But there's nothing out there, Barr. In this precinct there's more than a hundred saloons an', in spite of the gamblin' shake-up two years ago, there's still enough houses spread around so that a fellow can do himself a lot of good. Your new precinct ain't got that. It's just a nice, quiet old ladies' home where the best copper you've got knows how to stop a short circuit on a telegraph pole or maybe turn in a fire alarm right."

*Paddy Flenger*

Barr was drumming the desk top again. "There's two breweries and a distillery out in that precinct," he said softly. "Swinnerton owns the distillery. Maybe he's looking ahead too. I happen to know that whatever he says to the commissioner just about goes. If he didn't want me transferred I'd stay right here." He drummed louder and the lines on his forehead deepened.

"You mark my words, Paddy, when this prohibition thing goes through, whisky's going to be worth an awful lot a gallon. I was wondering if you would like to go along with me?"

Flenger took to pacing the floor again. Greed was stamped deep upon his cunning features and his gestures were nervous. It was plain to be seen that he was weighing the possibilities that the transfer wrought. Barr waited patiently.

"I'd like to sleep on it," Flenger said at long last. "To tell you the truth, chief, there ain't a chance for this prohibition thing to go over—not a chance in the world. It's all right to look ahead, but there's such a thing as lookin' too far ahead. If Swinnerton's already fixin' for a little protection for his distillery out there, he's workin' too far in advance. I can hardly see two or three lean years out there on a gamble. I've worked too hard around this precinct puttin' myself in."

"You may be right," Barr agreed. "But I don't see how this prohibition can miss. And you've got to admit Swinnerton's pretty smart. He knows the angles."

"He's wrong this time," Flenger sneered, "an' so are you. You're just hipped on this prohibition racket. I'm tellin' you, nothin'll be heard of it a year from now."

"You're wrong," Barr said steadily.

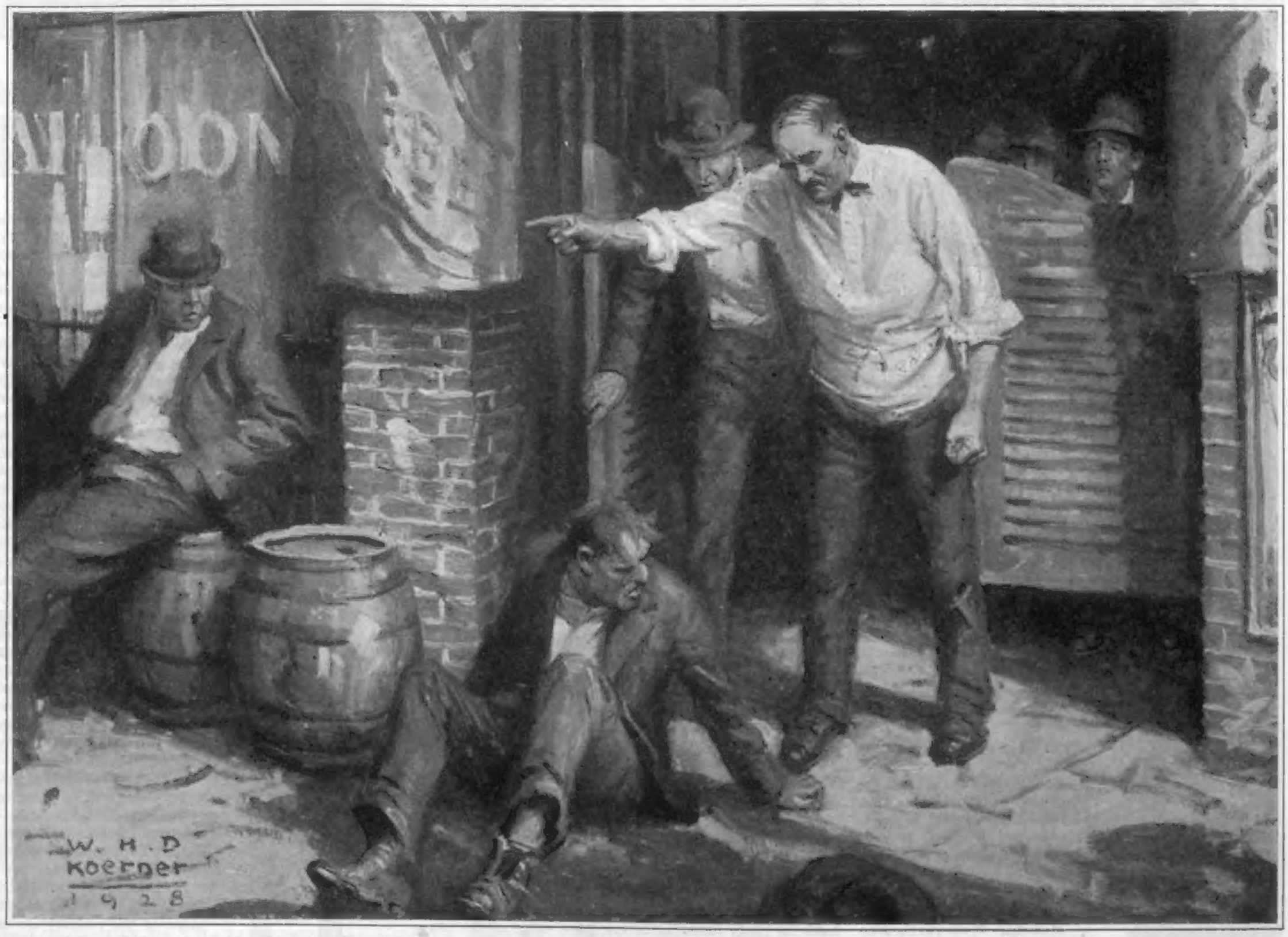
Their conversation again was interrupted by a tapping at the door.

"Come in!" Flenger called testily. It was the desk sergeant.

"Sorry to bother you, sir," he explained, "but there's a young fellow out at the desk raisin' guff because he can't get his father out of Donohue's place. He's pretty sore about it too. He says his father's drunk and Donohue's keepin' him in there just to git his money. The young fellow says if we don't do somethin' about it he's goin' to headquarters."

Flenger had taken to pacing the floor again, his forehead deeply creased with wrinkles. "Tell him to jump in the lake," he muttered. "What does he think we're runnin' here—a day nursery?"

*(Continued on Page 72)*




*"We've Picked Up That Old Souse Again, Captain. Martin Kicked Him Out Into the Street an' He Stood on the Corner Makin' Speeches That Didn't Please the Ladies a Whole Lot"*

# DISCIPLINED MONEY

By Reed Smoot

*United States Senator From Utah*

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THE invention of money and the invention of printing have been proclaimed by wise men to be the greatest inventions of mankind. In modern times the two have been combined in the shape of printed money—an inevitable joining. The success of that union, however, is dependent upon a fundamental—credit. Credit rests upon material property in the immediate instance, but, ultimately, upon character.

"Commercial credits are based upon the possession of money or property?" J. P. Morgan, the elder, was asked on the witness stand before the Pujo Money Trust Committee.

"Money or property or character," Mr. Morgan answered.

"Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?"

"No, sir; the first thing is character."

"Before money or property?"

"Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it."

"But is that the rule of business?"

"That is the rule of business, sir."

The entire theory of the Federal Reserve System, which sprang to some extent out of the conclusions pointed by the Pujo Committee, is based on credit. Though it is true that the Federal Reserve Act stipulates that a minimum of 40 per cent gold reserve must be held against Federal Reserve notes outstanding, that is, relatively, a gesture. Experienced bankers in the United States maintain that the system would work equally well were there a complete absence of any reserve requirements.

The Federal Reserve notes, which make up a large proportion of the paper currency in circulation, are, in fact, but shadows of incomplete transactions, not worth the excellent paper on which they are printed, except for the circumstance that they represent the belief that business men will pay their debts. Even the 40 per cent gold reserve would not save their face value, or really any value at all, were it not for confidence.

That Federal Reserve money passes current, is never questioned, never rejected in the channels of trade, is due to faith that the transactions which it represents will be concluded. It must constantly be borne in mind that there can be no Federal Reserve currency in circulation which does not spring from the operation of credit. As soon as the man whose borrowings have given issuance to a Federal Reserve note pays his debt, that note disappears, retires instantly from circulation. The note is born of debt, lives its entire life subsisting on the existence of that debt, and expires automatically upon cancellation of the obligation. In a word, this note, this instrumentality with which material things of value may be purchased, lives, circulates and has its value in an abstraction. It abhors the present substance; it thrives solely on expectation. It succumbs to realization.

Almost mysterious as such a process may seem, it touches the intimate lives of the American people every day, every hour, every minute. Now established as the principal currency, it is a part of the very life of the people. Concerning the process of its operation there is nothing mysterious. The tangible operation is exceedingly simple; almost a kindergarten performance of playing with blocks, moving this one here and that one there to make a design. The mystery, the intangible thing, too, is simple in a final analysis. All there is to the mystery is a simple belief called by the names of Credit and Character.

John Anderson has some land in Montana and desires to stock it with sheep. He goes to a national bank—say, the First National Bank of Helena. He is known to the officers of the bank as a man of good character, industrious, with a reputation for persevering endeavor and a desire to meet his engagements. Anderson borrows $5000 on his personal note, indorsed, perhaps, by some other reputable person. He buys his sheep. For such an agricultural purpose he may make a six months' loan, the Federal Reserve Act especially favoring farmers and livestock growers by giving them longer terms than any other class of borrowers.

### *In Lieu of John Anderson's Sheep*

MEANTIME, the First National Bank of Helena, having assisted many sheepmen and other producers in the region it serves, finds itself in need of funds. It has made more loans than it otherwise could because it is a member of the Federal Reserve System, as are all national banks. So, wanting more money in hand, it takes the note of John Anderson and those of other borrowers to the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, in whose district it lies, and rediscounts them, paying the Federal Reserve Bank the current rate, which is less than the rate being charged Anderson.

Now had it not been for the existence of the Federal Reserve System, John Anderson might not have received his loan in the first place. But, knowing it could fall back on the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis, the First National Bank of Helena did make the loan. Upon the rediscount of the Anderson and other notes presented, Federal Reserve notes are issued. The existence of John Anderson's debt, which created the demand of the Helena bank for ready funds, constituted the cause of the issuance of the Federal Reserve notes. They circulate freely in the markets of the nation, facilitating, stimulating trade, finding their way into the pay envelopes of factory employes, clerks, farm hands, miners, and thence to the grocer, the hardware merchant, the landlord.

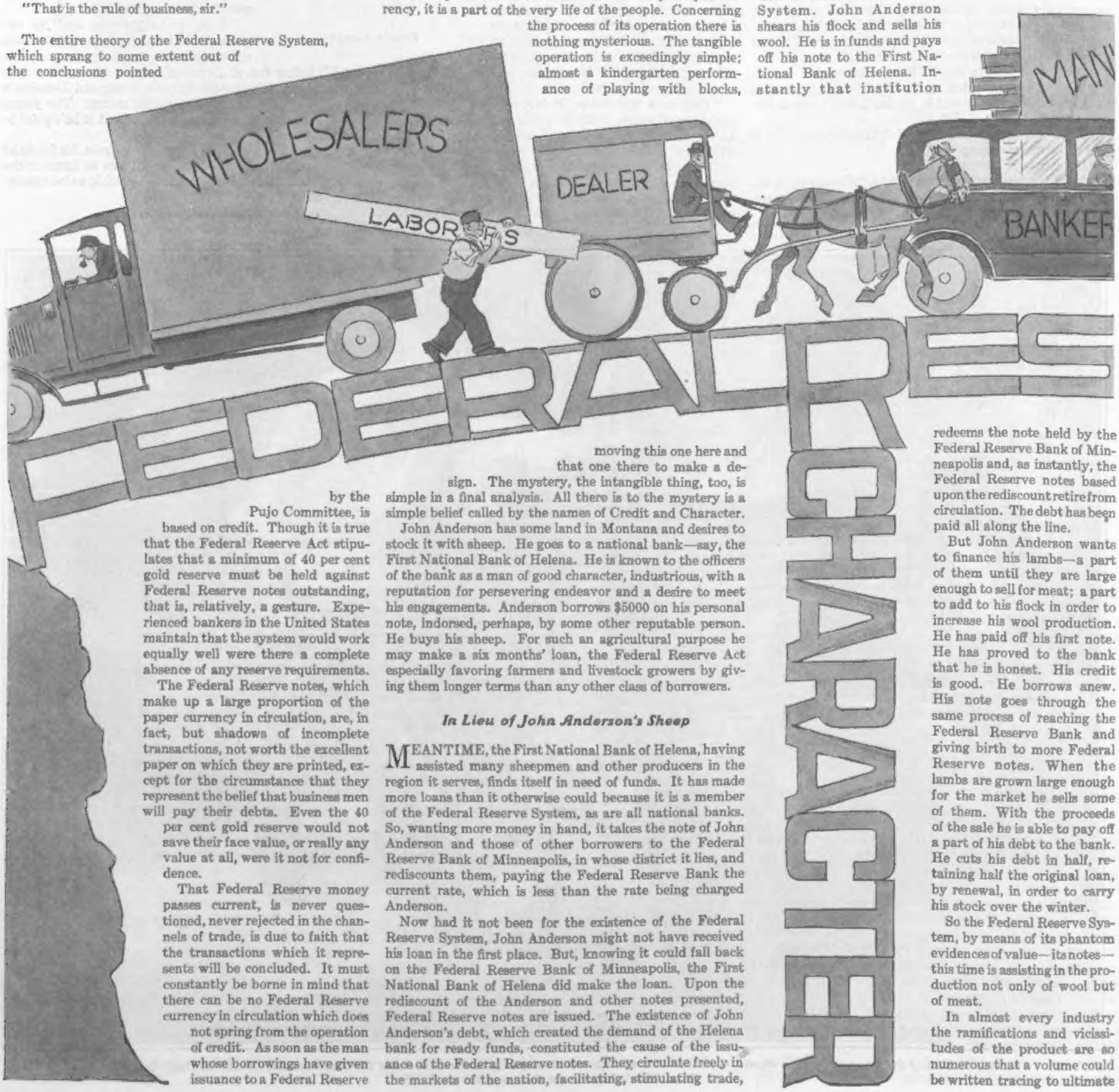
Those notes are the paper representatives of the sheep on John Anderson's ranch. It would be highly inconvenient to pass a sheep across the counter in purchasing a new ax or a dozen eggs, and perhaps receiving an assortment of rabbits and white mice and talking parrots in change. The Federal Reserve note serves the purpose better. But what is perhaps of greater economic importance is that while the note is taking the place of the sheep, the sheep are growing and breeding and increasing in value, and thereby increasing the common wealth. The rancher and the nation both are made richer, because the sheep can be left alone and not prematurely consumed.

In due course come lambing time and shearing time. Two sources of wealth have been stimulated by the existence of the Federal Reserve System. John Anderson shears his flock and sells his wool. He is in funds and pays off his note to the First National Bank of Helena. Instantly that institution redeems the note held by the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis and, as instantly, the Federal Reserve notes based upon the rediscount retire from circulation. The debt has been paid all along the line.

But John Anderson wants to finance his lambs—a part of them until they are large enough to sell for meat; a part to add to his flock in order to increase his wool production. He has paid off his first note. He has proved to the bank that he is honest. His credit is good. He borrows anew. His note goes through the same process of reaching the Federal Reserve Bank and giving birth to more Federal Reserve notes. When the lambs are grown large enough for the market he sells some of them. With the proceeds of the sale he is able to pay off a part of his debt to the bank. He cuts his debt in half, retaining half the original loan, by renewal, in order to carry his stock over the winter.

So the Federal Reserve System, by means of its phantom evidences of value—its notes—this time is assisting in the production not only of wool but of meat.

In almost every industry the ramifications and vicissitudes of the product are so numerous that a volume could be written tracing to ultimate



consumption every major product and by-product of a single original sheep. It would be found that at every stage the Federal Reserve System touched the operation in some manner, and always in a helpful manner. This cannot be done in the space of a brief exposition. Let wool alone be traced in a general way.

At shearing time a buyer representing a wool dealer desires to buy John Anderson's wool, as well as that of others. A transaction is consummated. The wool company acquires large quantities of raw wool and stores it. The wool company, rich in the actual, tangible wool, but low in cash, goes to the First National Bank of Boston, the city in which the company has its offices, and puts in a note for $20,000. This time, though the note is properly indorsed, it is almost certain to be accompanied by warehouse receipts, which alone can unlock the door of the warehouse where the wool is stored. Did the bankers lack confidence in the integrity of the company, they would not have made the loan at all, but, as many contingencies occur in the life of any business, it is well to take possession of the wool itself. The wool constitutes the security.

Now the wool dealer goes forth in search of a market. He is successful in negotiating a sale to the American Woolen Company and must deliver the wool. Meantime he has made other sales and has gradually curtailed his loan to the bank. Each time such a transaction has taken place, the First National Bank of Boston has found occasion to take the company's note, with warehouse receipts attached, to the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston and rediscount them, taking Federal Reserve notes, which find their way into the pay envelopes of spinners in the woolen mills, into those of other workers, and into the cash registers of merchants.

Therefore, though the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston is indirectly making possible the orderly marketing of the wool held by the company, making it unnecessary for the company to dump it on the market at once, thereby depressing the price so that the sheep grower would find the industry unprofitable, the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis is making it possible for John Anderson to raise not only more wool but more lamb and mutton. But now the wool company pays up its note to the First National Bank of Boston, the Federal Reserve notes based on it retire, the company again comes into possession of the warehouse receipts and delivers the raw wool to the American Woolen Company.

### *Links in the Endless Chain*

THE latter is a great corporation which buys wool from many companies to feed its thousands of looms. It needs operating capital. It may have moved the wool from the warehouse to its own premises or may merely have taken over the receipts and left it stored. In any event, the wool is in existence, about to be or in the process of being manufactured into blankets. The company gives its note to a member bank of the Federal Reserve System; the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston, for example, which, under special provisions of the Federal Reserve Act, has been permitted to join the system, although a state-chartered institution. The Federal Reserve notes received go to pay the textile workers and to pay the salaries and commissions of salesmen who are out on the road obtaining orders from blanket wholesalers for blankets or for bolts of woolen goods of various sorts.

With orders in hand, and the raw wool woven into finished fabrics, delivery is made, bills paid, the note to the bank cancelled and the Federal Reserve notes retired.

Now the wholesalers face the job of selling to department stores, garment factories and tailors and upholsterers—in short, to all manner of consumers of woolen goods. They must finance their undertakings. They have bought their goods but not yet sold them. So they borrow, and once again the wool takes the form of Federal Reserve notes, and when sales are made, the notes again vanish away as completely as the baa-baa of the sheep from which the wool was sheared.

But another factor may enter. The fact remains the same, but may take a different form. Perhaps, when the wholesaler or jobber bought the fabrics from the American Woolen Company he could not pay cash for them because he had laid out so much on stock in trade. But he was a man of character with good credit and the American Woolen Company accepted his note. In turn this note was discounted at the Old Colony Trust Company because it had the indorsement of the American Woolen Company upon it, and back of that the blanket jobber and the blankets themselves. Again the aura of credit associated with the possessors of the wool carried the whole matter to the Federal Reserve Bank and Federal Reserve notes came into being.

When the jobber or wholesaler finally disposed of his stock to retailers in various cities, he received cash and negotiable notes which enabled him to pay off his own obligations. The retailers, too, financed their purchases at their local banks and, ultimately, notes turned up in every one of the twelve Federal Reserve Banks in the country, representing money advanced to tide over the merchants and other tradesmen until the public, the ultimate consumers, had appeared and made their purchases.

It would obviously be impossible to trace John Anderson's wool from the time it left his ranch until it reached the identical person wearing a suit made from it, but the credit granted by the Federal Reserve Bank in every stage of manufacture was, in most cases, necessary to the successful operation of each particular line of manufacture.

Nor must it be forgotten that the purchase of John Anderson's wool, in the form of a woolen suit, was made possible because the man who bought the suit had employment and because his employers were able to pay him a salary for the reason that they had obtained credit. Indeed, the Federal Reserve notes he received in his pay envelope and turned over to his tailor or garment shop conceivably could have been the identical notes which sprang into existence because of the loan negotiated by his employers. Conceivably also he might have handled the notes of the Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis which issued the very first ones stimulated by John Anderson's enterprise. Federal Reserve notes of all twelve Federal Reserve Banks are equally valuable in all parts of the country.

When it is stated that when John Anderson paid his first note the Federal Reserve notes which his loan had created were retired, it obviously is not meant that the identical notes were discovered and retired. But it does mean that a precisely identical volume of some Federal Reserve notes were retired.

It may very cogently be inquired: How was all this financing transacted before December 23, 1913, when the Federal Reserve Act became law? It was accomplished, but in a clumsy manner, dangerous to the community and unreliable from the point of view of the producers who depended upon credit.

### *In the Days of Uncertain Credit*

LOANS were made to farmers, to manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers, and character and integrity were, as now, the chief bases of credit. But no dependable system existed.

The situation then and now in the financial and credit world is suggestive of an apt comparison. All but the newer generation well remember the early days of the automobile. Automobiles would run and people used them, but one did not have to walk half a mile without seeing a crippled machine, usually with a man beneath it, prone on his back, or with the hood raised, tinkering with more or less patience at the engine. Or, mayhap, he was to be observed patching a puncture or sweating at a hand tire pump. He was greeted with derisive cries of "Get a horse." He was the butt of many jokes, and popular songs were written with the unreliability of the automobile as the central theme. That was only yesterday.

How often is the same spectacle witnessed today? A man may drive many a Sabbath day's journey without seeing a breakdown, except in case of collision or other accident due to outside causes, but not the old, repetitious engine trouble.

The old credit system did function. But it was continually breaking down. There were no roadside garages for it, no conveniently located filling stations. And when credit machinery breaks down, much falls with it. Moreover, credit was more directly susceptible of control at the hands of interests inimical to the general welfare.

Small banks throughout the country, lending money to farmers, small manufacturers, storekeepers, and the like, were confined to their own resources and what they could borrow in a pinch from their big-city correspondents. Every small bank, then as now, carried balances with big city banks and frequently borrowed funds from the larger brothers. But the larger brothers were under no obligation to discount the small-bank paper. At any time they could call in advances made

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# ALMOST COZY

## By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

*"I'm Going to Town," He Said. "What are You Going to Do?"*

THE bricked terrace stood forth fair and rosy. For two days no one had played follow-the-leader across it and into the pool and out of the pool. The green Italian garden below was in shadow and at peace. For two days no one had played football down its mossy alleys, among its cypresses, about its quivering, crumbling old fauns and satyrs, imported in bulk and at great cost by Mr. Henderson, and staring bewildered at a new world from stony Roman eyes. The robin in the apple tree chirped sleepily.. For two days no one had tried to lure him down to the tea table below with lumps of sugar held up in thin, coaxing, nervous little fingers, with crumbs of corn bread, with slices of cake.

Even the great pink façade of the house—thirty rooms or so, and no one ever remembered how many baths—was unlighted and somnolent, for Mrs. Henderson was taking her before-dinner rest and Mr. Henderson was submerged in his black-marble tub and Mortimer, the butler, was smoking his English brier pipe and looking over the rose garden.

In the music room someone had turned on the organ. The organ was searching for a lost chord in the dusk. Quiet people at ease—Mr. Henderson, Mrs. Henderson and Mortimer, the butler—when Miss Gypsy Gower was away, but trained troops on their toes when Miss Gypsy Gower came home again.

One heard her first at the turn of the hill below Journey's End; her horn, like a tallyho trumpet, telling anyone who might be coming down the hill that Miss Gypsy Gower was coming up. And then one heard the roar of the car itself and the scud of great tires over gravel, and a pulled-up brake. Sometimes one heard her voice, more frequently one did not. And no one ever heard her laugh, for Miss Gypsy Gower did not laugh.

Tonight Mortimer, at the first shock of the tallyho horn, dropped his pipe and ran. Mrs. Henderson awoke and sat upright. Mr. Henderson got out of his tub.

"Who is playing the organ, Mortimer?" asked Miss Gypsy Gower as she came in the front door.

"That will be Mr. Henderson's nephew, Miss Gypsy, who has arrived for the week," said Mortimer, panting. "He—he has been at the organ more or less since he came."

"At it," echoed Gypsy blankly.

"Since Saturday," said Mortimer. "In time for luncheon. He liked, particularly, the chocolate sauce, Miss Gypsy."

"Chocolate sauce! The Lost Chord! Is Mr. Henderson's nephew a little boy, Mortimer?"

"Ho, no, miss," said Mortimer. "Quite a large young gentleman. I believe he follows the profession of—of gushers, miss."

"Gushers," echoed Gypsy blankly. "Oh, oil. Mr. Henderson did make his money in oil, didn't he, Mortimer?"

"In something—something Texan, Miss Gypsy, I believe," said Mortimer, hedging.

But Miss Gypsy had already stepped across several squares of black marble toward the music room.

"Tell Mrs. Banton that I shall want milk toast and melon for my dinner, Mortimer," she announced crisply. "At 7:45. In my sitting room upstairs. . . . Ditch those roses. . . . There is dust along the Doge's picture frame, Mortimer. Get in Harriet with a soft cloth and a step-ladder to dust the dirty Doge."

"Yes, miss," agreed Mortimer, deprecating, perspiring. "There are three telegrams and some flowers, miss. And Mr. Cheek has been ringing up—er—feverishly, miss."

But miss did not attend. She crossed the polished expanse of black-and-white marble without faltering, clip-clip, in her high-heeled severe little shoes. She entered the music room and snapped on the lights. Mortimer sighed with the lifting of tension and found time, even in his preoccupation with Miss Gypsy's homecoming, to be thankful that he was not Mr. Henderson's musical relative.

Miss Gypsy was standing just within the wrought-iron gates which opened to the music room, looking at Mr. Henderson's nephew, and one can get some idea of his size by the statement that seated at the console of the electric organ at one end of the music room he could be seen at all from the other. For the music room was vaulted and raftered and three stories high and a hundred or so feet long. It was tapestried and niched and fireplaced and dim and Italian. It was set out here and there with *cinquecento* sofas in dull mulberry brocade. Two grand pianos were lost in the dusk of a far corner, but Mr. Henderson's nephew was not lost. Gypsy could see him clearly as she moved down the central space between the flanking sofas, and presently Gypsy, small as she was, by her irresistible advance, began to be seen herself. Mr. Henderson's nephew stood up suddenly as Gypsy advanced to the console, and leaning over swiftly, shut off the power.

"Do you like The Lost Chord?" asked Gypsy after a moment.

"Y-yes, ma'am," stammered Mr. Henderson's nephew.

"When we run the organ in this house," said Gypsy kindly, tolerantly, as one might to an erring child, "we play Honegger or Erik Satie or Debussy. Or we play jazz. We are cerebral—devotees of the Six—or we give ourselves over frankly to the voodoo blues. But never by any chance are we sickly or sentimental or sticky."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Henderson's nephew.

"You are stopping for the week?" continued Gypsy kindly. "You are Mr. Henderson's nephew? I am Gypsy Gower."

When there was no answer to this Gypsy swept on. She held up her forefinger. She wiggled it playfully, admonishingly, at Mr. Henderson's nephew.

"So big," she said sweetly. "So bashful. Such a boon. Are the curls real? Is the rest of the haircut real—especially the tight part over the ears?"

He raised a vague hand to his hair. He ran a vague hand across his eyes, shutting out for a moment her gleaming girl's face.

"After tonight I shall not be at home," sighed Gypsy, "and at the end of the week you go. Dear, dear, you blush so nicely. I have not seen anyone blush for years. Do you understand anything at all of what I have been saying?"

"Yes, ma'am, I ——"

"You understand particularly that The Lost Chord is out?"

"Yes, ma'am, I —— "

"Good-by," said Gypsy crisply, and was gone. Up the length of the Persian rug between the *cinquecento* sofas. Across the marble hall, clip-clip, gone. He sat down abruptly at the console. And after a time he ran his hands through his blond crest of hair.

Gypsy smiled once at her dressing table as English Robbins brushed out her hair.

"Almost cozy to be back again, Robbins," said Gypsy.

Robbins stared. "I understood you didn't much fawncy Journey's End, miss," said Robbins, brushing.

"I don't," said Gypsy, "but, after all, I was born here. I meant that it is almost cozy in comparison with other people's houses. Deadly work, visiting. The pillows are always too big. And crêpe-de-chine sheets. French. Decadent. And windows that stick. Give me cool, lavendered linen, Robbins, and plenty of air."

"Yes, miss. You were born here?" asked Robbins.

"There is a rumor to that effect in the family," said Gypsy, "but I've never had a home." Above Gypsy's head was reflected Robbins' tight little smile, Robbins' glance about the luxurious room. "It isn't funny," said Gypsy abruptly. "It's true." And relapsed into her usual silence. But she was really pleased with Mrs. Banton's careful tray when it came up with Mortimer. She lifted the cover over the toast. She sniffed at the melon.

"Almost cozy, Mortimer," said Gypsy, smiling. "Tell Mrs. Banton she's a duck."

Still in her high good humor with the world, she was beginning on her toast when she heard the organ. The music room made a wing by itself. Its glassed doors stood open to the night and were just across from Gypsy's windows. Even with her fingers stopping up her ears—and they were stopping up her ears immediately—she could not help hearing the organ. Gayly, almost jauntily, in quickened time, The Lost Chord came swinging up to her through the night. Gypsy sat through it without moving, her fingers in her ears, her bare toes wiggling in her black satin, fur-lined slippers, her nerves tingling all over just beneath her skin. She sat in patience waiting for the end of it, and when the end came, it began all over again.

Gypsy was pale as she stood up and kicked off her fur-lined slippers and ripped out of her dressing gown. She didn't stop to put red on her lips or powder on her nose. She flung herself into the first thing at hand—a wisp of an old black lace dinner dress.

They were at dinner when Gypsy came in. Mr. Henderson was chuckling over a particularly good joke of his own, and Mrs. Henderson was laughing with him, and Mr. Henderson's nephew was eating his fillet of sole.

"Why, Gypsy," said plump Mrs. Henderson in some dismay, "Darling, couldn't you rest?"

"No, mother," said Gypsy gravely. "I haven't rested for years."

"Arch," said Mr. Henderson heartily at the top of his lungs, "the lovely ghost before you is my stepdaughter, Miss Gypsy Gower."

Mr. Henderson's nephew, standing beside his chair, looked at Miss Gower, and Miss Gower's eyes flicked over Mr. Henderson's nephew. After the little pause, dinner moved forward like a processional.

"She is going to get herself married in November," continued Mr. Henderson, beaming on the company, "to young Bannister Cheek, son of old Bannister Cheek. Compared to B. Cheek, Sr., in money and power, I am a lamb and a piker, and compared to B. Cheek, Jr., Arch, you are a lamb and a piker. The headlight on her left hand is the Cheek family engagement ring. Marie Antoinette dropped it one morning out of her crown jewels, and whenever anyone drops anything in this world, there is a Cheek at hand to pick it up. . . . Bully fish, Mort. What else have you up your sleeve?"

"Guinea hen, sir. And your favorite dessert, sir."

"Not the little pancakes?" shouted Mr. Henderson, beaming.

"Yes, sir. Crêpe Suzettes, sir."

"Cheer up, Gypsy," boomed Mr. Henderson, flapping his napkin. "Little French pancakes for dessert. Little French dress. Little French slippers. Little French haircut. You oughta be a happy girl, Gypsy. You oughta frisk."

"I don't frisk," said Gypsy with tight lips.

"Cripes, don't I know it!" said Mr. Henderson, wiping his face with his napkin.

Gypsy shook her head at the guinea hen. She glanced at the asparagus and shuddered. She did not do anything really except sit in her chair and look with a fixed, relentless, stony sort of looking across the table at Mr. Henderson's nephew. All the vitality in Gypsy at the moment seemed to have gone into her eyes and her hair. Her lovely little face was pale enough, but her eyes were ablaze and her hair, after Robbins' even, vigorous brushing, simply rioted. The Gower hair was dark and fine-spun and crinkly; most comfortable blowing in the wind from the bow of a racing yacht or the back of a polo pony or the top of the world. The Gower men through generations had been dark and adventurous—soldiers and sailors and explorers and pioneers. The Gower women had been dark and glamorous, and had followed their men into impossible places, undergoing hardship and pain and fatigue, and leading thereby incredibly interesting and amusing and diverting lives. They had taken off their hats and had let their hair blow. Gypsy had cut off her hair when it got too much in her way, and it had sprayed into curls over her small head, and the girls at school had called her "baby." She had let it grow again, and it had cuddled down into curls in the nape of her neck and had made a frame for her face and had brought out the amber lights in her great dark eyes, and people had stared and said she looked like an actress. So now she parted it demurely in the middle and bound it down in a net and looked like a lady, and except when it came down she forgot it. But tonight she had not remembered her net, and across the table she looked like a little stone Medusa.

Not that Mr. Henderson's nephew noticed. He ate his dinner and enjoyed it, and discussed with Mr. Henderson casually, but at some length, the recent disastrous fire at one of their wells. It had burned for a month—it had burned a hundred and fifty feet into the air for a month. Casey had broken a leg. He had fought the doctors when they tried to cart him away. Good old Casey. . . . Crowds of people had come. They had tunneled through to the casing at last and shut it off. Everything was O. K. . . . The

*He Looked to Gypsy Like a Painting She Had Seen Somewhere of Someone Blond and Powerful and Greek Who Was Driving the Chariot of the Sun*

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# ANTIQUES FROM ABROAD

## By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

*A Tall Case Clock, 1690. Made by Tomas Tompson*

THE other night I dined at the Long Island *palazzo* of an acquaintance whose winnings in the stock market last year were so great that the newspapers did not print a single lie about them. In fact, they did not even mention his name, though they purveyed enough ticker romance about hitherto unknown plungers who cleaned up five or ten newspaper millions. Now, any man who takes so much real money out of the stock market that he goes to the trouble of keeping unpublished the statistics thereof, is rich, even in Detroit. On week days, especially between ten A.M. and three P.M., my reticent millionaire is a shrewd, straight-thinking chap, without illusions about any man, himself not excepted. In the matter of investments he is 110 per cent Missourian, with telescopic vision and microscopic accuracy. He is familiar with the devices employed by the cleverest people in Wall Street and elsewhere to part equally clever people everywhere from their dollars.

My host, affable and self-confident, was too modest to talk to me about his stock-market triumphs.

"It's the old story," he said. "You have made the point time and again that there can be nothing new in Wall Street. You are right. . . . Say, I understand you are interested in antiques."

"I am," I confessed.

"So am I!" And in the exuberance of his joy he shook hands, congratulating himself and me on the achievement of real brotherhood at last.

### *Treated to His First American*

"YES, sir," he continued, with all the pride of discovery, "it is the greatest thing in the world to have a hobby, especially when you pick one that can be indulged in so that it will pay you in dollars and cents. If you stick to dealers who know your financial rating you will pay top prices. If you go to those who don't, you bump into fakes. To get bargains, you must look in the right place. I insist on being my own picker. That's all."

The sacred laws of hospitality compelled me to ask politely: "Do you find many bargains that way?"

"I have other things to do, of course, but I get my share. It took me some time to learn."

The salad was served in—I'll call it a Capo di Monte plate. I looked at it from force of habit. It belonged to a rather gorgeous set of which there were five famous specimens in the United States, three of them in a private collection, one in a museum and another in a New York dealer's possession. I pushed a lettuce leaf to one side and scrutinized it. It was just as I feared. I looked at my host. His eyes were fixed on me with a curious expression, pride and expectancy being evenly matched.

"How many have you?" I asked. I could do no less.

With that meekness beyond which human pride cannot extend, he answered, as though he were speaking of Rembrandts:

"Only a dozen!"

"Where in the world did you find them?"

He considerately raised his voice so that all his guests might hear.

"I'll admit right off the bat," he said, with the plagiarized modesty of all true collectors, "that it was not brains or knowledge but dumb luck. I was walking along one of those quiet little streets in Naples last year. I like to go out by myself when I am in Europe, without a guide or interpreter tagging along trying to steer me into places where he gets a rake-off on all purchases, or into *palazzos* of impoverished noblemen where they plant a lot of bum furniture and expect double a regular dealer's price because they are supposed to be heirlooms that have been in the family since the sixteenth century, and so on.

"The street I was telling you about was one of those where tourists never go. All of a sudden I happened to see in the window of a little shop, among a lot of curios of all kinds, one plate! I am no china expert, but even from a distance I knew I had found something!" He paused. I could see that he really believed what he was telling me. He went on:

"You know Earl Storrs, don't you?" He meant the retired banker, known in New York antique circles as the Auctioneers' Best Friend.

"Yes," I said; "but I thought he went in for silver."

"And for china. He is always bragging about his Capo di Monte collection, and particularly about the three plates that belonged to the last king of the Two Sicilies—I forget his name. Well, when I got close enough to the shop window I saw the plate was the mate of Earl Storrs' triplets. I speak Italian just about well enough to get along with the help of my hands and a book of travelers' checks.

"It was a dingy little shop inside, full of all kinds of junk—Pompeian antiquities, Egyptian relics, furniture, figurines and any old thing! The proprietor was an excruciatingly polite little chap who bowed a million times. I could tell that I was the first American tourist that had ever been in that shop."

"How could you tell?" I asked.

"I get you!" And he smiled forgivingly. "But I knew it from the way he carried on—afraid the rich foreigner might get away without buying the shop. Anyhow, I got busy. I asked the price of things I didn't want—chairs and old candelabra and daggers with silver-gilt hilts, and things in the window, until I finally worked up to the plate. 'How much for that one?' And I yawned in his face. But he was as excited as anything. 'Ah! It is very good!' 'Listen,' I told him, 'if your price isn't right the first time, I walk out. Understand?' *'Si, signore!'* He was torn between the desire to hook his first American and the fear of losing that trade. Finally he plunged: 'Fifty,' he said. 'Fifty lire, eh?' I said. 'No! No! No!' he shrieked; 'not lire! Dollars! American money!'

"It was dirt cheap at fifty dollars but, you know, those chaps really feel badly if you pay them what they ask you the first time. So I laughed and held up ten fingers before him. I thought he would die right then and there, but he recovered and gasped, 'Forty!'

"So I said, 'Twelve!' Half an hour later he wrapped up the plate and I gave him twenty dollars. He tried to sell me the rest of the shop. But he didn't have anything else I wanted, until it occurred to me that he might have more plates. I asked him: 'Have you any more plates like this?' He looked at me so blankly that I knew he was holding out on me. 'I want the rest,' I said. He looked scared and said: 'I don't know. Perhaps.' Suddenly he stopped talking. It struck me he might be selling stolen goods—you know, that was a very rare plate—but I did not wish to do the poor devil an injustice. So I said: 'If you can get another I'll give you twenty dollars for it.' I gave him the name of the hotel and the number of the room, and told him to come at six P.M., but he shook his head. 'What's the matter?' I asked. And he answered: 'More at twenty dollars? No!'"

### *Polite Agreement Among Collectors*

"HE HAD me. I said: 'If you bring me another I'll give you twenty-two dollars for it. If you bring me two more I'll give you fifty dollars for the two. If you bring me six more I'll give you $180 for the six.' 'No!' he said; 'one a day and not sure! For thirty-five dollars I bring all I can. Perhaps! Understand? The friend who obtains them brings for me one in the night. He—he—he is an eccentric.' 'Well,' I said, 'if you bring me the whole lot at once I'll give you thirty dollars apiece; but don't come unless you have at least five more.' His face positively writhed with anguish, but I felt sure he would bring me half a dozen that night. But he didn't. He brought only one."

"I'll bet somebody was stealing them, one at a time," volunteered someone.

"Oh, no!" smiled the host. "I wouldn't buy stolen goods."

"Oh, no!" This came sweetly from four of the guests. They were married to collectors—none of them of bottles.

*Walnut Side Chairs, 1690, William and Mary Style*

"Really, I wouldn't. It isn't virtue. It is that I don't collect china. I wanted all I could get, so I told him to take back his plate and not come unless he had more. You should have seen his face drop. He asked me how long I was going to be in Naples, and I said a couple of days. He took the plate back with him. The next night ——" He paused. Then he finished artistically: "He didn't come at all!"

The host looked about him, smiled and went on: "But the night after he brought me eight. I paid him thirty dollars apiece. I told him what train I was leaving on and he said: 'I hope—that is all! I hope!' Well, just before my train pulled out he came running with three more. He tried to hold me up for fifty dollars apiece but I gave him $100 for the three. It completed the dozen. I was talking to a dealer in Rome about them and he didn't believe I had them. He said he did not think there were that many in existence. They are part of a special set made for some king of Naples and they thought every one was accounted for. I was afraid the government would keep me from taking them out of Italy, so I didn't show them to anyone."

"That was very wise," I said. I couldn't help it. "Did you have any trouble with the customhouse here?"

"No trouble; only the usual bother. Antiques more than 100 years old are admitted free of duty; but, of course, the customs people always tell you that your antiques are only ninety-eight years old or else they make a big fuss about restorations or repairs. They hate to have anybody bring in anything without paying duty. The inspectors feel personally cheated. I had some chairs that were more than 100, but the seats were covered with damask which they claimed was only eighty-five years old, and they actually classified it as silk fabric, with a heck of a big duty."

A Mahogany Table, 1755, Chinese Chippendale Style

A Side Table, English Georgian Period About 1730

A Mahogany Settee, 1750. Style of William Kent

"And about the plates?" I asked.

"Of course they said they were new, but I proved to them they were wrong. I had a small walnut chest that I picked up in Florence. The antiquarian swore it was old, but I had my doubts from the first. The wood was worm-eaten and the color was right, but I had a hunch the carving was modern. Anyhow, I got it cheap because I insisted it was new. Buying reproductions is not a crime if you pay reproduction prices. It is trying to sell me reproductions at the price of real antiques that makes me see red. Well, the customhouse said the chest was new. I didn't dispute the appraiser, so I paid a small duty on that. The only point to remember is that I own twelve out of the only seventeen plates known to be in this country!"

### When Everybody Is Satisfied

I LOOKED at him and saw that he was absolutely in earnest. The plates were modern, without any real attempt to deceive—reproductions made in Saxony. The deception in this instance was self-inflicted. My friend was the victim not of a faker but of an artistic salesman. It was the kind of deal you get from the Latin temperament when you call for it at the top of your voice. That Naples dealer went to a lot of trouble to gratify the Wall Street man's wishes. He did not misrepresent the goods. A clever antique dealer doing his usual, and a smart American business man doing in Europe what he would not dream of doing at home.

I recalled no end of stories about the indignation of other hard-headed men who had found "bargains" in European antique shops, only to run up against rude appraisers in New York, Boston and Philadelphia who disagreed with them as to the age and nature of the articles. The buying of old masters has been a popular pastime among the rich for centuries. In the drab 80's and the mauve 90's there wasn't a mansion on Fifth Avenue that didn't boast of its Vandykes or Murillos or Rubenses. They were not always fakes. Sometimes it was merely a case of the wrong attribution—Bols calling himself Rembrandt or Mazo passing for Velasquez—but then, the European museums were not free from misattributions. Of late the fad has been for furniture, silver, china and prints.

It was my good fortune the very next day to meet an old acquaintance who had been connected with the appraiser's office for years. He had passed on some of my purchases and we were still friendly. I told him about the Capo di Monte plates and mentioned the lucky buyer's name.

"Oh, yes," he laughed. "Bill Batchelder, my side-kick, was telling me about the case. Your friend is such a prominent business man that Bill thought it proved—that it made an interesting story. He said that when he told your man the plates were modern the old cuss just laughed at him. He knew all about those plates! He had read up on Capo di Monte and he had more dope and dates about it than a college professor. Also, he had intimate friends in high places, and as Bill says, his business is to see that Uncle Sam is not defrauded out of revenue. It isn't for any of us to educate wise guys who have a political pull. They are never grateful. The plates came in a chest that was indisputably a fake. Your friend didn't deny that, so Bill just told him how much duty he would have to pay, without saying specifically for what. There were also a couple of strips or runners of red damask that dated back nearly five years, so your friend paid duty on the chest and contents. When his wife saw him forking over the cash she began to scold him for being so easy, but he told her he was paying duty on the chest, which he never claimed was old. Everybody was satisfied. Your friend got his plates in and Uncle Sam got his duties."

### Large Volume and Profits

"ARE there many fakes coming over from Europe these days?" I asked.

"They have always come," he answered.

"I mean, more than formerly?"

"Yes. It is the same in Europe as here. With the spread of the antique fad and the high prices, collectors tell me fakes have multiplied everywhere. You know that antiques have always been faked, and faked cleverly. I am inclined to think that the greatest change—in this country, at least—has been in the technic of marketing these spurious pieces. The planting is more artistic, more elaborate. The classic stunts pulled off on the other side—such as every museum official could tell if he wanted to—were elaborately carried out, because the amount involved in each case was large enough to justify taking great pains. Today, here, dishonest dealers will go to considerable trouble to sell even low-priced fakes, because there are so many buyers that the aggregate business is worth while. In this country the fakers usually sting the small dealers or ignorant customers. Most American tourists in Europe have some knowledge of what prices antiques bring in their country, and when they see bargains abroad they fall for them easily."

A Walnut-and-Gilt Chair, 1715. Queen Anne Style

"There must be some genuine antiques imported from Europe."

"Oh, yes," he admitted.

"What percentage of the antiques imported from Europe are genuine?" I asked.

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# THE CAPTURED SHADOW

## By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

BASIL DUKE LEE shut the front door behind him and turned on the dining-room light. His mother's voice drifted sleepily downstairs:

"Basil, is that you?"

"No, mother, it's a burglar."

"It seems to me twelve o'clock is pretty late for a fifteen-year-old boy."

"We went to Smith's and had a soda."

Whenever a new responsibility devolved upon Basil he was "a boy almost sixteen," but when a privilege was in question, he was "a fifteen-year-old boy."

There were footsteps above, and Mrs. Lee, in a kimono, descended to the first landing.

"Did you and Riply enjoy the play?"

"Yes, very much."

"What was it about?"

"Oh, it was just about this man. Just an ordinary play."

"Didn't it have a name?"

"'Are You a Mason?'"

"Oh." She hesitated, covetously watching his alert and eager face, holding him there. "Aren't you coming to bed?"

"I'm going to get something to eat."

"Something more?"

For a moment he didn't answer. He stood in front of a glassed-in bookcase in the living room, examining its contents with a glazed eye.

"We're going to get up a play," he said suddenly. "I'm going to write it."

"Well—that'll be very nice. Please come to bed soon. You were up late last night, too, and you've got dark circles under your eyes."

From the bookcase Basil presently extracted Van Bibber and Others, from which he read while he ate a strawlike cereal softened with half a pint of cream. Back in the living room he sat for a few minutes at the piano, digesting, and meanwhile staring at the colored cover of a song from The Midnight Sons. It showed three men in evening clothes and opera hats sauntering jovially along Broadway against a blazing background of Times Square.

"You Were Wonderful," He Said—"Wonderful!"

Basil would have denied incredulously the suggestion that that was currently his favorite work of art. But it was.

He went upstairs. From a drawer of his desk he took out a composition book and opened it.

BASIL DUKE LEE
ST. REGIS SCHOOL
EASTCHESTER, CONN.
FIFTH FORM FRENCH

and on the next page, under IRREGULAR VERBS:

PRESENT
*je connais* *nous con*
*tu connais*
*il connait*

He turned over another page.

MR. WASHINGTON SQUARE
A Musical Comedy
by
BASIL DUKE LEE

Music by Victor Herbert or Reginald de Koven

ACT I

[*The porch of the Millionaires' Club, near New York. Opening Chorus,* LEILIA *and* DEBUTANTES:

*We sing not soft, we sing not loud*
*For no one ever heard an opening chorus.*
*We are a very merry crowd*
*But no one ever heard an opening chorus.*
*We're just a crowd of debutantes*
*As merry as can be*
*And nothing that there is could ever bore us*
*We're the wittiest ones, the prettiest ones*
*In all society*
*But no one ever heard an opening chorus.*

LEILIA *(stepping forward):* Well, girls, has Mr. Washington Square been around here today?

Basil turned over a page. There was no answer to Leilia's question. Instead in capitals was a brand-new heading:

HIC! HIC! HIC!
A Hilarious Farce in One Act
by
BASIL DUKE LEE

SCENE

[*A fashionable apartment near Broadway, New York City. It is almost midnight. As the curtain goes up there is a knocking at the door and a few minutes later it opens to admit a handsome man in a full evening dress and a companion. He has evidently been imbibing, for his words are thick, his nose is red, and he can hardly stand up. He turns up the light and comes down center.*

STUYVESANT: Hic! Hic! Hic!

O'HARA *(his companion):* Begorra, you been sayin' nothing else all this evening.

Basil turned over a page and then another, reading hurriedly, but not without interest.

PROFESSOR PUMPKIN: Now, if you are an educated man, as you claim, perhaps you can tell me the Latin word for "this."

STUYVESANT: Hic! Hic! Hic!

PROFESSOR PUMPKIN: Correct. Very good indeed. I ——

At this point Hic! Hic! Hic! came to an end in midsentence. On the following page, in just as determined a hand as if the last two works had not faltered by the way, was the heavily underlined beginning of another:

THE CAPTURED SHADOW
A Melodramatic Farce in Three Acts
by
BASIL DUKE LEE

He Got Into Bed, as a Compromise With Incipient Madness, and Wrote for an Hour More

SCENE

[*All three acts take place in the library of the* VAN BAKERS' *house in New York. It is well furnished with a red lamp on one side and some crossed spears and helmets and so on, and a divan and a general air of an oriental den.*

*When the curtain rises* MISS SAUNDERS, LEILIA VAN BAKER *and* ESTELLA CARRAGE *are sitting at a table.* MISS SAUNDERS *is an old maid about forty, very kittenish.* LEILIA *is pretty with dark hair.* ESTELLA *has light hair. They are a striking combination.*

The Captured Shadow filled the rest of the book and ran over into several loose sheets at the end. When it broke off Basil sat for a while in thought. This had been a season of "crook comedies" in New York, and the feel, the swing, the exact and vivid image of the two he had seen were in the foreground of his mind. At the time they had been enormously suggestive, opening out into a world much larger and more brilliant than themselves that existed outside their windows and beyond their doors, and it was this suggested world rather than any conscious desire to imitate Officer 666, that had inspired the effort before him. Presently he printed ACT II at the head of a new tablet and began to write.

An hour passed. Several times he had recourse to a collection of joke books and to an old Treasury of Wit and Humor which embalmed the faded Victorian wise cracks of Bishop Wilberforce and Sydney Smith. At the moment when, in his manuscript, a door moved slowly open, he heard a heavy creak upon the stairs. He jumped to his feet, aghast and trembling, but nothing stirred; only a white moth bounced against the screen, a clock struck the half hour far across the city and a bird whacked its wings in a tree outside.

Voyaging to the bathroom at half-past four, he saw with a shock that morning was already blue at the window. He had stayed up all night. He remembered that people who stayed up all night went crazy, and transfixed in the hall, he tried agonizingly to listen to himself, to feel whether or not he was going crazy. The things around him seemed preternaturally unreal, and rushing frantically back into his bedroom, he began tearing off his clothes, racing after the vanishing night. Undressed, he threw a final regretful glance at his pile of manuscript—he had the whole next scene in his head. He got into bed, as a compromise with incipient madness, and wrote for an hour more.

Late next morning he was startled awake by one of the ruthless Scandinavian sisters who, in theory, were the Lees' servants. "Eleven o'clock!" she shouted. "Five after!"

"Let me alone," Basil mumbled. "What do you come and wake me up for?"

"Somebody downstairs." He opened his eyes. "You ate all the cream last night," Hilda continued. "Your mother didn't have any for her coffee."

"All the cream!" he cried. "Why, I saw some more."

"It was sour."

"That's terrible," he exclaimed, sitting up. "Terrible!"

For a moment she enjoyed his dismay. Then she said, "Riply Buckner's downstairs," and went out, closing the door.

"Send him up!" he called after her. "Hilda, why don't you ever listen for a minute? Did I get any mail?"

There was no answer. A moment later Riply came in.

"My gosh, are you still in bed?"

"I wrote on the play all night. I almost finished Act Two." He pointed to his desk.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," said Riply. "Mother thinks we ought to get Miss Halliburton."

"What for?"

"Just to sort of be there."

Though Miss Halliburton was a pleasant person who combined the occupations of French teacher and bridge teacher, unofficial chaperon and children's friend, Basil felt that her superintendence would give the project an unprofessional ring.

"She wouldn't interfere," went on Riply, obviously quoting his mother. "I'll be the business manager and you'll direct the play, just like we said, but it would be good to have her there for prompter and to keep order at rehearsals. The girls' mothers'll like it."

"All right," Basil agreed reluctantly. "Now look, let's see who we'll have in the cast. First, there's the leading man—this gentleman burglar that's called The Shadow. Only it turns out at the end that he's really a young man about town doing it on a bet, and not really a burglar at all."

"That's you."

"No, that's you."

"Come on! You're the best actor," protested Riply.

"No, I'm going to take a smaller part, so I can coach."

"Well, haven't I got to be business manager?"

Selecting the actresses, presumably all eager and with feelings to be considered, proved to be a difficult matter. They settled finally on Imogene Bissel for leading lady; Margaret Torrance for her friend, and Connie Davies, for "Miss Saunders, an old maid, very kittenish."

On Riply's suggestion that several other girls wouldn't be pleased at being left out, Basil introduced a maid and a cook, "who could just sort of look in from the kitchen." He rejected firmly Riply's further proposal that there should be two or three maids, "a sort of sewing woman," and a trained nurse. In a house so clogged with femininity even the most umbrageous of gentleman burglars would have difficulty in moving about.

"I'll tell you two people we won't have," Basil said meditatively—"that's Joe Gorman and Hubert Blair."

"I wouldn't be in it if we had Hubert Blair," asserted Riply.

"Neither would I."

Hubert Blair's almost miraculous successes with girls had caused Basil and Riply much jealous pain.

They began calling up the prospective cast and immediately the enterprise received its first blow. Imogene Bissel was going to Rochester, Minnesota, to have her appendix removed, and wouldn't be back for three weeks.

They considered.

"How about Margaret Torrance?"

Basil shook his head. He had vision of Leilia Van Baker as someone rarer and more spirited than Margaret Torrance. Not that Leilia had much being, even to Basil—less than the Harrison Fisher girls pinned around his wall at school. But she was not Margaret Torrance. She was no one you could inevitably see by calling up half an hour before on the phone.

He discarded candidate after candidate. Finally a face began to flash before his eyes, as if in another connection, but so insistently that at length he spoke the name.

"Evelyn Beebe."

"Who?"

Though Evelyn Beebe was only sixteen, her precocious charms had elevated her to an older crowd and to Basil she seemed of the very generation of his heroine, Leilia Van Baker. It was a little like asking Sarah Bernhardt for her services, but once her name had occurred to him, other possibilities seemed pale.

At noon they rang the Beebes' doorbell, stricken by a paralysis of embarrassment when Evelyn opened the door herself and, with politeness that concealed a certain surprise, asked them in.

Suddenly, through the portière of the living room, Basil saw and recognized a young man in golf knickerbockers.

"I guess we better not come in," he said quickly.

"We'll come some other time," Riply added.

Together they started precipitately for the door, but she barred their way.

"Don't be silly," she insisted. "It's just Andy Lockheart."

Just Andy Lockheart—winner of the Western Golf Championship at eighteen, captain of his freshman baseball team, handsome, successful at everything he tried, a living symbol of the splendid, glamorous world of Yale. For a year Basil had walked like him and tried unsuccessfully to play the piano by ear as Andy Lockheart was able to do.

Through sheer ineptitude at escaping, they were edged into the room. Their plan suddenly seemed presumptuous and absurd.

Perceiving their condition Evelyn tried to soothe them with pleasant banter.

"Well, it's about time you came to see me," she told Basil. "Here I've been sitting at home every night waiting for you—ever since the Davies dance. Why haven't you been here before?"

He stared at her blankly, unable even to smile, and muttered: "Yes, you have."

"I have though. Sit down and tell me why you've been neglecting me! I suppose you've both been rushing the beautiful Imogene Bissel."

"Why, I understand," said Basil —— "Why, I heard from somewhere that she's gone up to have some kind of an appendicitis—that is ——" He ran down to a pitch of inaudibility as Andy Lockheart at the piano began playing a succession of thoughtful chords, which resolved itself into the maxixe, an eccentric stepchild of the tango. Kicking back a rug and lifting her skirts a little, Evelyn fluently tapped out a circle with her heels around the floor.

They sat inanimate as cushions on the sofa watching her. She was almost beautiful, with rather large features and bright fresh color behind which her heart seemed

(Continued on Page 48)

*"Excuse Me," He Said. "Is This the First Methodist Episcopal Church?"*

# EXIT ROBIN HOOD

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

COBALT shade from a high, southward cliff built an inclosure of coolness round the house. In front, the veranda looked out upon a proscenium of peaks through which the August sky was dust and immobility and, nearer at hand, the canyon road that bent inward from the spruce. At the creek, aspens trembled, but elsewhere early afternoon hung motionless, dust-choked and baked.

From time to time Martha looked up from her sewing—a fragility of orchid-colored chiffon—to study the restless girl who, clad only in a printed silk dress, read a novel resignedly and scowled. There had been no explanation of Caroline's visit—only a letter that necessitated the long drive to the city to meet her train, and, since then, the capricious and contemptuous behavior that Caroline always inflicted on her family. The girl had no business in Magpie Canyon, Martha thought. Anything less active than a polo match or a minor earthquake completely failed to occupy her nerves. This time she was pretty bad; as an elder sister, Martha couldn't remember when Caroline had been so defiant and so defensive. It would take some months of mountain air to smooth out that scowl and relax those nerves, but Caroline was incapable of staying anywhere for some months. Chicago debutantes, Martha decided, had greatly changed in the ten years since her time.

The aberrant energies in Caroline bubbled up and stimulated her to throw the novel the entire length of the veranda.

"For Pete's sake, stop sewing if you don't want to hear me yell! If Jay can't buy underwear for you, why don't you tell dad to? Doesn't anything but heat ever happen in Magpie Canyon? I thought I'd find desperadoes in the West, at least. What do you do for excitement? In Chicago there's always the beer war. Oh, be human, Martha; swear at the heat anyway. And you're a rotten mother. Have you any idea where the kids are?"

*Martha Expected Caroline to Assault Lorrie With Fists or Movable Furniture, But Caroline Stood Poised for Another Long Moment and Then Suddenly Turned Away*

Martha studied the printed silk through which the essential Caroline was fully apparent. "I can't conscientiously advise you to take off anything more," she said tranquilly—she had always had to be tranquil with Caroline. "It really isn't hot; only, you've brought a set of disordered nerves seven thousand feet into the air. If you've a heat phobia, you should experience August at the ranch. The children are at the creek; Elizabeth is sitting in a puddle and Jay Junior thinks he's catching trout. I think Jay could buy my underwear, but I like to make it. Sewing preserves me from hurling novels down the porch."

Caroline laughed thinly, on the edge of anger. "You simply strangle me, Martha. Honestly, you do!"

"I mean, you really do, my dear."

"I have to remind myself that you were —— Well, what were you? A belle? Did that term linger on into your era? And now, a ranch woman, chatelaine of a lot of stock. Thank heaven, I'm postwar!"

"That term lingers on, doesn't it?"

"You're wholesome, aren't you? You're placid and hearty; just your husband's out-of-doors pal. You hike and make fires."

Caroline's scowl was narrow and intense. Too many men had admired her, Martha thought, and she had bullied her way too successfully. She had the contemporary illusion: A commonplace girl who thought that she was extraordinarily clear-sighted and cynical, and who really suffered from an elusive sort of impairment that drove her into a frantic activity to avoid self-knowledge. A psychoneurosis, Martha diagnosed from her uncertain knowledge of current phrases—a psychoneurosis that succeeded in totally misrepresenting Caroline to herself. The scowl smoothed out before a surge of wakened interest. The muffled echo of an automobile exhaust crept backward from the cliff and Caroline kicked over her steamer chair, getting to the screened wall of the veranda.

"An event in Magpie! But it's only Jay, I suppose. Run and kiss him, Martha. It must be ten days since you saw him."

"Jay would come in the touring car. This is a different exhaust."

"How Western of you! You know how things sound and you can trail desperadoes by the shoes of their horses. If it isn't Jay, who is it? Can I count on a desperado? Don't tell me there are beer runners in the mountains."

"Are you expecting one?"

Certainly, the girl was expecting someone. Martha wondered what North Shore romance was to have its Western chapter. Caroline had always had too many men hanging on her smile. They gave her an altogether disproportionate idea of her importance in the world, and they gravely misinformed her about her ability to do what she wanted in that same world. Jay, who saw his sister-in-law for a week or so every winter in Chicago, had been quite eloquent about Caroline's delusions. She needed, Jay said, someone to point out to her that there was no necessity of pleasing her. She needed also, he said, a good slam on the jaw. Martha reflected that a daily bromide would help too.

"Only a truck," Caroline mourned. "It's coming here though. Maybe something has happened."

"Don't be optimistic. It's Bill Nourse and the cook from the ranch."

The children rushed out when Bill Nourse stopped his truck at the bridge and moved slowly toward the house. A broad hat came off sun-weathered hair when he observed the women. Martha held open the door.

"Come in and meet my sister, Bill," she said. . . . "This is Bill Nourse, Caroline. . . . Miss Forman, Bill. Don't let her lack of stockings embarrass you. She's from Chicago and has an idea that this is hot weather."

"Is, too," the grizzled ranch hand said. He pumped Caroline's hand; then dropped it and scrubbed his forehead with a blue cotton handkerchief. "Dust! Mrs. Storrs, you got no idea how that dust lays in the air. It give my truck a bronchitis. I'd like to take off more'n my socks. My pants, maybe." Bill Nourse stopped short and his ingrained tan went a degree darker.

Caroline laughed. "I have, long since."

Nourse hurried on: "Mr. Storrs ain't come yet? Well, he'll be here for supper. Tuesday he left the ranch to go to the reservation. Oh, the Indians, they're makin' a powwow an' dance to git some rain—I hope their medicine's good, at that—and some college had a gang out studyin' things in the West, and they heard about the dance. Seems Mr. Storrs knowed the professors and they ast him to get 'em a chance to see the show."

"That means visitors. You get your excitement, Carol." Martha was energized. "Did you bring supplies, Bill?"

"Side of beef, if the ice ain't all gone. Dozen fries. All the berries we picked—crate and a half. Two bushel peaches. Plenty vegetables and melons. Mr. Storrs was goin' to the city for some fancy things, only this college gang come and he went to the reservation."

Caroline asked indolently, "What college?"

"Is there one in Chicago?"

"About a dozen."

"One of them, then."

"Probably the university." Caroline smiled. "Sorry, my dear. If it is, and if this is an Indian dance, then you'll have one of my disasters underfoot."

"But not the one you're expecting?"

"I mean Lorrie Ware. It will be a fifth act in Lorrie's life to walk into a wilderness shack and meet his heart's desire. Fidelity neurosis—it's about seven years since he first offered me all of himself, driving me home from the station after my first year at Miss Bigler's. And, oh, every few minutes since then."

"Put everything in the shack, Bill. Didn't I see the cook with you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Wang Too come. Mr. Storrs said the boys could feed themselves while these professors stayed. They're comin' for trout."

"You'll have to make spruce bunks outside, or sleep in the shack, if we're having guests."

Bill Nourse went out to dispose of his supplies. Wang Too's depressed treble rose, demanding wood for the range, but Nourse remarked on the abundance of dead limbs and the Chinese got an ax and moved toward the underbrush.

"I wonder how Too's nerves would hold up if someone chopped wood for him sometime," Martha said. "How long has Lorrie Ware been a professor?"

"He isn't, but he will be. I did that too. He beheld my loveliness and understood it wasn't right just to be athletic and amusing. So he's been two years at the university studying Indian fashions in skulls and polygamy. He explains it. You see, just to know me made him ambitious. You see, a man can't just ride surf boards; he's got to share the world's work. It isn't that I suggested squaws, only that Lorrie got converted." With no break in her casual, depreciating insolence, Caroline flung abruptly into a demand: "Martha, what did mother write to you?"

"Only that she'd heard of a place in the outskirts of Paris that offered a new vision. Some place where they run about in chemises and eat lettuce, isn't it?"

Caroline's lips showed disdain. "Drusilla Barre's metaphysical community—Chicago has gone in for it. They starve you and wallop you with a club to make you sense how real the body is. Dew walking and no mattresses. It will do her good; she's overweight. Well, then, what did dad write?"

"One line: 'For heaven's sake don't let Carol have an automobile.'"

"Why doesn't he tell the truth?" Caroline gazed malevolently at her bare knees. "That's a pretext. Oh, I hit a youth who was riding a bicycle to entertain his sweetie—without handlebars and on the wrong side of the street. I broke his collar bone and gave him a career by getting his picture in the papers. It would have been jail—the cops were after me. I'd been up for speeding twice that month. . . . It isn't fair to shift the cops around. . . . The beer war being inactive that day, I got headlines. I had to agree to come out here while dad's lawyers did the right things."

"Driving while intoxicated?"

"My dear backwoodsman," Caroline drawled, "my dear peasant, it was in the daytime. No, but I'd been caught twice that month. So dad screamed with joy and sent me here—to profit from your virtues. He'd been lusting for three months to get me out of Chicago. There's something queer about that man, Martha; you can't explain premature senility by blood pressure alone. He's got a neurosis."

Martha smiled briefly. "You discover a great many neuroses, don't you, dear? This insistence of yours on being constantly excited is a case history in itself. Why did he want you out of the city?"

"That would be interesting, wouldn't it? . . . I think I'll dress for Lorrie. Want to watch? Life will flower for him when he arrives and finds me here. . . . No, I'll tell you. I always alarm dad. He's romantic. He isn't comfortable when he's imaginative. He objects to my getting any satisfaction out of life. He shares a lot of ideas with Lorrie. It's too bad they can't get together."

"Lorrie," Martha said, remembering him as one of the more agreeable youths who had grown up with Caroline and hopelessly adored her—"Lorrie may surprise you. If he's slaved seven years he may decide that's quite enough."

"Lorrie? No rebellion, my dear. He isn't that interesting. He read a poem about fidelity, years ago. It's probably the origin of his neurosis." Caroline began to pull the dress over her head. "The excitement in Lorrie Ware isn't illegal. It's less than one-half of one per cent."

"Inside, darling. Bill Nourse isn't impressible."

Martha shoved her sister through the door and followed her inside. The canyon house, half logs and half plaster, was far from luxurious, but it had showers, frigid from the mountain creek. Martha sat on a bed and, watching her sister's activity, was deeply disturbed. It was impossible not to like Caroline at the very moment when you most deplored and resented her. She might be, for instance, nine parts triviality and one part fool, but she was also ten parts athlete. She stepped into that icy water with casual confidence, the shock eliciting no more than a gasp of almost Roman satisfaction. She slapped vigorously with an enormous towel at legs and shoulders that had been disciplined by every form of exercise. Caroline's body was as hard as she deludedly thought her mind was. Her mind wasn't, of course, Martha mused; it wasn't hard, it wasn't even disciplined, it was only flattered and unoccupied. That was the North Shore in this contemporary phase bodies that were real enough and minds that persuaded themselves erroneously that they were important and disenchanted. A few years of mountain ranching would help, Martha thought out of her own experience—would suggest that the approval of the North Shore was not indispensable to the realities of existence. A few years of marriage might strengthen the tendons of a mind enervated by too much easy dominance. If it wasn't a North Shore marriage that perpetuated the dominance. At twenty-four, Caroline really had no justification for existing. She couldn't, of course, even understand such a judgment if it were pronounced for her. She thought herself justified from every possible point of view, and especially from the one that

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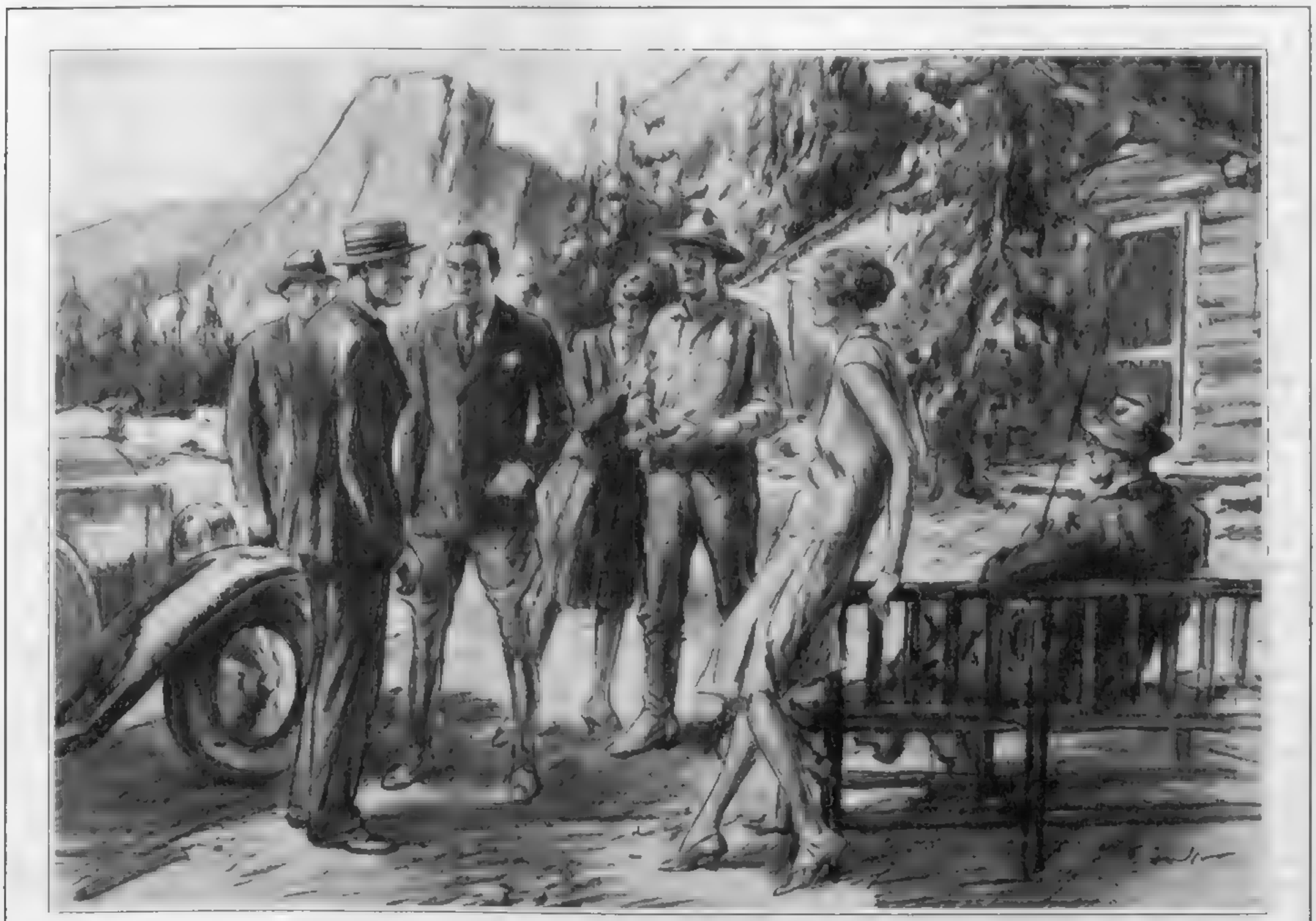

*Onegin Had Moved Within Arm's Length of Lorrie and Was Glaring His Question at Caroline*

# CLIPPER-BOW

By MILLARD WARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

WHAT'S the matter, Clipper-bow? You've been acting funny ever since before chow."

Henry Rowan raised his eyes slowly and looked across the plain wooden table at his roommate.

"Nothing." Then he returned his gaze to the worn blotter between his elbows.

The half hurt, half irritation of that name was nearly lost in deeper trouble, but he was still conscious that it had been used. Markell Phillips, his roommate, would not use it if he knew how it hurt, Rowan supposed, but some sullen instinct would not allow him to show that he thought anything about it. As he sat in his straight chair he could feel, without seeing, the hard, bare brightness of the room about him on the fourth deck of one of the new wings of Bancroft Hall. The blackness of the two windows merely reflected the light inside, but he did not need to look out to know what was there—the broad tiles of the seaward terrace, gleaming irregularly with light from the rooms of the old wings and from the central brilliance of Memorial Hall; beyond that the high pale wall of the other new wing, with nearly every window glowing yellow. If he put his head out of the window and looked to the left, he could see the anchor lights of lumber schooners in the Severn River, and farther out the Greenbury Point lighthouse.

He thought there was no beauty in any of it—only strain. Plebe year was not yet so far behind that he could forget that grinding, endless round; even now there were a thousand electric bells a day that must be answered instantly. The name "Clipper-bow" brought back memory of plebe year. He had come to the Naval Academy straight from the farm in Kansas; everything nautical had been mysterious but fascinating to him. Entering late in the summer, he had not learned much when the upper classes came back from leave. The constant fire of questions had crowded and buffeted him into bewilderment and finally into sullenness. It seemed to him that because, with his strength and size, he had not been on a training table, he had been run harder than his classmates.

One day, in the mess room, as he sat braced up apprehensively, listening for the rap of upper-class glasses to be filled between the chair race and the pie race, he caught a question out of the air: "Mr. Rowan, what's a clipper-bow?" In his mind was only that he must not say he didn't know.

Words came thick and breathless: "It's a bow like a pair of clippers, sir."

The memory could still make him squirm. The upper classmen had howled and even the other harassed plebes had had trouble with their parade faces. All the rest of the meal Rowan had been under the table, and after that he had been called Clipper-bow. He had gone through that year grimly, more to defy the upper classes than for any other reason, only to get into this. He noticed that Markell was speaking again, his calculus book shoved aside

"Listen, guy; there is something wrong. I've been a good wife to you for a year and a half. You're going to tell me sometime. Why not get it over with?"

Rowan wanted to tell, though he knew that telling could do no good. But he had to seem gruff and reluctant.

"You know I've been out for wrestling, Mark."

"Sure."

"And you know I didn't want to go out. I wish I'd held back on that strength test. I didn't know what it would get me into. I had to go out for football first; life wouldn't have been worth living if I hadn't." His lips twisted bitterly. "Strongest man in the class not out for the team—dear, oh dear! How long did I last? Kicked off the B squad in a week. I know I'm—slow." He could not make it "clumsy." "But what good did it do me or the team? I'm used to getting along by myself. There aren't enough fellows within ten miles of my home to make a team of anything. I'm no good on teams. So then I had to go out for wrestling. It wasn't any good from the first. I'm stronger than those fellows, but I can't get hold of 'em. I get all set for a grip and then find they have something on me I can't break with strength. Fellows fifty pounds lighter got falls over me. The skipper, Bill Wolfe, for one. He wrestles welterweight, but he can put me down any time. When I got up against him it used to set me almost crazy. I didn't say anything about it, but I tell you, it got me. I could feel him

*He Knew That There Could be Only a Few Seconds Left, and He Had a Little Strength Unused*

before he ever touched me, like the walls coming together. And me a hundred and ninety-five stripped. I got so I wouldn't wrestle him if I could help it. I knew I was getting sore at him. It seemed to me he was trying to make a goof of me. Today he kept after me—made me take him on. It was worse than ever. After he put me down he said something—I don't even know what—and"—Rowan grinned sideways, hoping to keep the misery out of his voice—"I hit him." He noticed that Markell had put on a different mask—a scared, incredulous mask.

"My gosh! What'd you do that for?"

"I told you as much as I know," Rowan snarled. "It felt like it was somebody else doing it."

Markell shook his head. "And him regimental five-striper too. What did he do about it?"

"I apologized right away. I don't think he could lick me in a fight. But he didn't like it much, anyway. He stood there a minute looking at me sort of nasty and then he told me to report to his room tonight at 9.30."

"Whew! You know who his roommate is, Clipper-bow?"

"No, and I don't care."

"Well," said Markell dryly, "it's Thug Wilson."

Rowan's bitterness was not so deep that he could not be startled. He had known that, but forgotten it. Thug Wilson, Academy heavyweight-champion boxer and another first classman. He had not earned his nickname entirely in the ring, either

"In a way, Clipper-bow, you'll be lucky if he beats you up. That'll mean he won't pap you, anyway. If he does put you on report you'll stand a good chance of a kick-out. It would be a Class A offense anyway, and you'd spend your weekends on the ship from now on."

There was so much bad that might come out of the situation that Rowan had not even tried to classify it in degrees. He wished he could turn off his mind until 9:30. Calculus might help. He was a steady student with no mark below a three.

But when the 9:30 bell did ring he started convulsively. He felt cold and rumpled inside, even in the controlled outburst of life along the whole deck that followed. This was release from rooms for half an hour.

As he went out into the broad, spotless corridor, Rowan almost braced up and turned a square corner. Reporting to an upper classman's room at 9:30 was so repulsively familiar. But now he was a youngster, required only to keep out of trouble with his superiors.

Presently he came to the door of Wolfe's room, a door exactly like all the others, but even the light shining through the transom seemed sinister. The door was opened in answer to his knock, and he went in despairingly. Wolfe sat down again across the table from Thug Wilson, leaving Rowan standing. The two first classmen looked at him with unfriendly eyes, but he felt a miserable flash of interest at seeing the great men familiarly, in bath robes and slippers. Thug Wilson even had a box of letter paper on his side of the table. So he must be human to somebody, somewhere. But he looked formidable enough now—olive skin and dark, curly hair; eyes narrow and singularly blue; his whole form showing power. Wolfe was slender in comparison, but with something of the same carriage of head. There was more impressiveness in the immobility of bodies that could move as these could than there would have been in any action. Wolfe's voice, when he spoke, was hard, but held a note of unwelcomed tenseness.

"I've been thinking this over, Rowan; I don't like any of it. You're done with wrestling. But you like to fight, it seems. All right. Go out for the boxing team and stick out the rest of the season; don't miss one practice, understand, and I won't say any more about what happened this afternoon. If you fall down on that, you're just about through with the Navy."

Rowan's eyes shifted dazedly to Wilson's face. So this was how they had him. Not one beating up and done with

*He Was Glad That Clipperbow Was Forgotten, But He Wondered What These Mids Would Think if They Knew That, Compared to Sally, Boxing Was Nothing*

it, but a beating up every afternoon for weeks. He could not tell anything from the boxer's expression. As far as it went, this might be a perfectly ordinary invitation to join the squad; but obviously, it couldn't be. The old, mean sullenness that had carried him through plebe year so painfully, moved far down in Rowan's inside.

"I'll come out for boxing, sir." The "sir" slipped and could not be bitten back.

"Very well. But remember you've got to stick it out."

Back in his own room, he found Markell Phillips unduly enthusiastic over the result.

"You'd have been worse on the pap all right, Clipperbow. Even if you didn't get kicked out, you'd have missed your week-ends ashore. How about this young crab you've been snaking around lately? Would you like to get along without seeing her for a few months?"

The thought of Sally Brevard had been all the while in the back of Rowan's mind, but having it dragged out this way was cruel.

"I guess I won't be fit to look at most of the time," he muttered.

"Ah, stop it! Drags like black eyes and a few teeth out. Well, taps in five minutes."

With the windows flooding the room with sharp January air and the long notes of the bugle dragging over the seaward terrace, there was not will or energy left for anything but sleep.

The next afternoon after drill, Rowan tramped across to the gymnasium and reported to the boxing room. The coach looked him over wisely, but without any noticeable sympathy, and left him alone. Thirty-odd midshipmen were on hand when the actual practice started. Nearly a dozen were Rowan's own classmates, but they were all in lower weight classes. It appeared that besides himself and Thug Wilson, there was only one heavyweight, a short, chunky, second classman named Suvac.

Rowan had fought before, without any rules to speak of, back in Kansas, but this cool, systematic preparation at the same time interested and alarmed him. He went through the shadow boxing and rope skipping doggedly, moving at about half the average speed and tripping over his rope. But in the room with the heavy bags he was conscious of showing to better advantage. There was no one else but Thug Wilson himself who could make the ponderous, sand-filled canvas buckle and tremble as he could. The clean smack of blows stirred Rowan oddly. Fighting before had involved rage to the exclusion of every other feeling.

But when the time came actually to put on the gloves, things were different. Thug Wilson battered him around the ring with an interested but impersonal manner that left him nothing to return, even in spirit. The first session was short, but at the end Rowan's lip was puffed and his left thumb ached. Thought of the future killed any feeling of exhilaration that the workout might have left.

That same day the weather turned bad: no snow, but black skies, with flurries of sleet and a cutting wind. The Severn River, from the sea wall to the lighthouse, ran white, and schooners staggered in and out with bare decks under doublereefed sails.

*Sally*

Also, though there was no direct action against him, Rowan began to notice the hostility of first classmen in his platoon. He knew that at least one of them had been present that last afternoon in the wrestling room, and the regiment had not yet recovered from the depression of return from Christmas leave. First classmen rated being more depressed than others, and showing it more unmistakably. In spite of standing from under sourly, as he had done in plebe year, and observing regulations strictly, he found himself on the report frequently, and the first free time he had after joining the boxing squad he spent with a rifle on his shoulder at extra duty. Boxing practice settled into a grind. He was not punished so much severely as steadily. Nearly every afternoon left its significant mark.

Both the coach and Wilson himself helped him with the science of boxing, but any improvement on his part was merely a signal for Wilson to let out a little more. Rowan had no personal relations with any member of the squad, either friendly or otherwise. It was harder to keep on with than a bloody feud would have been.

The regular boxing season opened and Navy seemed headed for another of a long string of undefeated years. The only team which was expected to give real trouble was Penn State, met in the third dual match of the year. Penn State's heavyweight, Red O'Regan, had been intercollegiate champion for two years and was the only college man ever to win a decision over Battler Muller, the Navy skipper of two years before. The year after that O'Regan had knocked out Thug Wilson in the third round of a bout that had seemed to be going all the Navy man's way. The rest of the team, built around O'Regan, was known to be adequate and Navy was pointing for Penn State.

"This O'Regan," Rowan had heard the Navy coach say, "reminds me o' Bob Fitzsimmons. He don't look like much—red hair, skinny legs, could fight light heavy if he wanted to—but when he throws a punch he reminds me o' Fitz more than ever."

Rowan, in a dark corner of his mind, was hoping for the joy of seeing Thug Wilson knocked out again. The daily hammering was taking its effect. Rowan's work in class began to fall off, but he had an average that would carry him safely to the semiannual examinations. He got up each morning with a snarl and turned in each night in sullen silence. Markell Phillips gave up trying to keep the room normal.

Then, one evening after a day which had reopened a scarcely healed lip and added more demerits to a total that was becoming dangerous, he asked himself suddenly why he was in the Navy, and he was genuinely startled when he could find no answer. The life seemed neither more nor less than a treadmill. A profound disgust of all electric bells and bugles filled him. What sense was there in struggling to stay somewhere you didn't want to be? The idea that it was necessary only to write out a slip of paper and walk out the Academy gate was devastating in its simplicity.

He found a sheet of white paper and his fountain pen; then he picked up the regulation book deliberately and looked up the form for addressing the Navy Department. He had already begun to write when Markell Phillips came in. Markell sat down opposite him at the table and looked at him quietly.

Presently he said, "What are you putting in for, Clipperbow—leave or something?"

"Yes," said Rowan under his breath, "permanent leave."

The feeling under Markell's raillery was too obvious. "What? Resigning again? You rate making out a resignation every week-end plebe year, but what's the good wasting paper now?"

"The only difference is that I'm going to put this one in the battalion office. I don't know why I'm in the Navy and I never have known."

"You're going to sleep on it, though, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not going to sleep on it. Only difference between this place and a jail is that in jail you get better company."

There was a jerk in Markell's voice as he overcame offense. "There's another difference too. A jail is easier to get into than it is to get out of."

Rowan went on writing without any reply.

Markell sat silent until the document was complete. Then he spoke again in a slow, cool tone: "I just thought I'd mention that I had a note from Sally Brevard today."

Rowan took hold of the edge of the table. Here was something else that could cut through sullenness.

"Yeah? What's she writing to you for?"

(Continued on Page 53)

# THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

*"It's the Lady Spider," Said Harrison, Still Whispering—"One of the Argyopidæ"*

## By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

WHILE dressing, Evelyn had an opportunity to review the case a little more dispassionately. She really could not blame him for anything he had done or said. She had played a shabby trick upon him by making and winning that bet. He had found out about it and therefore had time to prepare to punish her in the cleverest and cruelest way possible. She deserved it and respected him for it.

In fact, while she had bent over him and helped to bring him back to consciousness, she had felt that pity for him which old-fashioned people like to think is akin to love. She laughed at the thought of love, if there really was such a thing, especially in such circumstances. They were quite realistic circumstances. The half-drowned little rat had been sick at his stomach and she had to hold his head like a stewardess on a steamer. It was immediately after one of his paroxysms that he had looked up at her and said "I'll marry you, after all." Plenty of men had physical courage, but it takes rare moral courage to be humorous and seasick at the same time.

She laughed aloud. It would be so utterly ridiculous to fall in love with a man while he was seasick. "Don't you love it!" she said to herself.

He was physically almost puny, even though he did play a good game of tennis. He could not swim. He was not a good rider. He was nothing that she admired physically, so it was impossible for her to love him, as they called it. For she knew perfectly well that all that meant was physical desire with a little sentimental nonsense powdered over it like sugar to hide the truth. There was nothing sentimental about her and there never would be. She was too honest for such bunk. No one could fool her. She couldn't even fool herself.

Then she stopped smiling and looked into the glass. There it was. Pretty big and pretty bad. But it couldn't be helped. Oh, well, what was the difference? She didn't care. Men liked her anyway—real men—big ones, like Cecil. Or was it only her money? One never could tell. And then she added, still without smiling, "He's a good little sport, all the same, and he has more in him than the big ones."

She resumed her dressing. The little highbrow could not have meant quite all that he said to her. He was merely angry—and no wonder. Well, he seemed to like talking to her anyway. She brought out his best. He was good fun. She wanted to talk to him some more. She liked his sparkle. He kept her guessing. In fact, small as he was, he was too much for her.

She did not care to apologize, of course, but she wanted to make amends. She wasn't really so bad as he thought she was. She would get that over to him somehow. Perhaps they could become good friends and razz each other indefinitely. It would be interesting. She did not want him to leave. She would like to have him around for a long time—all the while, now that the Cecils were to be exterminated.

"Why, you might think you were falling in love, after all!" That got a laugh out of her. She caught a glimpse of herself laughing in the glass. She looked rather attractive, laughing. "I wonder if he likes my laugh," she said to herself; and added, "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be wet! You make me sick!"

He had left the sun room when she came out from dressing, and she was surprised to find how disappointed she was over such a small matter. "Probably gone up to the house for tea with the others," she said to herself, and passed out by way of the terrace to take a path through the woods.

But as she went by the canoe-room door she heard voices. One of them was Harrison's. The other was O'Brien's. He was the bath attendant and boatman.

"Have you seen her today?" That was Harrison's voice.

"No, sir. But she usually appears about this time."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"This is eavesdropping," the girl said to herself, her pulse suddenly and most unaccountably going fast. "All right then, I'm an eavesdropper." She drew nearer to hear better. She heard the clink of silver coins and then she heard Harrison's voice again:

"It really isn't necessary for you to stay here any longer this afternoon, is it?"

"No, sir, thank you, sir."

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," thought Evelyn, and she turned toward the house. "I'll never eavesdrop again. I don't like the feel of it." She walked through the wood in thoughtful silence. "So that explains it all," she said to herself with the smile pronounced fascinatingly cynical by Peggy. "Dear me, this is becoming interesting."

She walked still more slowly. The sun was sinking. She smiled some more. That was the thing to do. All life was a huge joke.

"The little devil! An affair—right here in the sanctity of our pure home. Well, I still have much to learn about highbrows. So that's why he came to my house party!"

She walked on in silence for a space, and since no one was around, she forgot to smile. "Oh, I don't care. Why should I? It's nothing in my life."

And yet she suddenly became unaccountably angry, perhaps at herself for being so easily taken in. She paused in her walk as if trying to analyze her indignation. She decided that it was because of his cheek. No guest had a right to have a rendezvous on her father's property. He would never stand for that sort of thing. She was his daughter, his representative.

She found herself walking rapidly back toward the boathouse. As she came near the lower entrance she stepped on a dried twig. Almost immediately Harrison hurried out of the open basement door where the canoes were kept. He closed the door behind him. He looked taken aback · rather alarmed.

"I heard you coming," he said in a low voice. He evidently did not want to be overheard.

"And you were so eager to see me?" She spoke in low tones too.

"Not at all. I didn't know it was you. Where are you going?"

"To look at my canoe. I think we lost one of the seats."

He barred the way. "You're not to come in here just now."

"I believe I have as much right in there as you have—possibly more."

"That may be, but you can't come in."

Evelyn looked him in the face and began to smile. "What is she doing in there?"

"Oh, you overheard me talking to O'Brien, did you?"

"So you have a date with her, have you? Well, it's a romantic place for it, with the sun setting over the lake and all that sort of thing."

"She is waiting for her mate," said Harrison.

"Meaning you?"

"Meaning her husband."

"Yes? No doubt that's why you're here."

"That's the only reason I'm here."

"Oh, you want her husband to come, of course." Evelyn smiled.

"I can't tell you how much."

"No? Why?"

"Because she is going to kill him."

She laughed. "How very interesting! I'll act as a witness to the murder." She tried to brush by. He took her by the shoulders.

"I think not," he said.

"Don't you dare touch me!" she cried in a shrill voice.

"Be still. I don't want to touch you, but she'll hear you."

"I want her to." She raised her voice. "How dare you try to kiss me?"

"Kiss you? Good Lord, I never had to try very hard!"

"You little rat!" She gave him a resounding slap on his cheek.

This made him step back, and then she made a dart for the door. He blocked the way, however, and they had a tussle. Perhaps if the rat had not been half drowned so recently he might have done better; she proved the stronger of the two. She gained the shadowy interior of the canoe room, an unfloored place with several canoes resting upside down on the racks. Leaves had recently drifted through the doors and lay upon the bare earth in the corner.

The girl glanced around. She saw no one

"Oh, look!" said Harrison in a low, awe-struck whisper, and he pointed to something he had been searching for during the past two years. "There she is! She has come out at last!" He forgot that he had been slapped, kissed and nearly drowned. "The jarring of the door brought her out. Thank you for coming. I would never have thought of that."

Behind the door Evelyn now saw, by the aid of the last romantic ray of sunlight, a spider web. And then, her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, she detected the spider.

"It's the lady spider," said Harrison, still whispering—"one of the *Argyopidæ*."

"Where is her husband?" asked the girl.

"He hasn't come yet. He's afraid of her."

"Afraid of her? Why should he be?"

"Because she's so much bigger than he is. She will kill and eat him after they have paired."

"Then why does he come at all?"

"Can't help himself, poor devil. He hangs around the outskirts of her web and signals his presence by jerking the radial threads in a peculiar way. Apparently that's what she thought was happening a few minutes ago when you jarred the door frame. She thought he was coming and came out to meet him."

"Good joke on her, wasn't it?" said the girl.

"Now in the case of the park-web spider," Harrison went on with scientific enthusiasm—"the one we call the *Atypus*, a member of the *Mygalomorphæ*—I call her My Gal for short—the lady spider spins a tubular web and the gentleman comes along and taps the wall of it first, just to show he's not afraid, though of course he's scared to death. The males always are. Then he bites a hole in it and descends into her burrow."

"Then what?"

"She kisses him and kills him."

"You mean she doesn't really like him?"

"Like him? Why, she loves him to death and eats him up!"

"Why does he let her?"

"She's bigger than he is. Sometimes he waits around for a long time before he dares come in."

She was having difficulty to keep from smiling, but Harrison apparently saw nothing but serious scientific interest in the matter.

"Are they all like that?" she asked.

"Oh, no, sometimes they both die together."

"What a beautiful death!" said Evelyn with mock sentimentality, and she looked at the grotesque shape of the female spider and shuddered. "I suppose these ladies are all poisonous."

"A good many of them are."

"It's too bad these true lovers have to die just after they find each other."

"Oh, but the lady doesn't. She lives on until she has constructed her cocoon and devours other husbands. Some

(Continued on Page 38)

*Still She Wouldn't Go. He Ignored Her for Half an Hour*

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## The Free-Lance Allies of Wall Street

THE current practice on the part of great corporations of sending their surplus funds into Wall Street to be loaned out on call to Stock Exchange houses at the stiff rates which overnight money has been commanding virtually throws a potential monkey wrench into our whole mechanism of credit. At the same time it opens up an interesting field of speculation, which is likely to attract much attention both in Congress and out of it.

Theoretically the Federal Reserve system has no direct interest in this practice. The paper sent to it for rediscount represents constructive trade and business. Much of it comes into being for the purpose of financing the movement of commodities from the producer or manufacturer into the hands of the private consumer. Unlike the Bank of England it is not permitted to rediscount loans growing out of Stock Exchange operations. One of its chief functions is to provide sound and readily available credit of sufficient dimensions to meet the requirements of actual producers, middlemen and those who perform tangible services for the community. Brokers and their clients must finance themselves in their own way without tapping this fount of credit.

Despite these facts, it must not be forgotten that credit is as liquid as air and water; and like them it cannot be in two places at once. Corporation funds which are loaned directly in Wall Street, whether for the use of metropolitan plungers or to finance the little trades of little people two or three thousand miles away, cannot at the same time be available to pay the farmers for their crops or the railroads for hauling them; neither can they be at the service of manufacturers for the purchase of raw materials or to tide over their needs until they receive payment for the finished products they have sent to market. To this extent the corporation which sends its surplus funds directly into Wall Street, instead of retaining them on deposit, is sapping the potential ability of the Federal Reserve system to meet the legitimate credit needs of constructive business.

There is little or no reason to believe that Federal Reserve officials have viewed with alarm this new pattern in our financial kaleidoscope; but they are quite too alert to everything that affects the banking interests of the country not to be watching it with lively interest and solicitude. The cries of protest with which the bankers have greeted this usurpation of their function are neither so humorous nor so selfish as they may sound. No sane banker pretends that he is in business for his health; nor can he be expected to regard with equanimity the diversion of business in large volumes which, owing to long custom and to the very nature of his profession, he has come to look upon as his own, together with whatever profits may grow out of it and whatever risks are incident to it. If our bankers, or any large proportion of them, were mere buccaneers and adventurers with no thought save for the largest and most immediate cash profits for themselves they would have no moral or logical right to entertain these sentiments. But we know that they are nothing of the sort. Our bankers are the stewards of our whole intricate credit system; and, for the most part, their sense of obligation and their feelings of responsibility for the maintenance of that system in a high state of adequacy and efficiency are as lofty as the motives of other professional men. Most of them are in the banking business for life. In fair weather or foul they are on the job. They cannot run to cover at the first signs of a squall. They cannot elect to accept business only when it looks highly profitable and go fishing when it promises to pay little more than the overhead. Fat or lean, thick or thin, they must take the banking business as it comes.

No such responsibilities devolve upon the corporation which sends its million or five millions or ten millions into Wall Street to work as brokers' call money for the fancy wages it can command. It is by no means impossible that in a pinch these private corporate lenders might take a large and public-spirited view of the situation and leave their funds in the Street long after immediate self-interest counseled their withdrawal; but we have not as yet any sufficient body of precedent upon which to predicate a forecast of their mass behavior in a time of sudden stress. The action of the bankers, however, can be safely predicted. We know by long and well-remembered experience that they would instantly get together, adopt some clean-cut, coöperative plan, and strain every nerve to ease the situation along, to provide additional credit and to prevent morale-shattering insolvencies. Unfortunately we have no very substantial reason for believing that the big corporate money lenders which have gone into the market would see the thing through to the permanent hurt or even the temporary inconvenience of their companies or their stockholders.

Whatever may be the termination of the greatest bull market in history, it cannot be denied that grave hazards have been incurred by the invasion of the money-lending business by outside and occasional participators. To a certain extent their activities have been helpful; but as allies they are like a guerrilla band fighting alongside the organized body, not subject to any central authority, not bound to coöperate with it, and entirely free to cut and run at their own pleasure. Not until the battle is over can one say whether such allies have been assets or liabilities.

## I'd Die for Dear Old Mazuma

AT LEAST two publications have of late printed articles designed to expose the abuses that have grown up around intercollegiate football. One of these magazines, in an article by a well-known coach, makes the point that professionalism and proselyting will form an integral part of the collegiate athletic system as long as a winning team is an important factor in replenishing college coffers, helping out with the campus building program, and bolstering up enrollment and prestige.

There is a steadily growing minority that distrusts the important position football has come to occupy in the collegiate scene. They fear that "the tail is wagging the dog." They fear that someone is making a lot of money out of it. They doubt the "educational desirability" of football, as it exists today. They do not feel that the disproportion existing between the salary of the average coach and the average professor is fair or healthy. They mourn the overshadowing of the halls of classic learning by the walls of the stadium.

This attitude is not a new one, and we have grown accustomed to pooh-poohing such criticism. But a careful analysis of excerpts from the current press, such as the following, makes it evident that such doubts and fears are not altogether "the stupid vaporings of a lot of old women."

"The average football player in larger universities brings $10,000 to his school through gate receipts and endowments, James Weber Linn, Professor of English at the University of Chicago, said yesterday. Speaking before a group of football enthusiasts, Professor Linn said: 'Many of the big universities clear $200,000 a year in their football season. That's $600,000 for the players in three years of eligibility. Divide that by a squad of sixty men and it means each player has paid $10,000 each in gate receipts alone.'"

At a football banquet recently a high scholastic standard and three hundred dollars' tuition fee were blamed for keeping good athletes away from a certain university. One of the speakers is quoted as saying:

"What I would call this team of ours wouldn't look good in print. . . . One big reason for our failure to develop a better team is the lack of coöperation by the administration. With our required scholastic standing of 85 and our $300 tuition fee, few fathers can afford to send their boys here. And if the standard and tuition aren't lowered we might as well kiss athletics good-by."

That this problem of producing a winning team, important as it is, is cast into the background by the amount of the gate receipts is indicated by the following news item:

"Although the Navy and Michigan elevens have contributed their full share of the poor football played this season, authorities of both institutions are somewhat peeved because the gate receipts of their game at Baltimore last Saturday grossed a paltry $90,000. Commander Jonas Ingram is quoted as saying that since 'institutions depending upon receipts for their activities must play before larger crowds,' he favors transferring the annual game to Philadelphia or Washington."

That Yale University is not troubled by such a problem is made plain in a report just made public at New Haven. Football receipts at Yale were $1,033,211.98 for the season of 1927.

Football is a great game—perhaps the greatest from the standpoint of the spectator and the player. Those in control of its destinies, however, might well give heed to the rampant commercialism that bids fair to engulf it. It would be a great shame if this sport, exemplifying as it does the virtues of manliness and healthy rivalry, should be allowed to degenerate into a sordid business proposition, with its success gauged in terms of dollars and cents.

## Prosperity

MOST of us listened with amusement during the presidential campaign to the conversation about prosperity by a superior minority. In all this talk there was the implication that there is something inherently vicious in prosperity, that it is a condition which brings a blight upon idealism, right thinking and a due sense of obligation to our neighbors and the world at large. Constructively, at least, it was charged that those who believe prosperity to be a condition greatly to be desired are low money-grubbers, people without vision.

Prosperity means different things to different people. To some it may mean longer strings of pearls, bigger and shinier imported cars and larger quantities of poison-free bootleg; but this is not the idea of prosperity which rises before the eyes of the average sane American. His definition of prosperity is couched in broader and better terms. To him, and to most of us, it means work for all who wish to work at fair wages; better living conditions, an abundance of wholesome food, decent clothing, better care for the health of women and children, broader educational advantages and a chance to accumulate an old-age fund by thrift.

If this be treason, let those who view with alarm make the most of it. Most of those who inveigh against prosperity have inherited theirs and are bulwarked behind gilt-edge bonds or are reaching out for it with their right hand while they make the get-thee-behind-me gesture with their left. If they had talked against unearned prosperity, gained without work and through speculation, they would have been on more solid ground.

# THE PASSING OF INDIVIDUAL OWNERSHIP—By Albert W. Atwood

ONE of the distinguishing traits of the age in which we live is the expanding ownership of securities. It has been described as a silent revolution. Surely it goes hand in hand with the wondrous productivity of our time and the extension of national wealth. Millions of men and women could not become shareholders if they did not have the savings to invest. But on the other hand there would be no stocks for them to purchase if it were not for that other significant transition, the withdrawal of the small private individual business proprietor and the rise of great stock corporations whose shares are available to all.

Now, it is still true that the overwhelming majority of business units are comparatively small, especially if agriculture be included. The smaller concerns escape popular notice, but when counted up are very numerous. For the most part they are one-man or family or private businesses. It is usually the larger and individually important enterprise which passes into banking control and thus into widespread ownership. Yet, if we exclude agriculture, a comparatively few hundred of the larger corporations dominate something like two-thirds of the industrial life of the nation. Nor is that all there is to it.

The tendency is for the great corporation, with its banker affiliations and its thousands of stockholders, to invade field after field. Observe how chain stores are penetrating every corner of the land and driving out the small independent shop. Even personal service is passing from the hands of the individual proprietor, and barber shops are being gathered together in corporate chains. We have mergers of ice-cream companies, of bakeries and of manufacturers of cleaning powder for the kitchen sink.

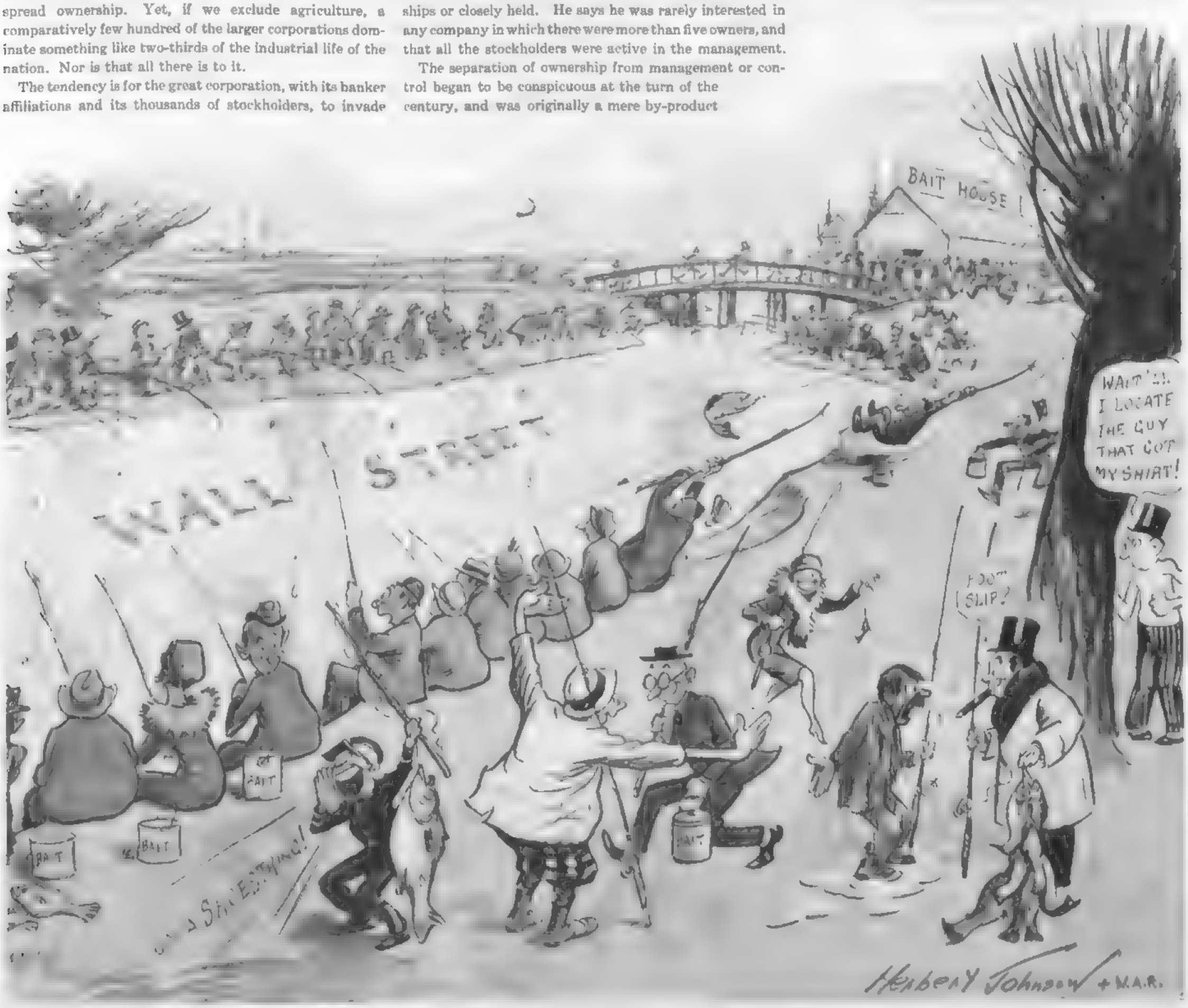
Even patent medicines, which not so long ago were peddled from door to door by the itinerant inventor, are now handled by large corporate entities with Wall Street connections, while, it is safe to say, the descendants of the originators of the concoctions disport themselves at Palm Beach or on their Long Island country estates.

All we can be sure of is that the change or shift has come fast and will go further. Robert Brookings, founder of institutions for economic study and research which bear his name, says that when he was a young man active in business, practically all industries were either small partnerships or closely held. He says he was rarely interested in any company in which there were more than five owners, and that all the stockholders were active in the management.

The separation of ownership from management or control began to be conspicuous at the turn of the century, and was originally a mere by-product of the formation of trusts. The main purpose of trust formation was monopoly, and frequently the movement failed of obtaining its objective. But always the net result was to transfer ownership of these great industries to the investing and speculating public. From that point the movement has developed logically, as part of the very growth and elaboration of our economic structure. With it has come the expansion of the stock exchange and the multiplication of the investing class, all working toward distributed ownership.

There is about all this a sort of sheer inevitability, a blind, ruthless evolution, as it were, that no man's hand can stay. Read, if you will, one chapter in a little book, entitled The Way Out, written only four or five years ago by Edward A. Filene, president of the great Boston department store which bears his name. Nowhere in all business and financial literature can there be found a more

(Continued on Page 76)




ARE THE SUCKERS ON THE BANK OR IN THE STREAM?

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Sorry, Old Man, But Your Parking Time is Up!"

"Edgar, are You Sure You're Dressed Warm Enough?"

### Tested

*MY GIRL'S not flip, demoralized,*
*Nor is she rattle-brained or tough.*
*Her character is prewar stuff—*
*I've had her psychoanalyzed.*

*—Lloyd Mayer.*

### Vanity Preferred

STOCK-MARKET SPECULATOR: Where's the dinner?

HIS WIFE: I didn't buy any butter because I think it will drop a cent or two within a few days. I got some quotations on eggs. The common variety I wouldn't take at any price, while the preferred ones are altogether too high. I did have a piece of meat, but Mrs. Jones saw it and begged me to sell. I couldn't resist taking the profit.

STOCK-MARKET SPECULATOR: Well, why didn't you reinvest it in fish or poultry?

HIS WIFE: Because I had a chance to get a hat, par value ten dollars, for nine ninety-eight. *—Bill Sykes.*

### An Excuse for Being

CYNIC: Bridge has one thing in its favor.

SKEPTIC: Yeah?

CYNIC: It enables one to enjoy oneself with bores.

### The Loving Couple

*The Nap*

HE: Oh, hum gawkh.

SHE: What?

HE: Ha boo gugh.

SHE: Sleepy, darling?

HE: Guess I'll lie down for a while.

SHE: That's right. Lie down for a while. Take a little nap. After all, there's not much else to do on a dull Sunday afternoon. After a big Sunday dinner, naturally, you don't feel very spry. That's right—lie down on the divan. Are you comfortable?

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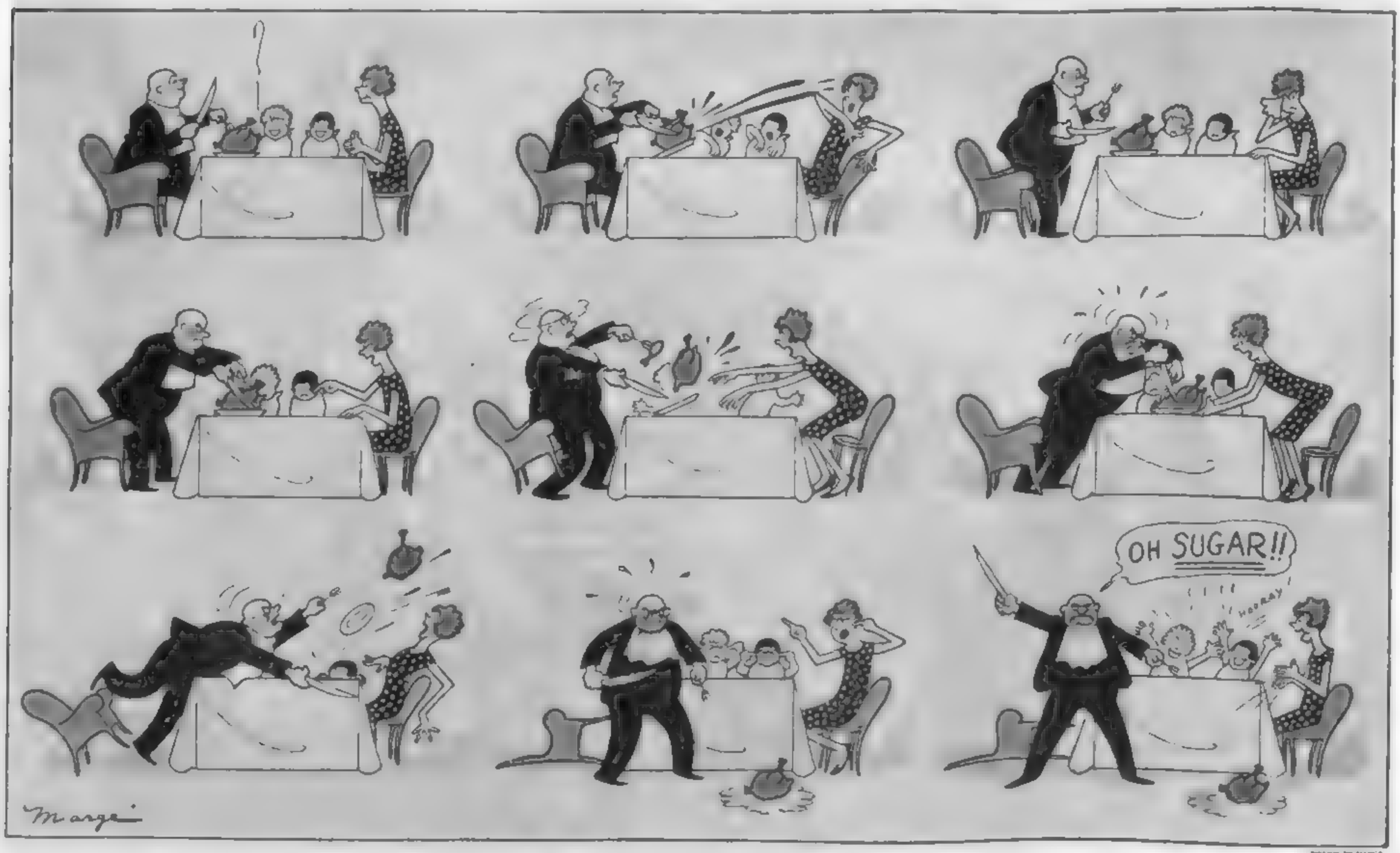


Papa Keeps His New Year's Resolution

# *Why millions now enjoy this delicious Tomato Soup* for their health!

IT'S because everybody is eager to eat food which contains those wonderful "Health Givers" (Vitamins). And they find in Campbell's Tomato Soup a most delightful and tempting food in which to obtain their invigorating benefits, right in the daily meals.

* * * *

The discovery of "Health Givers" was promptly followed by another great discovery — that tomatoes contain these health-promoting substances in extraordinary abundance.

* * * *

Then people began to eat Campbell's Tomato Soup as never before. Popular for years, its use has now grown by leaps and bounds. For it is a favorite way —a palatable and attractive way—to obtain a regular supply of the precious "Health Givers".

Do you realize how important "Health Givers" (Vitamins) are? If the food on your table does not furnish them in sufficient amount, your family's health is bound to suffer. Proper growth, strong bodies, abounding vigor, resistance to disease—all these depend on the regular eating of food with "Health Givers"

My tummy is empty,
Just begging, it seems,
For Campbell's Tomato
The soup of my dreams!

Naturally people prefer a vitamin-food which is most pleasing to their taste and which they like to eat regularly and often. No wonder they are enjoying Campbell's Tomato Soup so frequently. For the appetite never tires of this delicious blend of vitamin-rich tomatoes, fresh creamery butter and delicate seasoning.

* * * *

And for the best Cream of Tomato Soup you ever tasted, simply mix Campbell's Tomato Soup with an equal quantity of milk, stir while heating but do not boil. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra-rich Cream of Tomato Soup.

* * * *

Vary your menus by selections from the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# BULL TAVERN

## By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*"Would You Like to Marry Abe?" "No," Answered Laurie, Unable Altogether to Repress a Startled Gasp, "I Don't Think So. Why?"*

THE ordeal started out with deceptive mildness. After installing themselves in the luxurious suites which represented the first outlay of the pageant proper, the contenders for the crown were marshaled at the city hall, where the mayor, supported by his retinue, the governor of the state and his entourage, and the director-general of the festival and his personal following presented to all and sundry the freedom of the city.

If each of the symbolic keys had borne a tag inscribed with a brief history of the origin and course of this hoary mark of honorary distinction, and perhaps a postscript stating that like keys had previously been bestowed upon four hundred other maidens, the girls would have known what to do with them. But as it was, the majority looked around vaguely, if not hopefully, in search of a monster heap of trunks. As they dispersed, Laurie was met by Mr. Manville Jones in his quality of her agent-manager under commission from the state committee, which in turn represented a vast agglomeration of booster organizations. He led her to her car. Better than his word, he had succeeded in having it repainted so that now the black and orange stripes which had earned it the title of the Bengal Tiger had given way to a creaminess like the gloss on rich Jersey milk, with Miss New Jersey emblazoned on its sides in robin's-egg blue. It remained an eyeful, but, nevertheless, tremendously improved as a foil to the artful simplicity with which she and her attendants were garbed.

She cast him a grateful glance. "Oh, thank you! It's such an improvement."

Mr. Jones nodded in his most businesslike manner. He had one last moment of compunction, but it succumbed to his professional sense of duty. Dreamers and idyls were all right between book covers, but cold everyday fact demanded that he kick this still unsuspecting young lady over for a goal. "Glad you like it," he muttered. "I had a battle, but I persuaded 'em that since we had something to shoot with we might as well shoot high. Now listen to me, Miss Laurie; you've got to be seen, and every time you're seen there's a judge around somewhere looking on. These judges think they are all eyes; but, as a matter of fact, they have ears as well, and their ears aren't plugged. The noise the crowd makes as you pass doesn't cut any official ice—I mean it can't possibly score a knock-out—but it's an unnamed point and a big one."

A rousing cheer for Miss New Jersey rent the air. "Did you hear that?" asked Mr. Jones gravely.

"How could I help it?" exclaimed Laurie, smiling and bowing to right and left.

"That's only my personal contribution in the way of noise. I alone made it by flipping the ash off my cigarette. Those are our Jersey rooters, and if you can't produce something from the crowd that'll make that yell sound like a whisper, I warn you you're going to feel awful lonely. You're in a game now and you've got to play it."

"Oh!" said Laurie, her face falling with disappointment. Was nothing to be real, spontaneous, from the heart—not even the shouts of the crowds? "What comes next?" she asked dully.

"Your car falls into line with all the others and you do a tour of the sights of the city, but never forget you're the main sight yourself. Stand up to it most of the time, and if you do sit down, make it look as if you'd fainted under the strain. Gee! Why did I never think of that one before?"

She smiled a little uncertainly as he jotted down a reminder in his notebook. "I've never fainted in my life."

"Nothing you can do," he murmured without looking up, "can keep you from fainting today, so you might as well make it look real. The way we'll explain it, it's because you were too excited to touch your breakfast, so the minute you've had a bite to eat you'll naturally pick up and be ready for the jaunt down the Boardwalk to visit the shops. Like all the other baby queens, you'll be followed by a wagon to carry the presents you get. Listen; I've got another! If you're given a choice don't choose anything you really want. Pick something big—the cheaper the better, as long as it's big. Here's your second chance to shine. I'll have an extra wagon ready to fall in behind you, so go to it, kid. There's never been an overflow wagon yet." Laurie whispered something. "What's that?" he asked, leaping on the running board as the car started to move amid a terrific din of hooters.

"I wish I were home!" repeated Laurie in his ear.

"Home? Listen!" shouted Mr. Jones. "You're wound up for five days! You can't get away, you can't stop, you can't even turn around. All you can do is to grit your teeth and go over the top."

He hurled his new straw hat into the air as he jumped from the car, and this time a roar for Miss New Jersey arose as spontaneously as if he had touched a match to a powder magazine. No wonder Laurie caught fire. She stood up amid the cluster of her handmaidens, bowed, laughed, threw kisses with both hands and for the moment forgot her burdens and was genuinely joyful. She had no intention of obeying him when, half an hour later, she lost her balance as the car turned an unexpected corner and sank gracefully into outstretched arms; but having fallen, she remembered his words and did not rise. Nor was it due to any artifice on her part that having been fully revived in time to join her rivals in a sort of mendicant pilgrimage down the Boardwalk, the emergency wagon provided by Mr. Jones' forethought should be called into service ahead of his most sanguine expectations. It, in turn, was heaped to overflowing with gifts, and again she was not above acknowledging the enthusiasm aroused by the unusual badge of popularity with flushed cheeks, shining eyes and a steadily gleaming smile.

Not until she was back in her hotel and, having plowed her way through a vociferous lobby, had reached her rooms, did she realize that smiling, like too much handshaking, can actually bruise unaccustomed muscles. She put up investigating fingers to her cheeks, convinced she would find them ridged and plaited. Her aunt was frightened at her woebegone expression, but the expert maid, the personal contribution of the chairman of the state committee, was more than equal to the occasion.

She prevented Laurie from throwing herself down on the first chair that came to hand. Insisting that she stand up if only for a moment, she stripped her skillfully of her smart sports suit and the little else that girls now wear, enveloped her in a negligee as cool to the touch as moonlight to the eye, and then picked her up bodily to lay her full-length on her bed.

"Oh, thank you," murmured Laurie, "that's better - much better. Auntie, what have I done to be so tired?"

The maid, who was a person of a certain age and much sense, spoke to her rather roughly: "I've got to begin dressing you for the banquet pretty soon and then there's the street carnival and after that the grand reception. You'd better try to get forty winks before your bath."

"She's quite right, Laurie," pleaded Aunt Laura.

"Of course she is," said Laurie sanely, as she reached for a pillow and rolled over on her side.

The banquet presented no new sensation save that it was bigger, grander and consequently a little more awful than half a dozen other such occasions she had already endured. The one thing that struck her with increasing force was that a man had to be fat or over forty, or both, before he was eligible to sit in at these festive parties. Even Mr. Manville Jones apparently had to eat in the kitchen. She discovered coincidentally that while young men sometimes looked at you with insolence, older men were apt to ogle, which was harmless but worse.

The street carnival excited her, but only by anticipation. She had read about the French Bastille Day and shared in the illusion that the clodhopper dancing which obstructs the pavements of Paris for forty-eight hours on end renders them unusually gay. Thus also in Bagdad-by-the-Sea. In spite of fifty sweating bands, miles of colored lights and barrels of confetti, the well-meaning dictum of the authorities, "Let joy be unconfined," seemed somehow to fall flat.

Why? Nobody knew. Surely there is not one person in a million who would not like to be gay, and yet, set the stage for revelry, give the million—or even a hundred thousand—a *carte-blanche* order on joy, and the result is and has

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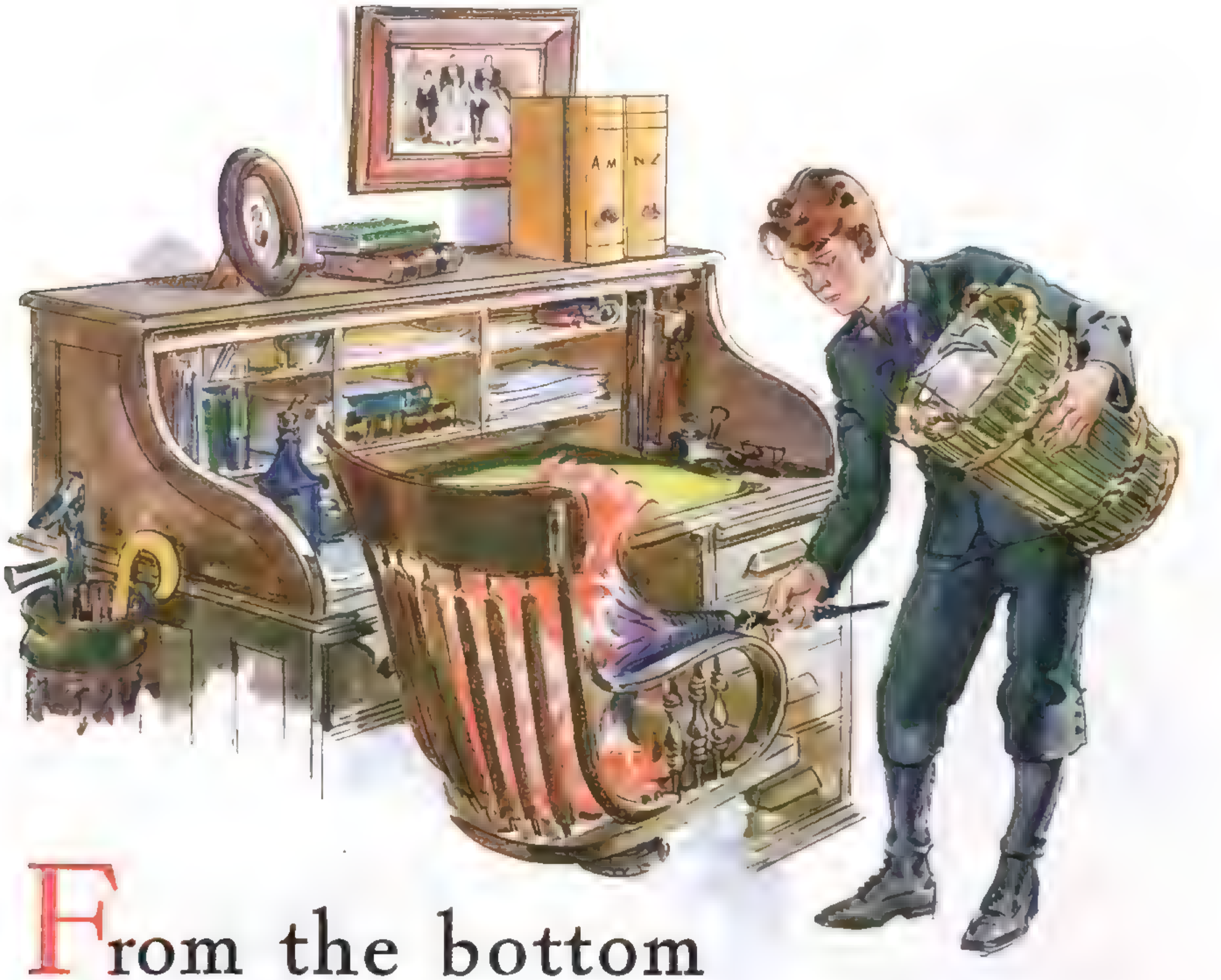


# From the bottom of the ladder

THERE'S a good old American tradition that gives every father the right to regard his infant son as a future president.

Part of our heritage is the belief that in this country any man can go as far as his abilities will carry him.

There are the cynics, to be sure, but the records of almost any large American business refute them.

Swift & Company, for example, operates with efficiency and economy largely because of the many employes who have "worked up" to posts of major responsibility, with resulting continuity of management and accumulation of experience.

An examination has been made of the records of 158 men who hold the most important positions with the company.

Nearly all of them started at the bottom of the ladder—as office boys, clerks, plant workers, etc.

More than 80 of these key men have been with Swift & Company for more than 25 years. Only about 20 have been with the company less than 15 years.

G. F. Swift, the founder of the business, used to say, "I can raise better men than I can hire." Swift & Company still believes in developing executives from its own ranks.

Adherence to this policy has enabled Swift & Company to perform with signal efficiency and economy a nation-wide service in the preparation and marketing of meat and other farm products.

## Swift & Company

Visitors are welcome at Swift & Company plants

© S & Co

(Continued from Page 24)

been since the world began either a saturnalia or a funeral. At the chaste festival of the famous resort there could be not even a choice.

All the thousands of faces, turned for a moment to gaze on the passing aspirants to a tinsel crown, became a single conglomerate face, an unending sea of half tones—expectation without hope of fulfillment, desire without the courage of its greed, maudlin aspiration chained to futility, with here and there an orgiastic appetite licking its lips over some purely imaginary triumph.

The faithful gang of boosters shouts, "Yea! Miss New Jersey!" and the conglomerate face takes on a look of surprised relief. Here is something definite it actually knows how to do. It opens its mouth, joyfully echoes the cry, and the morning papers dutifully record the resounding ovation.

Laurie had a feeling that ghosts haunted the party. She did not count such omnipresent members of her claque as Young and the Donovan boys, or Aunt Laura at her side, but she caught a glimpse of what looked like Uncle Warren's drawn-out face, and immediately she imagined the presence of all the rest of the numerous tribe of Bulls, gathered from the four corners of the land to keep tabs on how she would acquit herself.

She had been assured that the eyes of judges would be upon her when she least suspected them and faced the prospect without alarm, but there was a subtle difference in her reaction to the thought of being watched by her own people, perhaps also by Dunstan, hiding behind the throng and his enigmatic smile. In the midst of the general excitement she was not excited, and wondered why. The sensations she had expected were strangely absent, but plenty of others pushed in to take their place.

Why should she care if the quadrangle made up of her father, Warren, Jap and Alfred was dispersed among the gaping thousands? Or if by proxy or otherwise Mary, Jane, Martha and Beulah looked without envy on the apotheosis by reflection of their gentle sister Laura? Or even if Grandfather Jasper Bull should have had his chair mounted on a Boardwalk chassis and sullenly rolled by her brother George to some point of vantage? Or if Dunstan had put on socks and a pair of shoes as a forced preliminary to sardonic contemplation?

She could not answer, but already a suspicion was beginning to gnaw at her consciousness that in spite of all the precautions of the powers, and in the face of their reverberating protestations of singleness and purity of aim, the huge assemblage, while knowing itself doomed from the start to disappointment, hungered only for disclosure. Given such a premise, the logical deduction as to why, though fully clothed, she was feeling peculiarly naked, would have been simple enough, for modesty flourishes in the family circle with a tenacity never equaled before the eyes of total strangers.

She reflected that this was in effect only her first day before the concentrated public gaze, and that though things might get much worse, on the other hand they might conceivably take a turn for the better. She might, for instance, become enthused with the fever of conquest, once the contest was really on, and she was sure that if she could genuinely strain every nerve to the attainment of a visible goal, it would be as simple as a race with Young. She would forget all else, friends as well as strangers, reward as well as punishment.

In the meantime there was the reception, which she had anticipated with pleasure and relief as one of the heaven-sent interludes of relaxation extolled in the press. She actually looked forward to dancing with her own brother Young, perhaps with Manville Jones, certainly with Rex, and even with Berry, but never was expectation more quickly nipped in the bud. With the queen of yesteryear, her pages, her dozen maids in waiting, together with eighty beauties accompanied by as many official chaperons and attended by two hundred and forty personal satellites as a nucleus, it can be imagined how many persons, ranking from governors down, had mustered the necessary influence to crash the exclusive gates.

Far from there being any dancing, there was no room to move and scarcely air to breathe. Laurie heard a strange sound—the ripple of the waves outside the monster inclosure of the pier. It seemed incredible that anywhere within a hundred miles of this suffering assembly there should be cool breezes or the twinkle of stars out over the vast and silent sea. Before the scheduled breaking up of the gathering she was looking around desperately for Young or Mr. Jones, but succeeded only in catching Rex's eye. He had been held off by a wall of important and privileged personages, but now he plowed through them with a ruthlessness which was its own passport.

"Want to get out?" he asked shortly. "Take hold of my pocket and hang on."

His face was a study when, having reached the open, he found that she had managed to drag Aunt Laura with her. The three stood at the edge of the pier, saying nothing, the two women content to fill their lungs with the salty air. The ever-watchful Mr. Jones popped out from the crowd like a cork expelled from a bottle and stood looking around anxiously until his eye fell on the group. He came forward hurriedly.

"You're out of bounds, Miss Laurie. You've got to get back on the job."

"The devil she has!" said Rex. "She's going to bed, see?"

Mr. Jones was slight in build, but like most undersized men he was hard to put down. He looked Rex over studiously from head to toe, opened his lips, but surprisingly said nothing. He merely turned his eyes and rested them pleadingly on Laurie's face.

"I can't go back in there, Mr. Jones—really I can't."

"Why not? Perhaps you'd really faint this time, and that would be great."

"No," said Laurie, "I wouldn't faint, but I can't go back, just the way you can't eat any more of something you don't want, no matter how much anybody tells you to."

"Come along, Laurie," said Rex. "Never mind your car; I'll get you a chair."

"You couldn't get her anything but the grand bounce," muttered Jones without looking at him.

"That would suit me fine," said Rex, "and I shouldn't wonder if it was beginning to suit her. What do you say, Laurie? Kiss the whole leg show good-by and come along with me. You don't have to promise anything. I'll do all the giving: I'll buy off all your uncles and aunts and the whole Bull pen. All you've got to do is beat it out of here with me."

For an instant she glanced at him calculatingly, moved almost against reason by his straight-hitting sincerity. Even Mr. Jones was shaken out of his habitual poise. Knowing the real thing when he heard it, his respect for Rex increased tenfold, even though he was convinced that now, more than ever, Laurie should not leave the show.

"You simply couldn't do anything like that," he said to her, managing to smile, "even if you wanted him. There's probably a baker's dozen waiting for the chance to give you more than he can deliver, but that isn't the point. For a week you belong to your state, and you weren't blindfolded

(Continued on Page 29)

*Laurie Turned Pale Around the Lips and Her Cheeks Flushed. "I Never Thought of You as a Coward Before, or of Your Father Either. I—I Don't Believe It"*

# DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT of CHRYSLER

## WINNING the LEADERSHIP IT DESERVES TO WIN

So soon as the public learned that the De Soto Six is Chrysler-designed and Chrysler-built, its welcome burst all ordinary bounds of enthusiasm. With value and performance and features so obviously superior, the sweeping success of the De Soto Six was inevitable from the moment of its first appearance.

**$845**
*and up, at the factory*

*Visit De Soto Six exhibits at New York Automobile Show and Hotel Commodore, January 5-12.*

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION *(Division of Chrysler Corporation), Detroit, Michigan*

# And — the richest of marble effects, too — in this newest EMBOSSED LINOLEUM

*"SIERRA"—Spruce green tiles, richly veined, give the Sealex Embossed Inlaid pattern pictured below all the richness of rare marble. (No. 3504). The same rich marble effect also comes in the two other colors shown—"CHATEAU" and "ALPS". There are still other Sealex Embossed Inlaid designs which owe their charm to lovely groupings of plain tiles of varied tones.*

DIFFERENT from any embossed linoleum you've ever seen—so beautiful, so natural-looking! Floorings that re-create in faithful detail the beauty of time-mellowed, old-world floors; and provide also the quiet, comfort underfoot and ease of cleaning which have made *Sealex* Linoleums so popular.

The tiles in the new *Sealex* Embossed Inlaid Linoleum are so well defined that they give the appearance of having been set in actual mortar by a master craftsman. You'll be fascinated by the subtle play of light and shadow along their softly rounded edges and in the gently depressed mortar lines.

These qualities of realism, beauty and accuracy are all due to a remarkable new method* of manufacture evolved by Congoleum-Nairn engineers.

And—*Sealex* Embossed Inlaid Linoleum is made by the *Sealex Process*. This means that the tiny pores are sealed tight against dirt and spilled liquids.

Make it a point to see this popular-priced *embossed* linoleum. The Sealex Shield, pasted on the face of the material, identifies this newest achievement in modern resilient flooring—as well as other types of genuine linoleums.

*Patent pending

*FREE*—"*Your Floors as a Decorator Views Them*" —by the well-known authority *Winnifred Fales*. A color scheme selector comes with the book. Address us at Kearny, N. J.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Office*: KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston
Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

EMBOSSED
SEALEX *Stain-proof—Spot-proof—Easily cleaned* LINOLEUMS

(Continued from Page 26)

when you took on the job. If you cut and run, you'd better make up your mind to live somewhere else, or be ——"

He stopped, because Laurie had already turned from him and was heading back toward the packed hall, faithfully accompanied by her aunt. They arrived only just in time to join a bevy of distracted attendants and fall into the procession behind the retiring weary queen, staggering under her tiara, her scarlet velvet robe with its high Elizabethan collar, cuffs of ermine and heavy peacock train.

### XI

LAURIE was not given to lying abed late, but she never knew the next morning existed. Wakened only at noon, she was hurried to a luncheon, then back again, and immediately afterward to a pier at the upper end of the beach, where she stood in a vast semicircle centered on the reigning queen to await the coming of Neptune from the sea.

Bathing costumes were *de rigueur* for the first time and each beauty had chosen her suit with a full knowledge of the sort of thing which would best set off her charms. It did not take Laurie long to learn that it is one thing to dress sensibly for a swim or a run on the sands, quite another to stand deliberately on view in the minimum of apparel. The crowd, so prone to applaud, grew strangely silent.

To while away the long wait, a reporter brought a newspaper clipping embracing a famous cleric's views on beauty contests in general and this one in particular to the attention of the director general. The harassed man mopped his brow with one hand and waved the offending slip with the other.

"Christmas!" he groaned. "What do they want? You boys gather around and tell me what more can we do. We cut out the professionals, we demand a real home girl, we insist on chaperons, we pick our judges from artists who couldn't get a flutter out of a carload of nudes, and we're countenanced, supported and abetted by governors, mayors and eighty chambers of commerce. We almost nailed the Prince of Wales. What's left! Aw hell! Fair play—that's all I ask, fair play."

But the crowd continued to stare fixedly even after Neptune hove into hailing distance, towed in on a barge from out of sight of land. He carried the golden mermaid for which the girls were all contenders, greeted first the sovereign and then the eighty pretenders to her crown. Once more the procession got under way to travel half the length of the boardwalk and disperse, only to form again in the evening for the extravaganza followed by the first real contest of the pageant.

"Here's where you got to show to get in the money, Laurie," whispered Young as he left her on the stage. "Everything up to now was just banana oil."

The test comprised the first innings of the national beauty tournament. Here and now was to be decided which girl displayed the greatest charm with respect to bearing, poise and taste as well as natural grace and beauty in evening dress. Secretly, Laurie longed to win this competition more than any other, not because she aspired to ballroom honors but from a vague feeling that it might stand as a pleasing veil in her own thoughts between herself and vulgarity.

She wore a chiffon dress of such sheer simplicity that not one in a thousand of the waiting audience could be expected to appreciate its art. It is true it was of a flame color at that moment as rare as a true white orchid, but aside from its striking shade there was no ornament or ornamentation. It depended on such minutiæ as the correct spacing of the flat bow on one shoulder and the exact placing of the waistline to give her an allure as evident as its source was elusive.

She looked at the other girls speculatively and felt a sinking of the heart. Some of them were dressed with a simplicity exceeding her own, but in such cases they might as well have worn a placard announcing, "This dress was made at home by tired mother fingers according to the spirit of the rules." Others had gone in for regal magnificence, still others for accentuated display and a few for the limit of daring.

One of the last walked up to her and asked in a loud voice, "Say, you Miss New Jersey, where did you get that dress?"

There had been attacks before among the battlers, but always softly, always with the half-sheathed claw. Laurie was consequently taken off her guard and flushed violently as half a dozen girls turned quickly to notice her for the first time. They were joined by others before she remembered the answer she had been carefully instructed to make to this very question, wherever and whenever asked.

"It was given to me, like everything else I have on," she murmured.

"You don't say so, Miss Pretty Prune!" snapped her assailant. "Well, I'll tell the world it's a dress model, and you're another!" She turned to her audience. "What about it, girls? Are we going to stand for a professional grifter?"

Laurie stood at bay before the circle of staring eyes which seemed to leave the faces of their respective owners and come out toward her. Most of them expressed nothing at all, others were surprised and somewhat hurt that out of all the dresses present, some of them suspiciously handsome, Laurie's should have been singled out for attack. Still others had begun to ruffle themselves to the point of indignation, and nowhere did she see a gleam of sympathy or of pity for her predicament.

Her very isolation gave her courage. Here was war, and shrewd intuition came to her aid. She threw up her head, examined her assailant critically and asked sweetly, "Isn't it rather silly for you of all people to be calling me a professional?"

The shot seemed to tell, but did not down the girl. "It's you and your dress we're talking about," she blustered. "Don't try to tell me! If that dress came from anywhere in Jersey, it broke the Mann Act to get there."

What threatened to develop into a riot was immediately stilled by the final curtain call. All questions of infringement of rules faded from mind for the immediate present as every girl got on her toes for an entrance she hoped would be a smash. When Laurie's turn to show arrived she was still so disturbed it was all she could do to set her limbs in motion, but at the last moment the spirit of play came to her rescue.

She expelled the contest from her mind. This was not Bagdad-by-the-Sea, no beauty pageant with fifteen scowling judges and a tinsel queen; it was her first party, her presentation at some kindly court. The very thought gave her an air of alertness as she entered on the scene, stood poised for a second and then advanced to curtsy low before the monarch of the deep and his consort before she turned to make a far lesser reverence to the jury.

At her first appearance the crowd had remained silent, not with that silence which spells a doom, but as if it were storing up a long breath. Now it seemed to realize as one man that here was more than a mere beauty—a mistress of that subtle art which by the shading of a gesture could supply the first laugh of the evening at the expense of the nervous judges. Lest she suffer by her daring, such a roar of approval suddenly burst forth as shook the rafters. All stage directions became futile, for they could not be heard, but subconsciously she remembered the instructions to those who had preceded her and met every requirement before she again curtsied to sovereignty and made her exit backward.

Mr. Donovan sat back in a well-placed but inconspicuous seat and seemed to ruminate. Ostensibly he had come to the magic city for rest, though some of the young wiseacres of the press were convinced he was there for a conference with a triumvirate who would decide into what laps should fall unusually large plums from the combined state and Federal barrel. Nobody who really knew him believed he would trouble himself with Laurie's fate except by indirection, but as a matter of fact her performance held his interest to the exclusion of every major duty.

Rex beside him let go a long-held breath, Young grinned from ear to ear, and Mr. Donovan nodded his piebald head in silent satisfaction, but Berry was vociferous: "Oh, boy! Oh, laddie boy! Did that knock them cold? Bring on the sponge and bucket. Fan them with towels. Gee! She has looks and she has shape. Oh, boy!"

"It's a funny thing about herself," the old man now commented. "With the others, you think when they come out, Is she pretty or ain't she? What about her hair, her eyes, her nose? Is her legs and the rest of her made right? But with Laurie it doesn't happen that way at all. You're so took up with feeling things you don't see nothing. She makes your fist itch."

Young leaned toward him, puzzled. "What's your fist got to do with it?"

The old man's eyes bulged out of his flat face as he looked around in vain for a sneering lip or an overcritical eye. "You want to hear somebody say she ain't a winner," he explained, "so you can lam him in the jaw."

"But what's the use of her being a high-speed motor," complained Berry, "when all she has to do is to show herself? It ain't stage fright. I've seen a lot of those light-shy babies, and she ain't scared. She's riding herself, and the first thing you know she's going to blow up and fade down to a grease spot on the floor."

"Forget it," said Young confidently. "Don't I know her? I tell you she's an eight-day clock! I don't know what she's so excited about, but it would take this sort of party a month to run her down."

Then came the verdict for Miss New Jersey. On the whole, it was warmly received, but unfortunately a partisan sitting not far off felt an obligation to call out above the din of the applause, "Steal! It's a steal!" He was probably only a stalwart, true to the last to his city's favorite daughter, but Mr. Donovan could not be expected to make allowances for that. He climbed to the back of his seat with the agility of a cat and leaped.

It was Donnybrook Fair come to life again with a vengeance. Knowing there was no stopping the old man while engaged in his national pastime, his sons, aided by Young, decided to rush him through and out. They gathered behind him in a body, and thus propelled, he was borne through the air, striking right and left at every frowning male along his enforced progress. The last part of the journey was accelerated by the emergency police and their plain-clothes assistants, but they fell back with apologies when they caught sight of the insignia on the Donovan car.

"It's all right, boys," said Mr. Donovan, his eyes losing their wild glare and promptly beginning to twinkle. "Thank you for rescuing me from them roughnecks, bad cess to 'em for picking on an old man!"

In the meantime Laurie was being decorated, congratulated and loaded down with enough flowers to fill the tonneau of her car. That night, when at last she could escape from felicitations and get to bed, she was happier than she had been at any time since her initial victory at Hoboken. She was glad to lie drowsily awake, warmed time and again by the feeling that something pleasant had happened. She would deliberately set her thoughts to wandering, forget she had won the prize she most coveted, and then remember the event in all its details

No ghosts had haunted the great hall, but she caught herself wishing grandfather and the rest of the Bulls might have been there in the flesh—Hugh Dunstan too. She would have liked to see what would have happened to his sardonic smile. He was always putting her in the wrong, rousing her temper to childish outbursts, leading her to self-betrayals which hurt like the devil at the time, yet strangely left no sting.

She had wondered about him before with the wonder of sheer curiosity, but now she fell to wondering about herself as well. Why should she have wished he might have been present rather than Young or Rex or Berry or that nice Mr. Manville Jones? She answered the question promptly. Because in spite of his ragamuffin ways, of all the men she knew or had met in the past crowded weeks, he alone could have measured her accurately, substance, motive and performance. As she put it to herself, he alone would have known what she was about, and why.

That was surely a good answer, but was it the real one? Rex, for instance, might not have been able to pick a flaw, to say this you did fine but here you went wrong, but he probably had felt an approval ten times as strong as anybody's expert appreciation.

Why was the world so funny? Why was it that before you met a governor or a well-known artist or last year's queen, they were brilliant and far away like the stars, but after you knew them you had to keep pinching yourself to remember this is a governor, an artist, the most beautiful girl in America? Then a terrapin hunter or even a boy like Rex could begin as nothing—less than nothing—and the first thing you knew they were growing bigger and bigger. Already Rex was so big you couldn't look over him any more as if he didn't exist. You had to see him, even if you didn't like him.

Certainly it was funny if you could know a governor and a bootlegger at the same time and the bootlegger would be bigger than the governor! If that wasn't funny, then she was crazy, and yet she had never felt more sensible in her life. Besides, wasn't it the same thing all over again as between Rex and that Hugh Dunstan? Rex had a muddy river of money he could dip into with a bucket whenever he felt like it. He had power—not the power of authority, but the far more sinister power of the individual who uses authority for his errand boy.

The reason she had been afraid of him was because he was afraid of nothing. She had thought she herself was afraid of nothing and had believed Hugh Dunstan would have been afraid of nothing, but that just showed you how wrong you could be. Hugh probably wasn't afraid of any kind of battle and sudden death, but what about Rex? He wasn't afraid of assault, bribery, thieving, robbery under arms, wholesale destruction or casual murder. He wasn't even ashamed. Even when he knew that you knew, he looked you straight in the eye and seemed always to be saying, "Here I am; if you don't like me this way, make me over." For the last two hours, in spite of all the other things she had had to think about, he had been standing like a shadow in the back of her mind. Now she wondered need she ever be afraid of him again. If he had the capacity to give himself the way he drove a car ——

Her thoughts snapped back to Dunstan, who probably hadn't a penny to bless himself with, who blew hot and cold, purposely rubbed her the wrong way, reviled and spurned her, and yet managed to fill her with the consciousness that he was her friend Being with him was like being with herself. She didn't have to figure, "Do I or don't I like him?" Because that wasn't the point—not any more than if you figured, "Shall I or shan't I breathe?" He was there like the air, and that's all there was to it Nor need it mean anything soft; you could hate somebody sometimes for things he did and still know he was your friend and always would be

One minute she was thinking of the Barrens and the next she was dreaming of them so profoundly and in such detail that when she was awakened she had the sensation of being torn violently apart from reality into unreality It took her ages—almost a full hour, but still ages—to realize that today was the day of the bathing-costume parade and of the first of the two

crucial private judgings. Her heart, which had been so light during her last conscious moments, grew heavy as lead.

From the point of view of the spectators, here was the high-water mark of the whole show. The crowds, packed in two lanes along four miles of the boardwalk, were privately estimated by newspapermen as numbering well over two hundred thousand, but reported as touching close to half a million. A few had brought breakfast and luncheon, some only luncheon, but it could be safely said that the majority had stood in the sun for hours to insure themselves of a close view.

A terrific blare of music brought them to their toes with a strange whistling sigh of relief as mighty as the throng which gave it simultaneous utterance. They had no eyes for the mayor, flanked by the director general and their entourage, nor for the comics, the minstrels or contending organizations; nor yet for Neptune, followed by the queen of yesteryear in her crown of rhinestones, her coronation robe and scepter of jewels.

They had come to see beauty on a platter, and it was handed to them, dish after dish, but disappointingly veiled. The girls were in their bathing suits as advertised, but as a sop to critics and detractors, they all wore brightly colored silk slips, reaching barely to the hips and loosely girdled at the waist. Trundled along on small rolling-chair chassis floats, they were faced this way and that to give all the crowd a chance.

Neither money nor taste had been spared in the effort to give Laurie a fitting setting for her charms. They had made for her a fluted sea shell, lined so artfully with pink roses as to thrust illusion to the fore. At the first sight of it she had caught her breath, cast Mr. Jones a grateful look and felt the warm blood returning to her veins. Once placed, she sat at ease, her bare arms outthrown, her legs half curled beneath her and her head bowing to the applause as naturally as a flower sways.

What she had anticipated as an ordeal evolved miraculously into a pleasure, so that the announcement that she had won another rung up the long ladder and been named among the five victors in her geographical division, came almost as an anticlimax. Followed the first private judging in the workmanlike seclusion of the high school.

Nothing could have been more impersonal, no cattle for the market more callously appraised. She came out numbed, feeling as inhuman as a museum piece—far less human than a yapping contender at a dog show. Fifteen out of eighty battlers for the golden mermaid were still in the ring, and she was one of them.

Only the second and final private judging remained before Saturday night's *gala de luxe*, where the queen would be definitely proclaimed. Laurie passed the intervening hours in a sort of trance. When once more she found herself on the platform at the high school, she felt as though she had never left it. It seemed to her that all her body had hardened except her face, which she was sure twisted into weird grimaces every time she tried to smile.

The scene was as devoid of furbelows as a hospital clinic during a major operation, and almost as tense. The audience chamber was by no means empty. Certain privileged persons—newspapermen, the chaperons, backers, managers, relatives and attendants of the contestants—were gathered closely behind the judges, seated in the front row. The jury numbered fifteen and was made up of twelve prominent illustrators, a doctor, a theatrical producer and the feature editor from a great daily.

On the platform were a piano and fifteen chairs, but these were not for the convenience of the girls. As soon as they had been marched on in a platoon the judges rose, filed to the stage and took the chairs. Never was a body of men more seriously disposed. After four days of constant judging and gradual eliminations, they showed, at least to the spectators, more signs of wear than the girls themselves.

If this was a holiday, then give them work, their expressions seemed to say as they began the tedious process of passing on teeth, gathering around the piano to whisper, argue and finally vote; passing on ears, gathering around the piano to whisper, argue and vote; and so on through nose, mouth, nape of the neck, hair, shape of the head, torso, hips, legs, ankles, feet and toes. As for the girls, they would have found a treadmill a blessed relief; during two agonizing hours, with only the briefest of intermissions, death itself had all but lost its sting.

At last they were ordered off the platform in a body, ten were eliminated and the remaining five summoned to reappear. As each stepped into view she was acclaimed vociferously by the entire assemblage, glad of the chance to blow off accumulated steam. Partisan lines had been two-thirds destroyed, and as a result, if volume of sound had been the criterion, any decision on the first four to appear short of a dead heat would have been beyond human capacity.

As one girl after another was called and made her entrance, Mr. Manville Jones, sitting alone well back in the hall, found himself driving his nails into the palms of his hands. Having insured to his client by every art known to the trade the most constant testimonial on the part of the populace that she was a favorite, he was now wondering if he had not overshot the mark. Juries, under the urge to establish their own integrity, had been known more than once to revolt against the popular judgment. Four of the five survivors stood on the stage, and there came a heartbreaking pause.

"Miss New Jersey," intoned the directing judge at last.

Mr. Jones let go a raucous cry which was first cousin to an Indian war whoop and acted like a detonator on the rest of the audience. Whether merely by reflex action or because Laurie had really won their hearts as well as their eyes, they roared their satisfaction and continued the demonstration until loud thumping on the sound board of the piano brought them to order.

"Oh, Lord," moaned Mr. Jones inwardly, "I've done it again! They'll think they simply can't stand for that sort of pressure and keep their self-respect!"

Miss America of the previous year, who had been sitting apart, now threw off her mantle and arose in all her glory to defend her title. No official *maillot* for her! She was arrayed in a close-fitting one-piece bathing suit of knitted orange silk, a blue belt at the waist and narrow blue stripes around the hips. Shimmering gold net stockings and slippers with jeweled heels completed the costume which was received with ecstatic though brief applause.

Knowing that a final verdict would be reached but not announced, the audience sat silently, but in a suspense almost as cruel as the strain upon judges and contestants. When the adjournment came it was in no sense a climax. There was simply a simultaneous raising of heads from around the piano and the girls were dismissed with a nod by the directing judge. They struggled off the stage uncertainly, confused by the very lack of the commotion to which they had grown accustomed. They were tired as no amount of physical exertion could have exhausted them, and Laurie, for one, felt as if she had been thrown down and beaten from head to toe with stinging pliant little switches.

All Bagdad-by-the-Sea was seething with curiosity, aggravated by the tantalizing knowledge that at least fifteen men had known positively since five o'clock in the afternoon who was to be the new Miss America.

Long before sunset the queue at the ticket booth to the American Beauty Ball had demoralized into a struggling serpent of interlocked bodies.

Dark masses of would-be spectators jammed the approaches to the Million-Dollar Pier, packed the boardwalk and overflowed into the adjacent streets. Hundreds of forehanded women, strangely but invariably the most avid for such a spectacle, had actually been inside the place since noon, and surrounded by the paper bags which had held their provisions, now reaped their reward in watching the thin stream of their torn and angry successors as it oozed through the turnstiles to spread to the four corners of the monster hall.

A semicircular platform, lavishly adorned but looking amazingly small, had been erected to the left of a vast expanse of gleaming floor. Upon these boards the incoming queen of beauty was to receive her crown and realm for a year, and toward them all faces were turned. Directly opposed was stationed the orchestra, and from the far end gleamed the screen upon which were being flashed in continuous rotation the complete results of the pageant competition up to date.

Tickets and programs called for dancing to fill in the time before the climactic event of the evening, until the press should become too great, but that condition was more than fulfilled before the music started. So much so that the terpsichorean feature of the occasion soon developed into a free-for-all shoving bee on a colossal scale. Swiftly the crowd thickened until finally it developed into a standing, swaying, sweating jelly of protesting humanity.

The officials, scenting panic in the air, rushed the proceedings. The judges took their places on the dais, and the outgoing queen, with all her regal paraphernalia, ascended to her throne. A weird humming sound arose from the ten thousand wedged and suffering spectators, only to die away into an almost sepulchral silence.

Harangues, set speeches and presentations of the various prizes won in each and every event of the pageant, none of which now held the slightest interest for the gasping throng, were endured with an oxlike patience, pierced here and there by a despairing groan. Except in the boxes, there was no chance to applaud, and even those who fainted had to faint standing up.

Sitting in the place which had been assigned to her on the platform, Laurie felt insignificant, buried and lost. Ranked beside her were her five rivals, including the holder of the title; and stealing a glance at their wan faces, trying valiantly to look unconcerned, Laurie wondered if their knees were trembling as hers were shaking, and if their hearts were half as cold.

The girl next to her was the same who had accused her of professionalism. Though most of the lips in that row were tremulous, hers were set in a hard line, as if, knowing the die was already irrevocably cast, she saw no reason for further exertion. Sensing Laurie's nervousness, she watched her chance and then whispered, "There's a big spot on your dress." Laurie, who wore a delicate frock of the palest champagne yellow, looked down, terrified. "Not there, somebody's baby. Low down on your back. You must have leaned against something."

Was the girl lying? Surely nobody could be so mean, so cruelly heartless! Laurie looked desperately to right and left. Whether it was true or not, she would have liked to escape. She had been unhappy ever since she had come to this place—ever since she had come away from Bull Tavern, and leaving it, left herself. If Rex could have reached her at that moment, striding over the pink sea of upturned faces to carry her out, she would have gone anywhere—let him drive her anywhere at any speed.

She was conscious of a deathly stillness. Two men were coming directly toward her, the director general of the pageant and the mayor of Hoboken. As they reached for her hands, she felt her lower jaw tremble and heard the click of her own teeth. In her panic she drew back impulsively, but they only smiled, caught her by her wrists and arms and lifted her firmly to her feet.

"It's all right, Miss America," one of them whispered. "Don't be afraid."

He could have found no surer word to bring her to her senses. Spot or no spot, she was in for it, and immediately her tense body relaxed into its natural suppleness as she walked forward, head up and chin high. No longer did she need the support of her escorts, and they held only the tips of her fingers as they led her to the edge of the platform in the face of such a mighty concerted roar as made a mockery of all previous ovations, and left her. The reverberating din, rolling up at her like a huge billow of the sea, seemed suddenly to pour into her veins and sting her into warm life. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes flashed and her lips broke into a winning smile as she threw her arms wide to meet the wave. Never was gesture more eloquent, and the answering uproar rose until it struck the strident note of pandemonium.

Followed the aftermath, long drawn out. Handclaspings, congratulations, sincere and insincere. The mobbing of newfound friends and recent enemies. The struggles of the police, helpless against the wall of human flesh, ten thousand strong. The long, long wait, until the pressure beginning to lessen on the far-flung outskirts of the throng, a passage could be forced to her car, backed inch by inch for three blocks and then up an incline to the exit from the pier.

As she sank into the cushioned seat and fell against Aunt Laura's shoulder, she let go a sigh so quivering and so profound that it was like the essence of all sighs, past, present and to come.

"Auntie," she whispered, "is there a big spot on the back of my dress?"

"Why, no, darling! You must be dreaming. You never looked sweeter or fresher in your life."

Laurie thought she was going straight to bed, but as a matter of fact, she was headed straight for another banquet.

### XII

THE time was the first week in October and the place New York. For exactly a month the new Miss America had been dragged from pillar to post, from fête to fête, from luncheon to banquet and back again—expenses only paid. She had been attacked and defended, extolled and reviled, praised and ridiculed, at least once by almost every paper in the country. A feature editor might devote an entire page, with photographs, to establish her as the paragon *par excellence* of all the home virtues, while on the same day some cleric would be reading foul excerpts from other sources to show the putrefying effects of all beauty contests.

The amazing thing to Laurie, the thing which haunted her day and night, had drawn down the corners of her mouth and was threatening to fix an indelible shadow in her eyes, was that she had done nothing whatever to justify either calumny or inordinate praise. She had been bored—painfully and disastrously bored—but it was not true that she had taken to drink or posed in the nude or ruined seventeen young men.

Disaster had fallen upon her, it is true, but it was the disaster of a wholesale inner destruction of those elements upon which objective illusions are built. The fiber of what she was had not been torn, but the essence of what she had believed others to be—all that outside world which beckons to the eager heart of the young—had turned sour with a nauseating suddenness.

She had been given no opportunity to fight, and much less a chance to run away. At the beginning that had seemed the simple solution, the knife that would cut the Gordian knot at a single stroke. She would slip away to Bull Tavern, run away from every distasteful occupation and the insolent crowds which gathered around every door she entered with the crushing patience of cats at a mouse hole, and bury herself in the Barrens.

But unseen walls had been building around her ever since the fatal day of the first ride to Hoboken, only to be discovered when she crashed her tired head against the mortar and brick of the vested interests of others and of obligations blindly assumed. Day by day she had been learning that she

(Continued on Page 32)

# How FRIGIDAIRE *is* saving users more than a *Million Dollars a week*

*In Henge's Market, Miami, Fla., Frigidaire is providing better and more convenient refrigeration, and has paid for itself nine months after installation.*

**A five minute tour, stopping at**

*Markets*
*Restaurants*
*Confectioneries*
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*The Pennsylvania Railroad Commissary at Chicago stocks all Pennsylvania diners leaving that city. This tremendous refrigerating problem is solved by the Frigidaire Unit System, which provides for exact adjustment to varying refrigerating needs*

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HERE are facts which prove the tremendous economies effected by the use of Frigidaire. Here are facts which show how Frigidaire is saving users more than a million dollars a week. Here are typical examples of what Frigidaire is doing in hundreds of thousands of installations—earning extra profits for progressive business men in almost every town and city in America and throughout the world.

### *Meat market saves $609 a year*

A successful market proprietor of Lexington, Ky., Mr. L. C. Foster writes: "Electric current for my Frigidaire cost me $4.24 last month compared with $55 for ice." That makes $609 a year saved on ice, and it doesn't take into consideration the elimination of spoilage, or the extra profit made possible through quantity buying.

### *Another $1,070 a year*

Mr. R. W. Jeu De Vine of Detroit sums up his savings like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| *Saving on ice in one year* | *$416.00* |
| *15% profit on a business increase of $5,200 directly due to Frigidaire* | *+$780.00* |
| *Total saving and profit* | *$1196.00* |
| *Less total cost of electricity for Frigidaire plus interest charge on equipment, one year* | *—$126.00* |
| *Net saving* | *$1070.00* |

### *$1,562.50 per year saved for this restaurant*

The Purity Confectionery and Restaurant of Hamilton, Ohio, reports that the total savings made possible by Frigidaire equipment equal $1,562.50 a year.

*The Canary Cottage, restaurant and confectionery of Lexington, Ky., which reports direct savings of $936.00 a year with Frigidaire.*

The Olympic Restaurant of Middletown, Ohio, reports a total direct saving of $1,956.00 a year with Frigidaire equipment which cost only $850.

### *Saving $12,000 yearly for a drug chain*

Frigidaire equipment in storage boxes and soda fountain counters, in the 18 stores operated by the May Drug Company in Greater Pittsburgh, has saved that Company $12,000 in one year in its ice cream trade alone.

"By eliminating the packing of our soda fountain counters we are getting a better price on our ice cream. We handle more than 100,000 gallons of ice cream a year, so in this department alone Frigidaire is saving us $12,000," says G. B. Ryland, President.

*Jane Berte, manager of Katzing's, Peoria's leading confectionery, writes that Frigidaire equipment costing $610.00 saves more than $650.00 a year.*

### *Frigidaire for the biggest jobs*

At the University of Chicago; Western Reserve University; and in other large institutions, Frigidaire automatic refrigerating systems have proved themselves tremendously profitable investments. The Pennsylvania Railroad Commissary at Chicago, which carries the food stock for all Pennsylvania diners running in and out of Chicago, has solved its tremendous refrigerating problems by using Frigidaire.

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In the Homestead Plant of the Carnegie Steel Company, where Frigidaire-equipped water coolers are being used throughout, carefully tabulated records estimate a saving in ice bills and servicing costs of some $40,000 a year. More than one-third of the entire installation cost.

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### *Write for the Frigidaire catalog*

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Send for our new catalog which gives facts of vital interest about Frigidaire for commercial users. It may mean thousands of dollars to you in savings and profits. Clip the coupon below and send it in. Then read one of the most interesting stories which has ever reached your desk.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, Dept. B-1029
*Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation,*
Dayton, Ohio

I want to check a few of your statements about Frigidaire profits in my business. Send me without cost or obligation your commercial catalog and more detailed information.

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

*Business* _____

# FRIGIDAIRE

*Product of*
GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 30)

was caught within an iron ring, unwittingly forged by her own hands. She had boasted to Young, "Nobody has to tell me when to quit; I'll tell myself."

And even then, even at that far distant and all but obliterated moment, she would have been too late.

Her own acts had formed themselves into a strait-jacket and her friends had become her jailers. They stood around her now—Young, nervously anxious, looking almost as worn as she herself; Berry, material, soft-spoken one minute and vociferous the next, held down by the solemn-eyed though still doggedly smiling Mr. S. M. Shepstiro, fully as gross in his desires, but far more shrewd in their attainment; Rex, sitting in a corner, seldom speaking or taking his hungry gaze off her face, waiting stolidly for her to break; Aunt Laura, the passive, helpless link in the chain of circumstance; and finally Mr. Manville Jones, dragged into the picture against his will.

Berry turned on him with a sneering smile, his viciousness barely veiled and menacing as a half-sheathed claw: "Well, pretty boy, it was you got us into this! It was you put it into her head if she ever signed her name her right hand would rot and drop off! What I want to know is where did it get you, and where is it getting her?"

"Now, Berry," admonished Mr. Shepstiro, "there you go again, kicking over the apple cart halfway to the cider mill. Why can't you let me do the talking to Mr. Jones? Did you ever in your life get anything for yourself but trouble by talking?"

"No," said Berry sullenly, "but I have by what comes after the talking."

"Cut out those terrifying threats," said Mr. Jones smilingly. "I'm here entirely on account of my regard for Miss America."

Laurie winced. "Will you please call me Laurie?" she interrupted. "Lots of people I've never even spoken to do it all the time."

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Jones. "But I just want it understood, Berry, that I have a good many friends myself and they all know where I am. If anything unpleasant should happen to me now or hereafter, seven metropolitan dailies are ready to shoot the photostat story of your life."

"The hell they are!" blustered Berry. "And what of it?"

"Not that you're to blame," continued Mr. Jones so quietly that nobody thought to stop him. "I look on you merely as the prize skunk cabbage of a curious age—a verdant, pleasant-looking but stinking bootlegging thug."

For an instant everybody in the room except Rex was too astounded to move. Even Berry stood paralyzed, if only for the fraction of a second, but it was time enough for his brother to have reached him and caught his wrist as his right hand flew back toward his hip pocket.

"Young!" called Rex.

The name shot from his mouth like a bullet from a gun, and Young leaped forward to seize Berry's other wrist. He caught it none too soon, for Berry had become a madman, with bloodshot eyes, and actual froth on his lips. In the first paroxysm of his rage he whipped his captors around as if they had been two cumbersome flails; then Rex snapped his arm into a twist and brought him to his knees, groaning with agony amid sputtering obscene curses.

They picked him up bodily and sat him between them on the sofa, Rex relaxing on the twist only by the fraction of a turn.

"Try to move and I'll tear out your arm," he muttered. "Shut up, you poor fool! You need a nurse, letting a shrimp like that get your nanny! Why should you show yourself up for what you are just because he tells you to?"

Berry calmed down almost as abruptly as he had flared, but his calm was far more deadly than his fury. Nevertheless he sat staring at the object of his sudden but undying hatred with wondering eyes. Mr. Jones had taken out a cigarette during the scuffle and was lighting it with surprisingly steady fingers. He turned to Mr. Shepstiro.

"So you want to talk to me. What about?"

With his bare hand the lawyer was wiping the sweat back off his forehead into his sparse hair. He realized he had been nearer to being an eyewitness to a murder than ever before in his life, and was intent on laying plans never to come so near again. He was even wondering if the only sane course to follow was not to pick up his hat and depart, quietly and forever, from the present company.

"What about?" repeated Mr. Jones sharply.

Shepstiro looked at him with newly awakened admiration and felt a twinge of shame for his own cowardice. "About Miss America—Laurie," he managed to say.

"Well, what about her?"

"I don't have to tell you what it cost these boys in real cash—and me, too—to put her on the map. In the first place, you could figure it out for yourself, and in the second, you wouldn't care a rap anyway. Let's let all that go without saying as if it didn't exist and wouldn't count if it did."

"I'm more than willing," said Mr. Jones with a nod. "Why should it count? Wouldn't it be stretching the usual average—four men sponging off one girl?"

"Please! Please!" begged the lawyer, seeing Young half rise from his guard duty on the sofa. "Didn't we agree to pass that up? You may not believe it, Mr. Jones, but we're friends to these ladies, because if we weren't, we would have quit long ago. I would like to talk reasonably. I'd like to have you hear a few things, and then if you think you can be a lot better friend to Laurie than we are, I'd like you to show me. Is that fair, or isn't it?"

"Sounds all right so far."

"If I asked you had you ever heard of Abe Steinhoff, you'd think I was crazy or joking or something, wouldn't you?"

"I guess about everybody's heard of him," admitted Mr. Jones complacently. "I've been his press agent."

"That's where you're wrong," eagerly asserted Mr. Shepstiro. "Laurie had never heard of him. Will you kindly tell her who he is so she'll understand what we're talking about? And while you're about it, will you do the same for Ike Shenski?"

The names had a sobering effect on Mr. Jones. "Have they shown personal interest," he asked thoughtfully, "or is it just somebody in their organization?"

"Both. With Shenski, it was Wurtztetter went cuckoo over Laurie's tests and carried the matter up to the chief himself; but with Steinhoff it was first-hand. He saw her when she took the title, walked out front and threw out her arms instead of bowing. The way she got the crowd was enough for him, but as soon as he saw how she filmed—oh, boy! He started in right away to sign her up, but she's hung back till now he's beginning to think she's crazy."

Mr. Jones was troubled; he looked at Laurie with a puzzled expression, and what he saw now did not help him. He remembered their first parting at Bull Tavern, how he had been on the verge of making a fool of himself by begging her to remain as she was. Why hadn't he risked it? What was left in life if you strained it of your warmest impulses, however silly? Less than three months had passed, and here she was, not posing, natural as ever, but looking as if some native essence had been drained from her heart and eyes. She had been lovely before, but now she possessed the cold cameo purity of line which makes beauty stand out alone, as though divorced from flesh and blood

"Shenski and Steinhoff," he said finally, meeting her apathetic gaze, "are at the top of the movie game. Either one of them could give you the chance of your life, if that's the kind of chance you want."

"Now tell her how many Miss Americas have made the movies," suggested Mr. Shepstiro.

"Not many," admitted Mr. Jones. "I can't think of a single top-liner."

The lawyer turned to Laurie. "Didn't I tell you? What a chance—what a chance!—and you won't even put out your hand to take it! Why? What's the reason? Don't you want to be a movie queen?"

At the word "queen" Laurie's lip curled. "I don't know. How can you tell about anything ahead of time?"

"You can try, can't you?" asked Young. "You can sign for one picture and give it a whirl, can't you?"

He was confused by a maze of currents he had never known existed, and confusion made him angry. He loved Laurie as tenderly as ever, but she was strangely changed and it never entered his head that he had been a prime mover in bringing about her transformation. To him life was a short period of time during which you wanted things, and the way to get them was to get money first. But here was Laurie, with every chance in the world, holding back with the stubbornness of a balking mule. No wonder Steinhoff and the rest of them thought she was going crazy.

In the meantime she was looking thoughtfully at Mr. Jones. "I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time," she said.

"Go ahead."

They all listened attentively, relieved that she was at last about to show some interest. "What's wrong about that beauty-pageant stuff?" she asked. "What makes it so sopping wet and rotten?"

Mr. Shepstiro threw up his hands in despair and the others sank back in their seats. "Gee, Laurie," protested Young, "what's that got to do with your signing on for a pot of money? Can't you forget that beauty line-up and look ahead?"

"Forget it!" She laughed without mirth. "Is there anybody who's going to let me forget it, ever? If it was like a book you could shut and throw out the window, why don't I do it? Look out and you'll see why. About a hundred hands would throw it back. Do you fool yourself they are worshipers at the shrine of beauty? Or are they some new kind of buzzard? What about it, Mr. Jones?"

"Funny!" he said with a short laugh. "I've asked myself the same thing a dozen times, and the only answer that shows a gleam of sense is that while any outright pagan commands a certain respect, a half pagan is worse than absurd. Unfortunately for beauty pageants we're hopelessly half pagan. While we pretend to bend the knee to form and line, our tongues are really hanging out for the thrill of a shock. How's that? Does it help?"

She did not reply, but sat staring at the floor, thinking over what he had said and absorbing his philosophy at her leisure. The men grew nervous—all but Mr. Jones, who took out his watch, preparing to announce an important appointment elsewhere. Mr. Shepstiro, reading the gesture, threw out an imploring hand.

"Don't go; but if you do have to hurry off, please say a word first. It was you put it into her head not to sign anything, and now can't you see perhaps it's going to do her a lot of harm? Be fair, Mr. Jones, be fair."

Mr. Jones examined the lawyer, Young and the two Donovan boys speculatively and a new look came into his eyes. "There's something in what you say," he said with a half smile, "but it's something you probably didn't mean." He turned to Laurie. "Will you give me your undivided attention for a minute?"

She looked up and tried to smile. "For as long as you like."

"Before these gentlemen—especially before these gentlemen—I urge you to think twice before you finally turn down either Steinhoff or Shenski. That doesn't mean I advise you to rush at pen and paper, but just to concentrate as to whether, after all, the screen isn't the best way out."

They stared at each other with locked eyes, she striving to make sure of his meaning and he intent on putting it across. How did he know about the wall, she wondered, or how had he guessed the trap she was in. "Before these gentlemen." There could be no doubt of it; he meant what price would she pay not for freedom but to get away from where she was.

"I'll think of it," she promised.

"Fine!" exclaimed Mr. Shepstiro, rubbing his hands together. "Thank you, Mr. Jones, thank you. I knew you'd be fair. And now I guess that's about all for today."

As Mr. Jones said good-by merely with a general nod and started for the door, Rex broke his long silence. "Hold on, Young! We'll give him half an hour's start."

Jones turned and came part way back. "Meaning exactly what?" he asked. "Where do you stand, Rex?"

"I've shown you, haven't I?" said Rex. "If it wasn't for me and Young, you wouldn't be hanging around here now to make more trouble for yourself."

"Thanks, but you can let Berry go whenever you like. I haven't any mistaken ideas as to his reach, but you can be sure I've thought out what's more than likely to happen and I decided it would be worth it. Want to know why?"

"I don't want to know anything," said Rex surlily.

"I'll tell you anyway. It will be worth it, because as sure as any one of you lifts a finger, Laurie will be free for good and all of the string of jailbirds hanging around her neck. That goes for you, too, Rex, and for your old man."

"What—what are you talking about?" gasped Laurie.

"He knows," said Mr. Jones, keeping his eyes fixed on Rex. "I give the lot of you fair warning that if Berry tries any of his hijacking tricks on me all of you will be put away for a long stretch even if you miss getting the chair."

Berry made no effort to move, but Rex flushed red. "I said I'd give you half an hour's start," he muttered, "and you can take it whenever you like."

"One thing more, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Shepstiro, anxiously taking Jones by the arm and leading him toward the door. "I can tell you as we go along."

As they left, Laurie's educator aunt was announced. She was not the first of the nebulous aunts to put in an appearance after Laurie's culminating triumph up the ladder of competitive beauty. Mary, the founder of a small religion, and Sister Beulah had preceded her, but by great misfortune they had arrived more or less simultaneously, had collided mentally and spiritually with disastrous results and had been dispatched, weeping, in different taxicabs. Whatever their separate missions to Laurie, both had remained unfulfilled.

Martha Bull was a remarkable woman, and she looked it. She lacked the flaming beauty that had been apportioned to Jane alone among the five sisters, but the omission was compensated by a presence which dominated any company she chose to enter. Her frame was large, but spare and erect without being stiff. Her features were inconspicuously regular—all except her nose, which was so massive that it suggested one of the flying buttresses supporting the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

"Well, Laurie, you didn't answer my telegram, but I decided to swallow my hurt pride and come around anyway."

"Your telegram!" cried Laurie, wide-eyed. "When?"

"About a month ago."

"Why, Aunt Martha, I think I must have had about a thousand telegrams!"

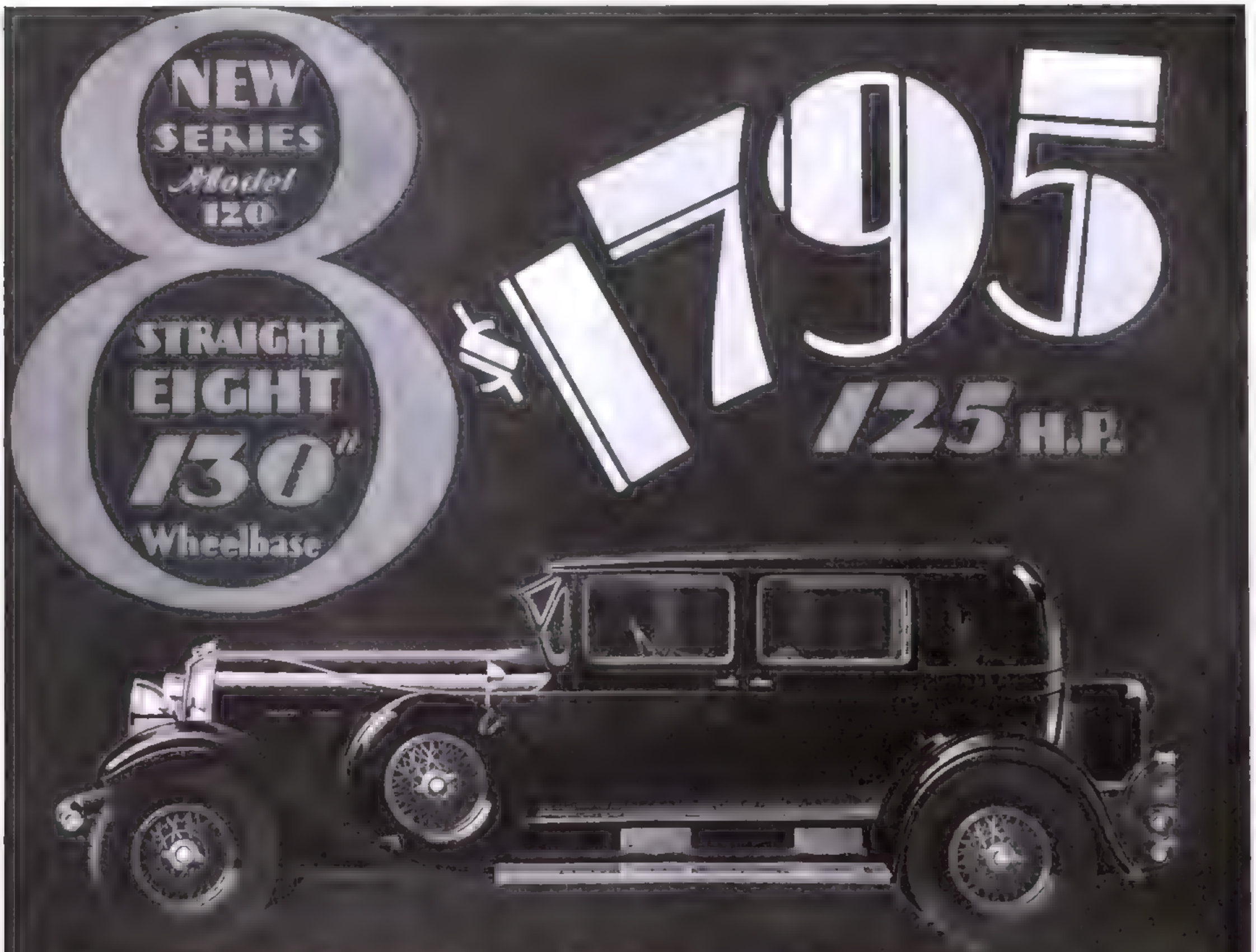
"You—you didn't read them?"

"No not many."

Her aunt smiled broadly. "Good for you, Laurie. I couldn't stay away, because I was so worried about you, but I can see already I've been making a fool of myself. I was going to warn you against a swelled head and several other things which don't seem to have happened to you. You're busy, and perhaps I'd better go."

"No - oh, no! I'm not busy at all and I want so much to talk to you. You haven't spoken to Young or Aunt Laura." Young

(Continued on Page 35)

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(Continued from Page 32)

paid his respects, submitted to a peck enjoyed by neither participant and immediately sat down again. "And these are the Donovan brothers," continued Laurie.

Aunt Martha gave the two young men a curious look and advanced to meet her sister halfway. "Well, Laura, it's been a long time. You don't seem much older, but you certainly look tired."

"She's tired of hearing Mr. Shepstiro, the lawyer, say the same things over and over again."

"What things?"

"Oh, things," said Laurie with a troubled frown.

Aunt Martha looked at her intently. "I hear you're going into the movies."

"Am I?" said Laurie. "I wonder."

"There's a great field there for education," continued her aunt with the didactic assurance of her profession "possibly the greatest unscratched field in the world today. I've often amused myself wishing I were such a beauty I could get a chance to put across a few revolutionary ideas. I don't mean classroom dishwater. If a woman were beautiful enough, she could command not only her methods of expression but her medium, her background; she could control the sum of her moral force."

Laurie stared at her wonderingly. "Do you know what you're talking about?"

"Why—I—I think so. I usually do."

Laurie burst out laughing, but it was the kind of nervous laughter on the verge of tears which never offends another woman. "You don't know anything—not a thing. I wish you could see them."

"See whom?"

"The men you have to talk to before you even start. It isn't their fault, of course, but they're so funny. They don't scare me, but I'm flabbergasted just the same. I might as well be dropped in the middle of Greece or Italy or Czec—Czec——"

"Czecho-Slovakia?"

"Yes, that's it. Or—or Russia, without a dictionary and nothing on. If they asked me to do something and I said I would, the same thing would be two things so different I'd have to have two babies at once, a black one and a white one, or one of the parties, as they say, would get sadly left."

"Graphic," remarked Aunt Martha—"very graphic."

"If I didn't, and they had it in writing, why, of course, they could sue me."

There followed an awkward silence broken only by polite murmurings between Aunt Laura and her sister, and when Aunt Martha was ready to go, Young offered to drive her home. He was tired of the job of guarding Berry and was engaged in adding one more to his list of troubles. He had understood only the insult in what Mr. Jones had said, but he was shrewd enough to know that there had been far more between the lines than met the ear. For weeks he had been out of patience with Laurie, wondering what all the fuss was about, but only now did it occur to him that possibly the world might not be unanimous in considering her a fool.

Presently Aunt Laura also went out to answer a telephone call in the bedroom, leaving the Donovan brothers seated side by side on the couch with Laurie facing them. Berry had shaken off Rex's loosened hold. He took out a cigarette, tapped it on his thumbnail, put it between his petulant lips and forgot to light it. He sat staring at the floor with wide-open unseeing eyes.

"Rex," said Laurie suddenly, "I thought you told me you had quit the bootlegging racket"

"So I have," he assured her promptly. "We split three ways over a week ago. My share was an apartment house that's worth a million, and whatever loose cash I got I soaked into gilt-edged stocks and bonds."

"What about your father?"

"He's done the same, only he's got two apartment houses. The business, the brewery and the whole plant, worth a couple of million as a going concern, went to Berry."

"Why don't you quit too, Berry?" asked Laurie. It was as though she had spoken to a post. Berry did not answer; it was evident he had not heard. "Why don't you, Berry?"

"He can't," said Rex soberly.

"Why not?" asked Laurie, her eyes still fixed on Berry's stonelike face.

"Because he's traveled too fast and he's in too deep."

"That's silly," said Laurie impulsively. "Any man can turn over a new leaf, no matter what he's done."

"You think so, do you?" said Rex with a mirthless smile. "Well, change your mind. Forget that Sunday-school model and I'll give you the smelly truth. If Berry should let up on the rough stuff for five minutes, he would be pounded to a pulp. I don't mean Wall Street punishment, either. I mean his body would be hammered into a mass of blood and broken bones, and that goes for today, tomorrow and as long as he lives. It goes for here and everywhere. He can live only as long as he hits first and hardest."

"Then—you?" stammered Laurie, turning to look at Rex. "What about you?"

"I was never in that end of the game, and neither was the old man. I don't mean we're any whiter than Berry, only it's different. The law may have it in for us, but what's the law? It's the killers you have to worry about. Berry's out of luck."

Laurie turned pale around the lips and her cheeks flushed. "I never thought of you as a coward before, or of your father either. Are you trying to tell me he sits back the way you're doing and takes it for granted that Berry's finished? I—I don't believe it."

"We're not cowards," said Rex quietly. "The Donovan family's got only one kind of brain, Laurie, and if you think we could have seen where we are now from four years back, your belfry is full of bats. Berry was the youngest, but he picked his line because he wanted it. The funny thing ain't that he can't change; it's that he wouldn't if he could, and what's more, me, nor the old man, nor anybody else couldn't make him. He wouldn't know how to breathe."

Aunt Laura came back into the room. "I really think you ought to lie down for a while, Laurie."

Rex recognized the formula. He rose and leaned over to shake Berry roughly into consciousness of the present. "Come along, Berry, we got to get out of here."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# DISCIPLINED MONEY

(Continued from Page 7)

to small banks or shut down on credit. This meant, for example, that a flurry in Wall Street, due—as frequently happened—to very trivial causes, would result in New York banking institutions becoming nervous about general business conditions. Banks of lesser cities reflected the anxiety. They became conservative about lending money and sought to draw in what loans they had out. They were like old hens calling their chicks in when a hawk appears in the sky. Banks in small towns and rural communities found their sources of credit cut off for no sound economic reason whatever. It might have been merely the serious illness of some prominent man which had started the whole thing. The hoarding of gold and currency followed and, in many cases in the history of the country, financial panic resulted. Ruins tumbled on ruins and a long, dragging process was necessary slowly to bring business out of the slough of despond. Sound businesses perished, men saw their fortunes wiped out, workers saw their jobs vanish, and the tragic absurdity of the whole thing was that in almost every case all were afraid of a shadow.

Under the Federal Reserve System an unscientific panic cannot occur. Panic, to be sure, is a psychological term with a personal application. It would be more accurate to say that an unscientific depression or deflation cannot occur. Situations develop in every active industrial nation when brakes must be applied to overexpansion, with a consequent deflation and, perhaps, attendant depression. But the old blind panic cannot occur. Of what use now is the hoarding of currency when every loan made brings more into existence? Before the enactment of the Federal Reserve Law, money went into hiding at the very time loans were most needed. Under the present system the pressure for loans automatically supplies currency in adequate volume.

In the pre-Federal Reserve days, years were required to regain the ground lost in a financial panic. Following the Great War, it was inevitable that a recession should take place. This brought with it a concomitant depression in industry as logically as the night follows the day. But panic there was none, in the old sense. And the recovery was phenomenal. Indeed, analysis of what took place reveals that the forces of depression and recovery were working side by side. In two years after the depression business was better than it was in the boom years during and immediately after the war.

The Federal Reserve System had undergone a test of astounding rigor, especially when it is considered that it came to that ordeal absolutely new. It had not been given an opportunity to practice on the mildest sort of domestic depression. The Federal Reserve Banks opened for business in November, 1914, three months after the European war had started. It took the field in the economic struggle at a moment when half the world was under arms, when channels of trade were awry, when currencies, foreign exchanges, values of all sorts, were mixed up in unprecedented confusion.

With men in charge of its operations who were devoid of Federal Reserve banking experience, for the reason that there never had been any such experience available in the nation before, the Federal Reserve System entered the lists. It steadied the banking world as no other influence could have done. Then came the entrance of the United States into the war, and with that there devolved upon the Federal Reserve Banks the task of acting as fiscal agents of the United States in the handling of the vast bond issues.

These bonds brought up a whole new problem in Federal Reserve banking. The Federal Reserve Act provided that United States bonds should be eligible collateral for the issue of Federal Reserve notes. This seemed to be a matter of course. Not much more than $1,000,000,000 in United States bonds existed. When they came into existence at the demand of war by the billion, a wholly different credit structure took form. Carter Glass, now a senator from Virginia, former Secretary of the Treasury and the man who, as chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, was deeply interested in the framing of the Federal Reserve Act, has declared that had he remotely dreamed of any such avalanche of government bonds he would not have consented to their being classed as eligible collateral.

In the end it came out all right, but the struggle was Gargantuan, at times frantic. The inner story of Federal Reserve finance during the war contains many a chapter of intense drama. Here is an example. The Federal Reserve Act makes the Secretary of the Treasury ex-officio chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. As a wartime measure, Congress passed the Overman Act, which empowered the President to transfer, practically at will, agencies of the Government from one status to another. Though the Federal Reserve Board was created by Congress practically an independent body, still it had made the Secretary of the Treasury ex-officio chairman.

Now, in that war period, William G. McAdoo was the capable and energetic incumbent of the Treasury office. He saw it as his paramount duty to sell the issues of Liberty bonds. Low interests, although inviting to speculators, were conducive to wider bonds sales. W. P. G. Harding, wartime governor of the board, saw clearly enough that easy credit and low discount rates were bringing about unwholesomely high prices. He sought to have Federal Reserve Bank rates raised—in a word, start to apply the brakes to inflation. Secretary McAdoo took issue with such a course. To raise the rate would make it more difficult to sell bonds. The board was effectually prevented from applying the law scientifically and raising the rate by Mr. McAdoo's threat that if such a step were taken he would induce President Wilson to transfer the Federal Reserve Board bodily to his supreme direction, making it merely a bureau of the Treasury Department. The board subsided under this threat until after the Armistice.

By that time inflation was in full career. Prices were at fairy-tale heights. Wages were fantastic. Profits were immense and tax collections commensurately huge. But sound bankers knew the soap bubble would have to burst and, remembering the old panic days, feared disastrous experiences.

The stock market had developed what were called the war babies: new stocks or revivified stocks, based on munitions, chemicals—various products connected with warfare. Speculation in them was at fever heat. Money from all over the country poured into the market. The Federal Reserve Bank rate was still at the low place at which Mr. McAdoo had held it to insure sale of his bonds. Profits in the Street were so great that the cost of borrowed money was a negligible factor. Faster and faster the loans piled up.

Another thing: During the war and in the postwar period, enormous sums had been invested in export businesses. Vast quantities of goods had been shipped abroad and notes or trade acceptances taken in payment. These had been discounted at Federal Reserve Banks. Prostrated by reaction from the war and the dragging of the peace negotiations, the European countries did not prove ready remitters as their paper fell due. The notes and acceptances were renewed. A committee appointed by Governor Harding to investigate this export-finance situation discovered an astonishing volume of multiple renewals. The sums advanced in Federal Reserve notes stayed out, adding to the inflation, because of the frozen condition of these foreign loans. Governor Harding took steps to have the Federal Reserve Banks force these frozen loans back onto the member banks which had rediscounted them. This was imperative to get such nonliquid paper out of the Federal Reserve Banks—institutions the position of which must be perennially liquid.

But the war was over, the Victory Loan had been floated and Governor Harding, on behalf of the board, issued a sort of declaration of independence of the Treasury. In an address before the Massachusetts Bankers' Association at Boston, in December of 1919, Mr. Harding announced that the board would approve applications of Federal Reserve Banks to increase their rates of discount. That winter the new policy drove more than $1,000,000,000 out of Wall Street and into the farming regions and interior industrial sections where credit was needed for purely constructive, productive enterprises.

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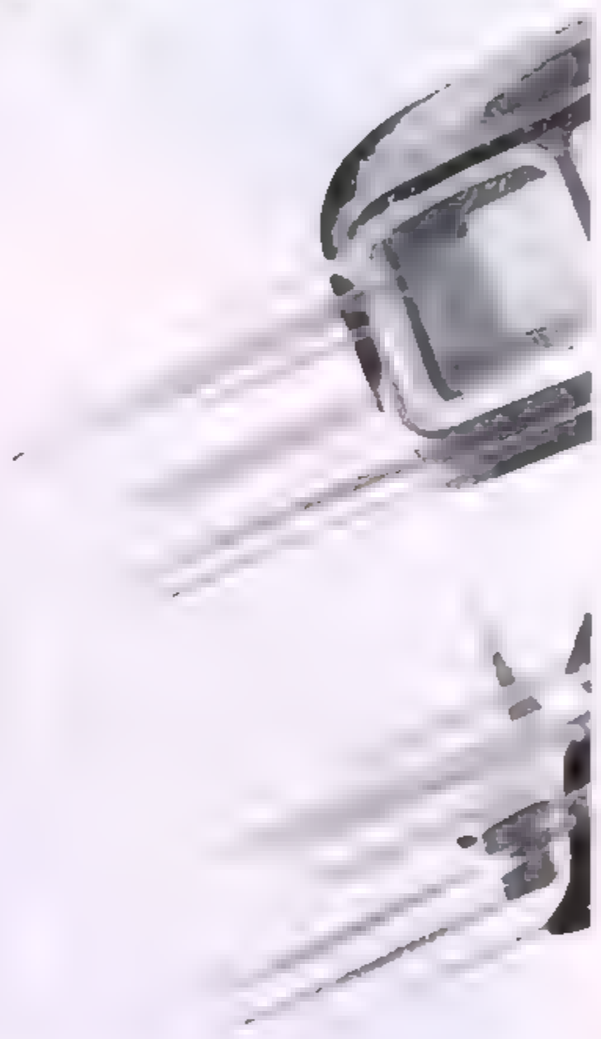

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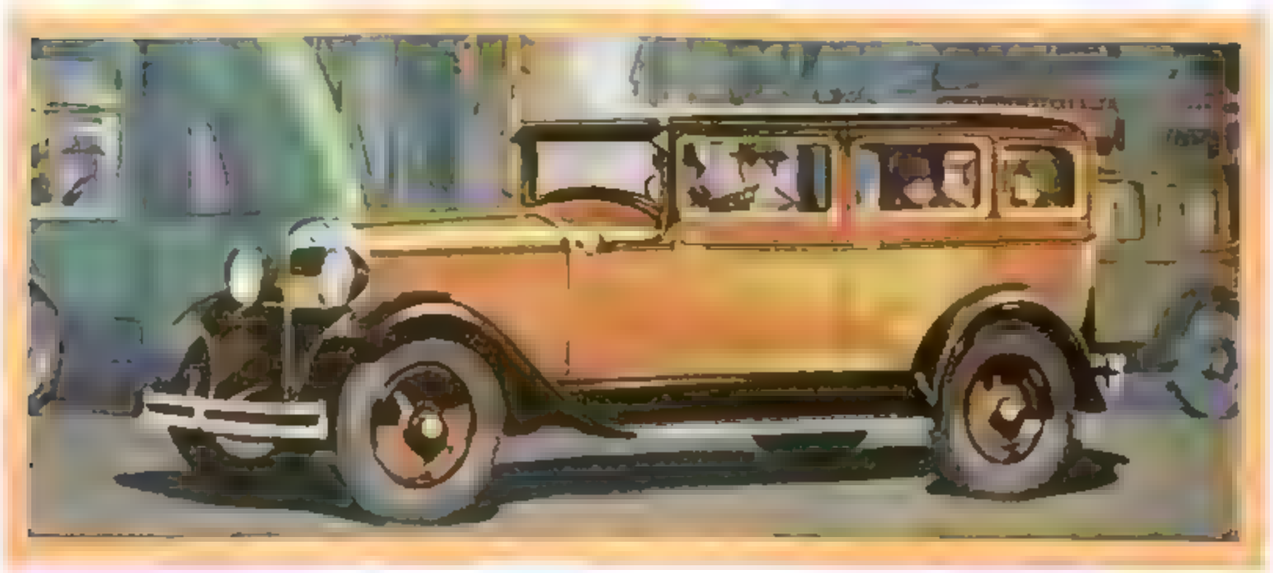


# THEY STILL FALL IN LOVE

(Continued from Page 19)

of them, the *Lycosidæ*, live for several seasons. They hibernate in the soil or among dead leaves like these that have blown in here."

"Is that where the gentleman is hiding?"

"Very likely."

"And we've kept them apart?"

"I'm afraid so."

"How disappointed she must be "

"Yes, but he's to be congratulated." She burst out laughing. "What's the joke?" Harrison demanded with grave reproof.

"You've taken an awful lot of trouble to show me what you think of me. But you needn't be alarmed. I won't eat you up."

"Oh, you thought I framed this up to show you how poisonous you were? That's funny. I didn't know you were coming back. I didn't want anybody here. You've ruined the whole show for me. Women always butt in on men's work and ruin it."

"Just like the female spider, you mean?"

"You're not like the female spider at all. She waits for him to come to her. But you didn't wait. You came after *me*—you always do."

She glared at him a moment. "You have a way of making me feel enough like a spider to want to kill you, anyway."

"And eat me up? Strange how attractive I am to you, darling. I wonder why it is. Just a gift, I suppose."

She resented his sarcasm, though she could not help admiring his poise. "You're the most conceited boy I've ever met, and that's saying a good deal."

"We little fellows usually are. But in my case there is some excuse for it. You keep on running after me. I can't induce you to stop."

"You used to be such a nice modest fellow."

"But that was before you fell for me. Who could blame me for being stuck on myself when one of the most fascinating and fabulously wealthy girls in the world loves me to death and tries to drown me?"

She laughed so jeeringly that the lady spider retired in haste from sight. She had been deceived, anyway. She was expecting a husband and it was only an earthquake, after all. Well, we all have disappointments in life.

The scientist, too, was quite disappointed. "We might as well go back to the house," he said. "You've spoiled everything. Girls always do."

They walked through the half-dark wood in silence for a while.

"Don't you ever think of anything but bugs?" she asked.

"Don't you ever think of anything but boys?"

"Boys are interesting."

"So are bugs. And you appreciate girls more if you don't see too much of them. It's a great mistake to become a narrow-minded specialist in anything, my dear, especially sex. That's one reason why you ought to have some objective interest in life, like work—interesting work. You're too keen about your subjective emotions. That's the trouble with our generation."

"Don't preach to me!"

She was sure now that she didn't want him, but she wanted him to want her. She couldn't help that. She wanted them all to want her. She was insatiable that way, and she was quite aware of it. "Let's be perfectly honest with each other for a change for an experiment People never are, you know, even in this generation. They just pretend to be. It's our favorite pose. What do you really think of me? I know you'll be honest, because you're a scientist "

"As a scientific investigator, I'd like to know what you think of yourself."

"All right, I'm not afraid of the truth, even if you are. I don't think I'm a spider—I think I'm a cat."

"Oh, say not so!" Harrison rejoined mockingly. He was not going to let her betray him into seriousness again. He had got out of her web—or her claws—and he meant to stay out.

"I think the way I have treated you has been perfectly outrageous. I should think you'd never want to speak to me again."

"Well, I don't, but I can't cut you dead when you speak to me. It isn't done."

"But you were pretty outrageous to me too. You know you were."

"You bet I was, and I'd do it again, too, under similar circumstances."

"Yes, I suppose you would. Small men are always vindictive, aren't they?"

Harrison stopped abruptly in the path. "Look here, you don't have to keep reminding me that I am little. I know it already. I ought to. It's been rubbed into me all my life. The fact is well established. I acknowledge it. So why not let it go at that?" His lower lip twitched.

It was the first time he had ever betrayed any real feeling in the matter. She felt more like a cat than ever. She made no reply. Therefore he replied for her:

"I'll tell you why. Because you are a coward. So is Cecil. Whenever I get the better of people like you, as I generally do, your only comeback is to say that I am physically smaller than you are. And so, having nothing cleverer to say, you keep on saying it. All right, I can stand it. I'm used to it." Then he laughed.

"I'm sorry, Harrison."

They kept silent as far as the lower garden. There was still a great deal that she wanted to untangle from the snarl of the past forty-eight hours.

"Why did Cecil tell you about our bet?" she asked.

"Because, strange as it may seem to you, he became ridiculously jealous when your father, for reasons of his own, made that phony announcement at the dinner table. Cecil thought he really meant it."

"Father did mean it. What are we going to do about it?"

"Nonsense! Your father is merely working me to help delouse the house for him. And you," he was tempted to add, "are working your father to get some pearls." But he wouldn't say that, because he didn't believe it. He said, "That is the way I get a happy restful holiday in the country. Thank God, it's all over tonight. Tomorrow I'll be back in the nice clean laboratory, associating with the kind of insects I can respect."

"Spiders?"

"Exactly "

There was another pause. They had reached the upper garden now, with its memories pleasant and painful.

"Harrison," said the girl seriously, "it doesn't matter what you think of me, but you mustn't misjudge my father. He's straight. He likes you. He likes you more than any of them. You stick to father; he'll help your career. He's interested in that sort of thing." Well, she had to make amends somehow, and her father would do anything she asked. Then she added brazenly: "Here's where I won my bet. By the way, when did Cecil tell you it was done on a bet?"

"Today after luncheon," he answered.

Then a great thought came to her and she voiced it: "So that first kiss was sincere. Oho! You didn't discover my wicked plot until today after luncheon."

"That's true, I didn't. I wondered why you were willing to let me kiss you, but as long as you were—well, you were eminently kissable then. For that matter, you are now."

She ignored that implication She was thinking He was crazy about her the other night She could make him so again It would serve him right too No, I won't It isn't decent. It isn't fair.) . . . "Then you must have been sincere when you told me you loved me and wanted to marry me. . . . Oh, Harrison!"

"Not in the least. You told me you loved me and asked me if I'd marry you. What else could a gentleman say, even though he is a runt, when a lovely lady with I don't know how many millions throws herself into his arms and begs to know his intentions?"

"Your intentions must have been honorable, darling, or you wouldn't have confided them to father."

He was tempted to tell her what he had confided to her father. He didn't like to. "I didn't want to go in to see your father. You shoved me in. You're stronger than I am. You've proved it."

But she could not help crowing a little over her newly discovered triumph, her regained sense of power: "Ah, but when you were in there you didn't have to tell him that you loved me and wanted to marry me. Now we're quits."

"Nothing of the sort. If you must know the truth, I told him that I couldn't stand you and wouldn't marry you."

She was still laughing comfortably. "That's not the truth and you know it."

"It is the truth, though I never intended you to know it. Ask your father if you don't believe me."

She looked at him in amazement. She could believe that he did not care for her. She was not his type. But that he or any other poor young man with his way to make in the world would not jump at the chance to marry her if he could—well, this was interesting, but hardly credible.

"Sorry to disappoint you," he said uncomfortably, "but you yourself suggested this novel experiment of being honest for a change. How do you like it?"

She was still thinking about it. "That isn't what father told me."

"Naturally not. He wanted to save your face. Besides, I doubt if he believed it either."

They had reached the terrace by this time. Here was another novel sensation for the girl who had everything—a young man who had nothing and yet didn't want her. She couldn't understand it. She was more surprised than hurt, like a child upon the first discovery of someone who doesn't care for children—more puzzled than pathetic. She kept on smiling at him with this strange new interest until they reached the door.

"What are we going to do about it?" she asked him, smiling.

"Oh, that's quite simple. We understand each other perfectly and despise each other thoroughly. Neither has the ghost of an illusion about the other, and so we'll quit all this nonsense and call it a day—with pleasant expressions of mutual loathing."

He opened the door for her to pass in. She hesitated a moment and came close to him, with a curious and not unattractive twinkle in her undoubtedly fine eyes.

"There's a great deal in what you say, my dear. The only trouble is that we are engaged to be married. What are you going to do about that?"

"That's perfectly simple too. You'll break the engagement "

She was still twinkling. "I? Never! Father has given his consent and wants us to go through with it When father wants anything he always has his way He has announced it to our friends and I'm sure they'll tell Do you think you can get out of it now? Not a chance You're caught in my web and I'm going to eat you up How do you like that?" And she ran upstairs to dress.

The next morning, when it came time to say good-by, the host said, "Well, Harrison, I'm so relieved that you and Evelyn patched up your misunderstanding."

"We understand each other perfectly now," said Harrison, with a grin at Evelyn.

"Well, that's fine," said the old man. "I've made an appointment for your father at my office tomorrow—about that merger. By the way, Evelyn and I are to visit the university in a day or two, and while there we can arrange our plans for the wedding."

"I see," said Harrison. "That will be interesting."

"Well, good-by, my boy. Don't work too hard. You look as if you had been overdoing it."

"Don't worry about me. I'm not the one who has overdone it."

He rushed off to his beloved work and thought that he had escaped from the spider web.

### XIV

HARRISON was hardly out of sight when Mr. Monteagle turned to his daughter and gave her a surprise. "Well, Daughts, did your boy friend refuse you?" His kind eyes were keen and she thought she detected in them the twinkle of older-generation satire. It piqued her pride.

It made her think fast, about both yesterday and the day before. "What a charming idea!" She laughed, but blushed a little. "No, darling, he's wild about me now." She dropped her eyes before the searching paternal gaze.

"I see," he said. He saw that she could blush, at least, and that was a pleasing discovery. Her statement did not fully convince him, and yet it seemed reasonable.

(Just look at her! How could any boy keep from being wild about her?)

"And so you refused him—is that it?" He knew that something upsetting had happened to their speeding guest. Parents, even fathers, sometimes see more than young people assume—sometimes too much.

She was not going to let him see through her! Perhaps that was why she replied, smiling, "Do you think I'd refuse a man my father admires so? Certainly not. I'm wild about him too." To herself, she said, "I'll call his bluff and see what happens. I'll teach him how to announce engagements without my permission!"

"Oh, so each is wild about the other now, eh? Well, that's nice."

She shot him a reproachful look. "Please don't joke about it any more. Such things are sacred."

"I see. Well, I'm glad you look at it that way. I didn't suppose you did—not when you came into my library the other day."

She knew what he meant. "I didn't know what I was talking about the other day." She paused and then added: "But I do now. I wasn't honest then. But he was. He's the most honest person in the world. That's why I've fallen in love with him. He believed it when he told you that he didn't want to marry me. I told you why—defense mechanism."

She, in turn, had given her father a surprise. "Do you mean to say Harrison let you know what he said to me?"

"Why, of course! He is always honest."

What wouldn't these modern young people talk about! Had they no reticence whatever? Apparently not. "But you think he's really in love with you now?"

Her eyes fell again before her father's gaze, and there was just the slightest reticence as she reiterated, "Why, of course!"

Mr. Monteagle hesitated. He had heaps of reticence. He belonged to the '90's. "Well, if you're both sure," he said, "it's all right with me."

The girl turned to go. Being a member of the honest generation, she had lied to her father. She wanted to leave his disquieting presence. She really did not enjoy lying very much—not to him.

"By the way," he said, stopping her, "you're not to have those pearls until after a formal announcement of your engagement is made public."

"I wasn't thinking about pearls," she said.

But he knew there was something there, back of the troubled look.

"Then what are you thinking about?"

"Spiders." She laughed and ran away.

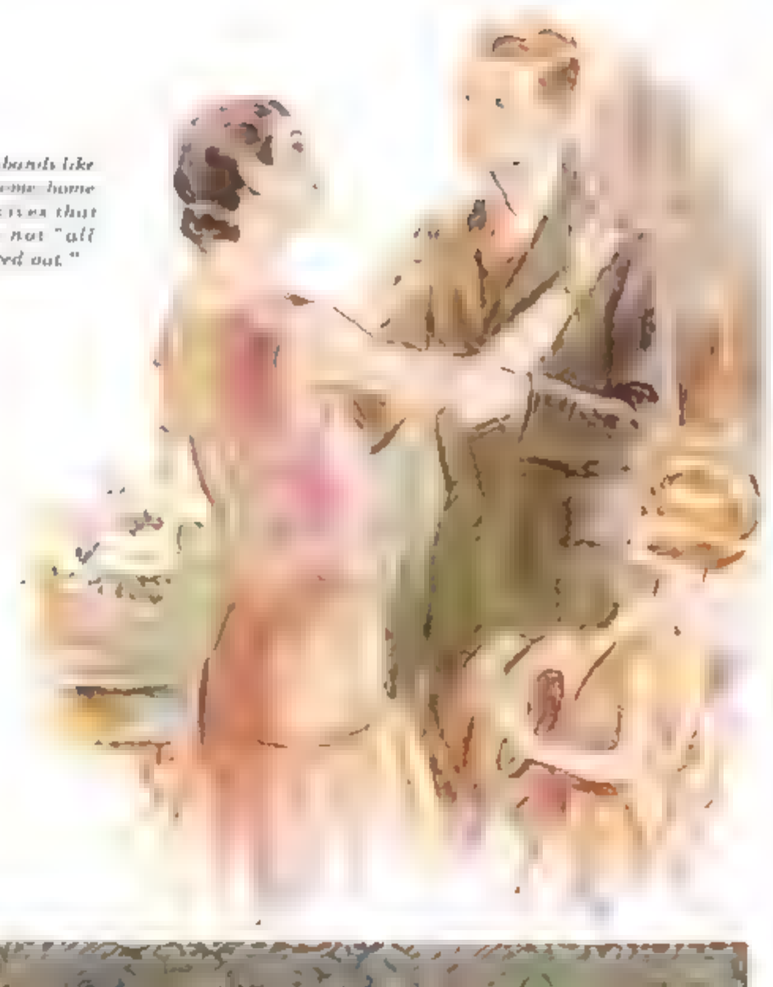
### XV

WHEN Mr. Monteagle visited the university he did not see Harrison at all The president of the institution, inspired by certain influential alumni and aided by

(Continued on Page 40)

# To HUSBANDS whose WIVES do their own housework!

**Here's an inexpensive way to free her from some of the drudgery of housekeeping**



*Husbands like to come home to wives that are not "all tired out."*

IF your wife complains frequently of being tired, perhaps it's because, like so many women, she is a slave to her floors.

For her good, please accept a suggestion. Banish the scrubbing pail and brush in your home. Take her into one of the stores that are showing Armstrong's Quaker Rugs. They are the new kind of smooth-surfaced rug offered by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.

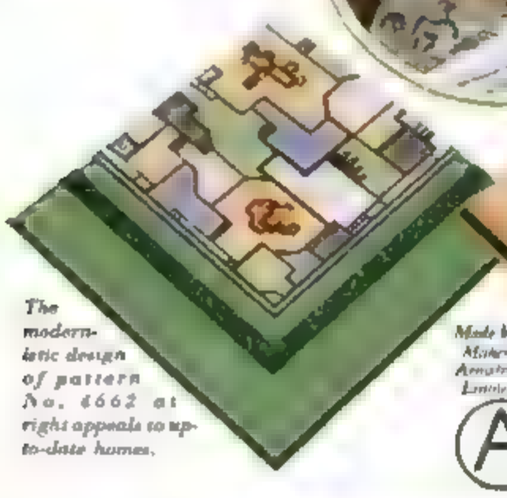
The richness of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs will catch her eye at once—gay, modern patterns to go nicely with the room she wants to beautify. But not for beauty alone will she appreciate them. When the salesman calls her attention to the satiny lacquer surface she will see at once how these rugs save work. It is this gloss surface, produced by the special Accolac Process, that seals the beauty in and keeps dirt out. Tracked-in mud, dropped food, grease stains, even such caustics as lye, can go no farther than this Accolac-Process surface. All soil can be cleaned off in a moment by broom or damp mop—with no harm to the pretty pattern beneath.

And while the salesman is explaining all this, you take a peek at the price tag. There's a surprise. A room-size Armstrong's Quaker Rug costs little more than a pair of good shoes!

But to assure full value for the few dollars you do spend, each Armstrong's Quaker Rug bears right on the face a Quaker Girl certificate. It is our guarantee to replace the rug free if it should prove unsatisfactory.

***To Help Select:*** Send for the booklet showing Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in actual colors. Simply ask for "Rich Beauty at Low Cost." It's *free*. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, Lancaster, Pa.

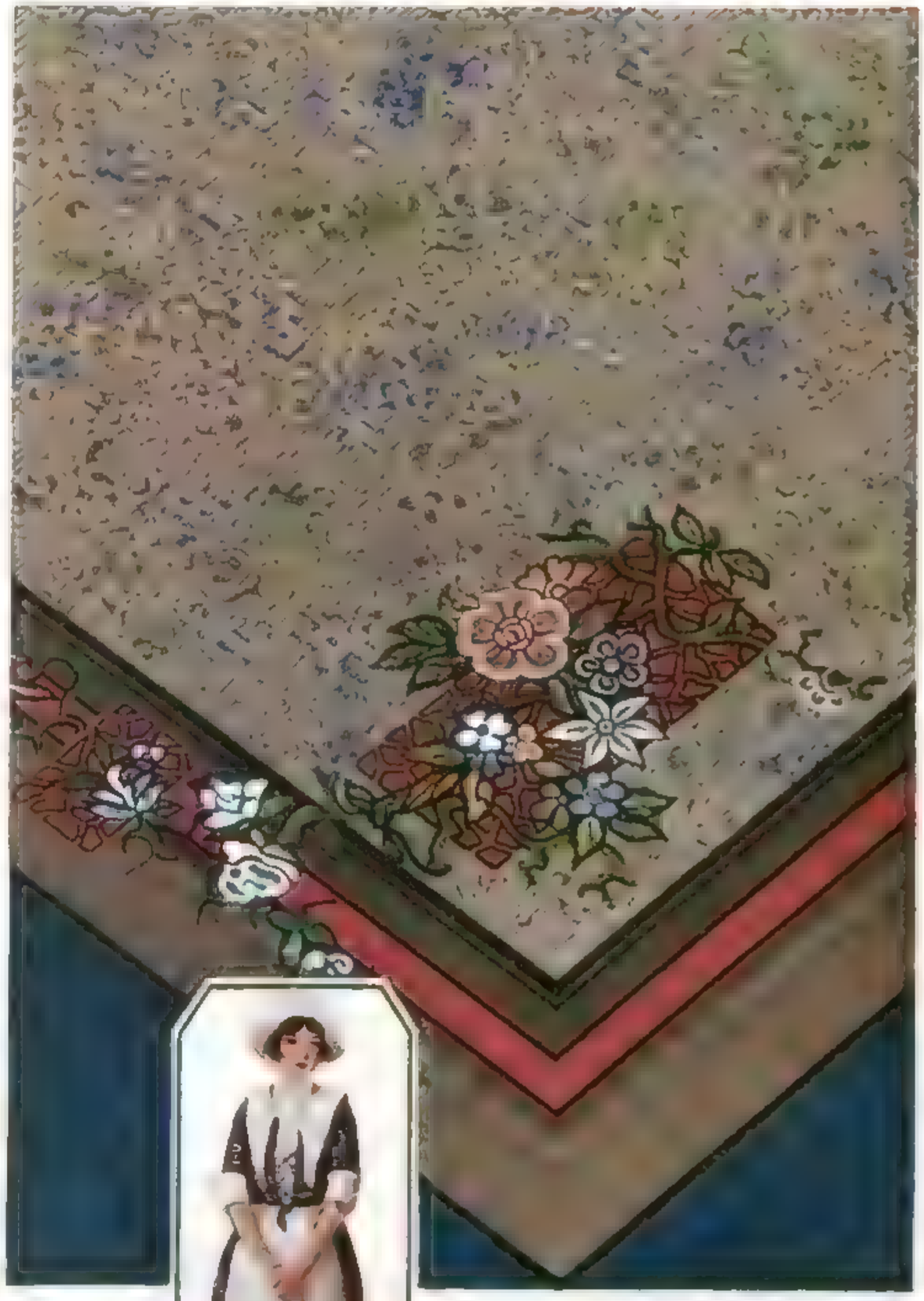
*A mess? No, it wipes right off the Accolac-Process surface—and no harm to the pattern.*



*The modernistic design of pattern No. 4662 at right appeals to up-to-date homes.*

*Made by the Makers of Armstrong's Linoleum.*

*The cheerful floral pattern gives Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4671 unusual beauty*



*To cover your entire floor, Quaker floor covering is offered by-the-yard in 6-foot and 9-foot widths.*

*The chintz field with its pastel tones makes this rug No. 4650 very pretty for bedrooms.*

## Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

*Made by the makers of Armstrong's Linoleum*

(Continued from Page 38)

prominent members of the faculty, made such a fuss over the rich man and filled his schedule so full that he had no chance to have any fun or to see anything he had come there to look at. They were all trying their darnedest to get him interested in their plant and his "great opportunities for usefulness." They thought the way to work it was to flatter him. Well, why not? It had often succeeded with others.

Harry Monteagle had not only heaps of money but an impeccable position in the esteem of his fellow countrymen, and certain of the trustees of his financial class had decided that the time was ripe to elect him to one of the most exclusive clubs in the country—namely, the governing board of this honorable and indigent university. One must be a college graduate to be eligible to the University Club, but not to be eligible to the university board. We don't want educators to run education. We want those who have money, whether they have any education or not.

In the good old days trustees were elected on trust, but it was found that that did not always pay. Sometimes, after receiving the honor, they gave little or nothing for value received. They reneged. They failed to embrace their opportunities for usefulness. It was much better policy to make them pay the initiation fee before they qualified as members, as is customary in other clubs.

To be sure, no promises were made; but after the manner of many clubs, it was unofficially intimated to Mr. Monteagle that if he should care to have his name considered for membership, his backers could assure him that he would get by the committee on admissions without much delay on the waiting list.

The great banker smiled and made no promises either. He did not care a hang about being a university trustee. He was on too many boards already. But he had been interested in scientific research for some time, though nobody knew how interested he was, not even Harrison Cope. Indeed, that was one reason for his interest in the boy. If the university authorities had known it, they might have played up the special opportunities for usefulness in the scientific department instead of talking about the need for general endowment.

Now, if they had been aware that this obscure graduate student, working away in the laboratory, was engaged to be married to Mr. Monteagle's only daughter, they might have played him up too. Harrison might have been invited to the dinner in honor of the banker at the beautiful home of one of the wealthy resident graduates. Slighter circumstances than that have often made great differences in the cause of higher education.

Harrison declined to call on Evelyn at the inn, on the pretext of important experiments at the laboratory. So, without any pretexts, she came to watch him work. She was conducting a sort of scientific test herself. She wanted to see if it were possible to make truth out of the atrocious but necessary lie she had told her father. This young man's indifference was novel and it piqued and interested her. His brilliant scorn of her was captivating. So she came all the time.

"Look here," said the boy, "why do you keep on trying to make a fool of me? What have I ever done to you?"

She dropped her eyes and gave an imitation of an 1890 maiden. "You kissed me, Harrison."

The imitation was good. Inwardly, he applauded, outwardly, he only jeered. "Oh, everybody kisses you."

That ought to have been insulting enough, but she only said, "Not the way you do, Harrison."

"Will you ever stop talking about it?"

"I'll never stop thinking about it."

"Necking and such stuff is all you ever think about."

"When I'm with you—yes. You don't think of much else when with me, either."

"Bah!"

He knew that it was true. So did she.

"Yes, I can see it in your eyes—such wicked, wonderful, burning eyes!"

"Look here, you won your bet; now let me alone."

"Ah, but you haven't won yours yet, and I want you to."

He couldn't make it out. He was tempted to believe in the pearl theory, after all. "Don't you think you've done enough to me without pretending you want to marry me? What's the idea? It's no longer funny."

"But I'm not pretending. I *am* going to marry you. Father says so. I always do what father tells me. I have to."

"You do, do you? Well, I don't."

"Oh, yes, you do. Everyone does—the Senate, the House, the President of the United States and many foreign chancelleries, or whatever you call them."

"Then it's time he learned his limitations. He can't have his way with me. Now run along. I've got to take these things out of this solution and it's going to make an awful stink."

"I shall love to smell it, Harrison, if you make it."

He couldn't be cross with her in that mood. He burst out laughing and turned to his solution.

Pity may be a distant kin to love, but laughter is often its parent. His eyes wrinkled up when he laughed and he had awfully nice teeth, and even in this smelly laboratory he always looked clean. In fact, he qualified physically in every way except that he was in miniature. It was too bad he couldn't be enlarged.

He stopped laughing. "Listen, Eve. Seriously, I wish you'd get out of here. I've got to work." A lie followed by the truth. He had to work, but he did not wish her to get out. He couldn't. She was becoming increasingly disturbing and desirable. He did not believe in her and yet wanted her. This wouldn't do at all.

"And I must watch you work," she said. "How else can I prepare myself to become your helpmate?"

"Hell of a helpmate you'd be!" He took the things out of the solution. "Stink" might be an ugly word, but it was conservative.

Still she wouldn't go. He ignored her for half an hour, pretended to forget that she was there, turned and pretended to be surprised that she had not left.

"Look here, everyone knows who you are by this time. The word has gone forth—old man Monteagle's daughter. Your car stays out there for hours at a time, and it's nearly as long as the block, so everyone notices it."

"I'm so glad," she said.

"But can't you realize," he went on, as seriously as he could, "that all this is creating a terrible scandal? Such things aren't done here."

She nodded. "That's why I'm doing it. I am trying to compromise you. Then your alma mater will make me marry you to save your good name."

"Sorry to discourage you, kid, but it can't be done in broad daylight, with other fellows coming and going." He returned to his work.

She looked at her wrist watch and walked to the door. "Then I'll simply have to postpone it. I'm busy too. The president's wife, or somebody, is giving me a tea in a minute. They love me for my father's sake. Too bad you can't. One of the local benefactors is giving him a dinner this evening. Will you meet me afterward at the inn—late, quite late, after father's gone to bed? I'll let you drive that scandalous car."

He shook his head. "Got to make up for the time you've cost me already. I always do my best work at night when I'm all alone."

She stopped at the door. She lowered her voice: "Then I'll come around tonight—late—quite late—when you are all alone. And then maybe you will compromise me. How would you like that, Harrison?"

Damn her, he'd like it awfully. "No use, my dear, girls can't be compromised nowadays. That's old stuff."

"Father's old-fashioned. So is your family. So is your faculty."

He put down his work, went to the door and glared at her. "Look here, this thing's gone far enough. I mean it. It seems to me I have some rights, even if I am poor."

"So have I, even if I am rich. You'll have to marry me sooner or later, darling, so you might as well make up your mind to it." She came close to him. He stepped back. She had him on the run now and knew it. "You need me for your scientific career. You haven't money enough to pursue it properly yourself. You told me you were sick of university life and wanted to do field work. It takes money to organize expeditions. Well, you supply the brains and I supply the money. We are new rich and are looking for opportunities for usefulness to the new poor."

He could glare no longer. He laughed and loved her for calling herself new rich. "Come here a minute. I'll show you something." He led her down an aisle lined with glass shelves holding glass jars and bottles of various sizes. He pointed at one of them. "There you are," he said.

"Yes, but think of their wonderful webs and their beautiful burrows. The gentlemen are always glad to walk in."

"I don't care to be devoured, thanks."

"But the *Lycosida* and *Tubitelariida* don't do such things, and the *Aviculariidæ* have been kept alive in captivity for years, despite the fact that the females are big strappers like me." She had looked the matter up in the encyclopedia and rattled off the technical terms without halting, quite as if given to such discussions. Also, it was done without so much as a smile or a twinkle.

He could not help being charmed by it—she did it so amusingly—but he did not let her see how much he liked it—or thought he did not.

"Oh, get out," he said, "or I'll throw you out."

"You can't. You aren't strong enough. . . . No, my dear, the only chance you have to do the work you love is by marrying me."

"All right—all right, you've won the debate. Now get out. Please get out."

"All right—all right—but I'll come back."

### XVI

SHE did not come back. The scornful highbrow was expecting her all evening, until late—quite late. He was preparing nice contemptuous remarks, planning cleverly insulting ways of getting rid of her. And then she didn't come. And then he was disappointed. He hated to waste so much time in plans which could not be executed. He believed in scientific efficiency.

She left town without his seeing her again. That was good. Now he would be able to concentrate on his job. "My work is all I really care about."

But his work received an interruption. A telegram summoned him home. "Must see you at once," it said.

The family were still in the country. They all came to the station to meet him—a prodigal from afar, returning from the dry husks of dry science.

"Why didn't you tell us?" his mother cried, throwing her arms around him. His father was there, beaming. So was his brother Bob, and even little Matilda.

"There's nothing to tell," he replied. He hated every one of his loving family, all beaming at him.

"Yes, we know it's to be kept a secret," said Mrs. Cope, hugging his arm, "but Mr. Monteagle has told your father. It's wonderful, Harrison, wonderful!"

"Just think!" said Bob, the bond salesman. "We're marrying into the Monteagles!" And he pictured the sensation in the office when the fellows there heard the news. It would bring up the stock of this bond salesman. He looked upon his little brother with something like awe. Harrison would be one of the wealthiest young men in town. All was forgiven, even the family disgrace of failing to make a club at college. Think how many clubs in town and country he could join now.

Then came the famous fight with his father, which had much to do with shaping the subsequent change in his career. Mr. Cope was determined that Harrison should sell his love for gold in order to redeem the family fortunes. Harrison resented the insult to his manhood.

(Simply because I'm small, he thinks I ought to marry for money.)

"But, Harrison, you'll have to marry her now. Mr. Monteagle wants you to."

"But I don't want to." He was not going to tell him that Evelyn did not really want to either. He was no longer sure himself, and it was no one's business. He never could talk to his father.

Harrison had always been a strange boy, but Mr. Cope had never regarded his son as an imbecile.

"Why, it's the chance of a lifetime! Of course you'll marry her."

"I will not!"

"You are free to do so, are you not, Harrison?"

"I'm free not to."

Mr. Cope took a fresh start. "Oh, I suppose you are looking for romance and all that sort of thing."

"I am not."

"It is perfectly right and natural for you to expect something of the sort at your time of life, but ——"

"I do not."

"But I think I'd better tell you something about marriage. Older people seldom do, I'll admit, but it is necessary now."

"It is not."

"The glamour of romance never lasts. If you expect that you might as well never marry at all."

"I do not expect that. I shall never marry at all. I know that marriage spoils everything. I haven't lived in this family for nearly a quarter of a century for nothing. But I'm not looking for romance—or marriage either. I'm sick of the subject. The incident is closed."

"Then you want to drag your poor dear mother down to poverty? That's what it will amount to. If you don't marry Miss Monteagle, my merger's off, and I'm in so deep now that it will probably ruin me."

"Well, suppose you did cut out a couple of country places and lived on the same scale as some of our most distinguished and useful members of the faculty. It wouldn't hurt you."

"But they are only professors. I am a banker."

Harrison laughed. The new generation has no reverence for sacred things. A strange, unnatural son.

"Don't you love your mother?" asked the father.

"Yes, but it wouldn't hurt her to live like a professor's wife, and it would kill me to live like a banker."

"You are selfish."

"I want to be a scientist. Nothing selfish about that."

A strange, unnatural taste. "I don't see how you can be a scientist now, Harrison. Even if I were willing, I'll not be able to put up the money for your graduate work. If I am knocked out you will go down in the wreck. Most boys, when out of college, get to work and support themselves."

"You mean selling bonds or something?"

"Yes, selling bonds or something. Bob does."

"You mean I've got to quit working for my degree?"

"Why do you want a Ph.D. anyway? You're eligible for the University Club already. What will it get you? Merely an instructorship."

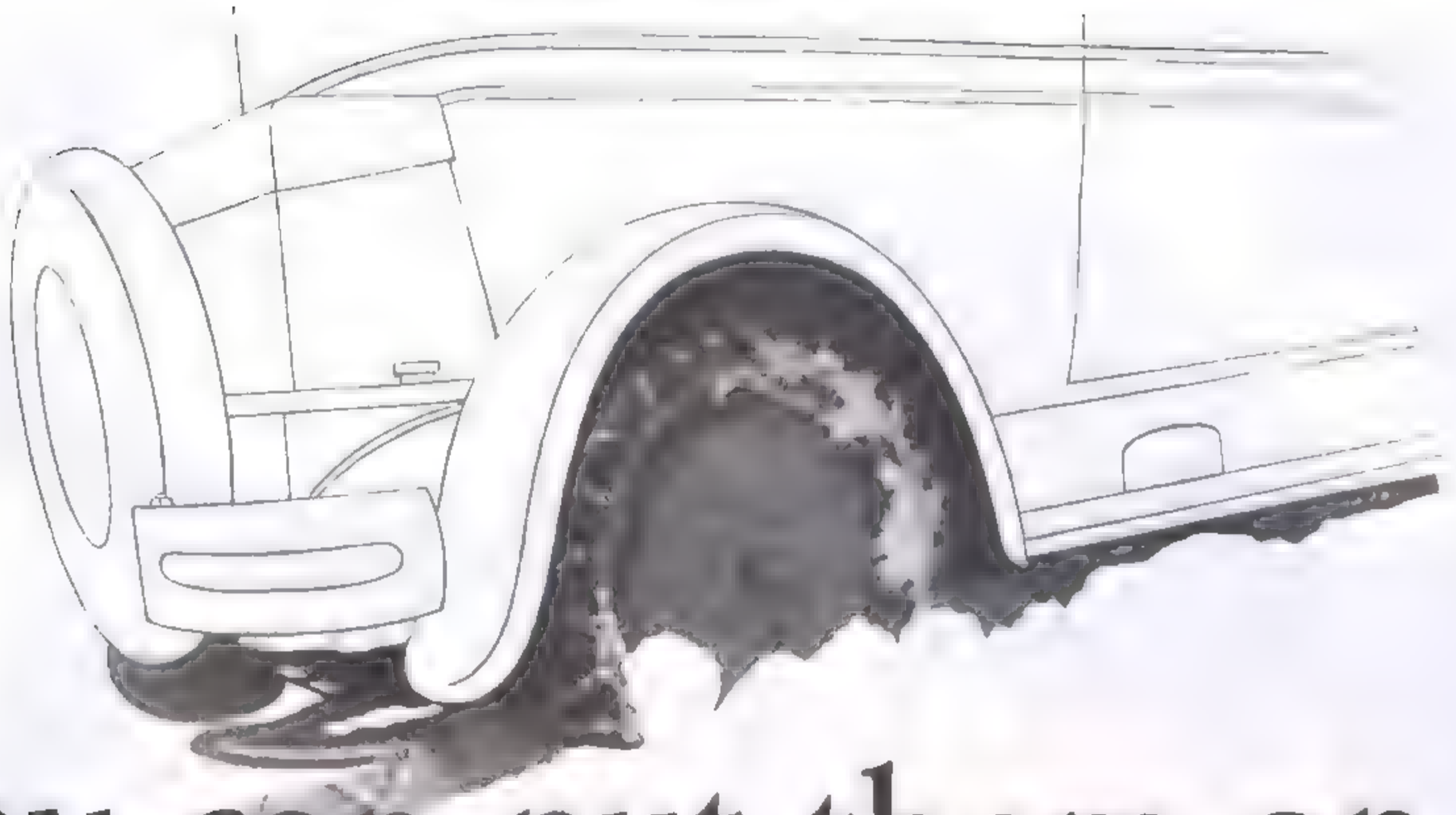
The conversation was interrupted by a long-distance telephone call from Mr. Monteagle.

"There!" said Mr. Cope. "It's about that merger. Do you want to kill it? Do you want me to fail?"

But the great man did not want to speak to Mr. Cope. He wanted to speak to Harrison.

"I merely wanted to know if it would be convenient for you to lunch with me

(Continued on Page 43)



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*One of six good reasons why you should have these new RUBBER Tire Chains*

Winter driving is now made safer and easier for all by Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains. These Tire Chains are a new and better kind—you don't need to shift them on or off with every shift of weather or road condition. Many women drivers, and men, too, just leave them on all winter.

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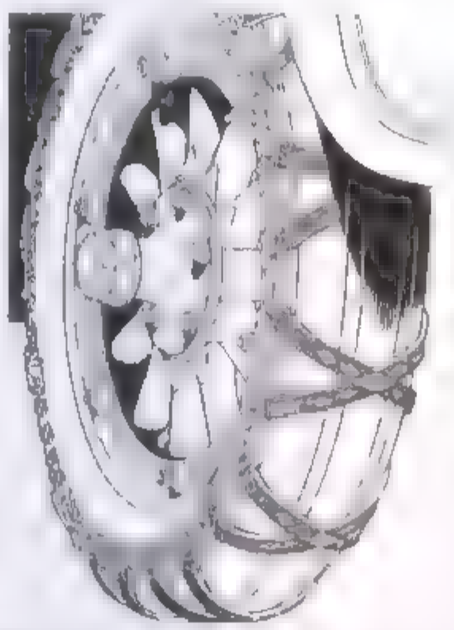
You will appreciate the convenience, the quietness, the ultimate economy of Goodyear Rubber Chains. You will welcome Tire Chains which are saving of tires, which actually prolong the life of tires. But even more, perhaps, will you value the *sureness of car control* which comes with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains.



When the tire tread is worn down, a new and better tread for winter service is supplied by Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains. The effect of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread is magnified in the design of these chains

By a cleat-like action, peculiar to themselves, these improved tire chains grip the road in mud, slush, snow, sleet or rain. Regardless of road conditions, they hold your car true to its course. They make you the master of any road. *Think what it means to the woman who drives.*

To sum it all up, there are six big reasons for buying Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains. These reasons are quietness, long wear, tire saving, economy, and convenience, plus ease and security of car control. These Rubber Tire Chains are designed and built by Goodyear, backed by nation-wide Goodyear service. Drive to the nearest Goodyear Service Station and have your car equipped today.

*Made to fit all kinds of passenger car tires, also pneumatic truck and bus tires. Sponsored by the greatest name in rubber.*

*The tighter you put them on, the tighter they grip the road*

*Quietness . . . Tire Saving . . . Long Wear . . . Economy . . . Convenience . . . Security*

GOODYEAR

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TIRE CHAINS

# Supreme beauty of latest models in *nation-wide display*

**1928 has been Willys-Overland's record year. Shipments totalled 325,000 cars—an 89% increase over 1927, as compared with a 28% increase for the whole industry. This dramatic advance brings Willys-Overland to a new starting point for still greater achievement in 1929.**

**At the New York Automobile Show next week, at subsequent shows throughout the country and at thousands of dealer showrooms, the Superior Whippet will establish new high standards for low-priced cars—Fours and Sixes. By seeing and driving these cars, you can prove to your own satisfaction how much further they have advanced over competition.**

**Artistically, the creation of master designers; mechanically, the triumph of progressive engineers—this new Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor, and is eminently qualified to enhance Whippet's unequalled reputation for dependable operation and minimum service costs.**

**See the Whippet announcement in next week's Saturday Evening Post.**

**WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO**
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

(Continued from Page 40)

downtown tomorrow. Some of those wild young people in the house party have leaked. It has got around to the newspapers. Reporters have been pestering my office all day. Have they bothered you much?"

"No," said Harrison; "they've never heard of me."

"Well, they will." That was true. This was going to put Harrison, the highbrow, on the first page.

When the young scientist started off the next day to lunch with "one of the biggest men in Wall Street," the family gathered around him and beamed again.

"Now there's just one thing I must warn you about," said Mrs. Cope as she kissed her son good-by and wished him godspeed: "Mr. Monteagle is a devout churchman. Don't let him discover your outrageous views about religion."

"And whatever you do," added Mr. Cope, walking to the door with his small son, as if Harrison were a big man in Wall Street, "don't let him suspect your socialistic tendencies. That would spoil everything."

"Oh, thank you for telling me," cried Harrison enthusiastically, and he drove to the train with renewed hope.

### XVII

MR. MONTEAGLE was in a quandary, amused but disturbed. He had known that gossip might emerge from his mischievous toast at his dinner table. But he had expected to precipitate a climax during the week-end, settle the comedy at once and ring the curtain down, saying to his audacious daughter, "Aha! Hoist by your own petard!" But she wasn't. He was. He had not reckoned upon her surprising reversal of form. She actually seemed inclined to marry the boy after all. This was not in character. Therefore it spoke well for her. So what was a father to do about it?

He had plunged her into this situation and of course he would see her through. If she were really in love with young Cope this indulgent father would be delighted to buy his daughter a scientist, but not unless the scientist were really in love with her. Was he? Well, why shouldn't he be? How could he help himself? Look at her!

The father was still rather skeptical about the diminutive highbrow's seeming scorn of wealth. So many men had tried to marry Evelyn for money that it was difficult to believe that anyone who had such a chance would fail to take it. And yet —— Well, Mr. Monteagle was going to find out.

It so happened that this family problem came at a time when the great international banker was deeply absorbed in a financial problem of enormous magnitude and importance to the peace and prosperity of the world—namely, the economic reorganization of the now comparatively unified Republic of China.

Something of the sort had been tried before—more than once. This latest and best proposal would not be attempted for a year, at least, but the diplomatic overtures were under way, the plans were maturing. Representatives of various banking groups from several foreign powers had come from Europe to confer with Monteagle as the representative of the New York group. And he postponed one of these meetings in order to take Harrison Cope, graduate student in biology, out to lunch.

Harrison met his host by appointment at the office. This time, when the supposed suitor entered the presence, he felt strange qualms. He had grown too fond of the old man to feel free to protest against marrying his daughter. And besides, although loath to admit it, as a highbrow and a scientist, he was somewhat overawed by his host's business bigness downtown here among the skyscrapers, where terrifically important things were done in such a bland and easy manner by men who never raised their voices or seemed excited or impressed. This was a different Monteagle from the one out in the country, basking among his first editions, asking respectful questions about spiders.

They went to a downtown club on the roof of a tall building and the old man ordered an excellent meal. Without waiting for the oysters to arrive, he got down to business at once. He seemed dominant and decisive, as if he wanted to check this little matter off and rush back to the office.

"I don't believe in long engagements, do you?"

Harrison took a drink of water. "Well, that depends. I won't be in a position to marry for years and years." He took another drink of water.

"Oh, don't worry about that. I've got it all fixed." Mr. Monteagle seemed terribly businesslike and competent down here in his natural habitat. "If this merger goes through I'll make your father president of the bank. In that case he'll find a place for you. Between the two of us, we'll see that you have a chance to rise rapidly. I believe you will too."

"Awfully kind of you, Mr. Monteagle, but I'll have to decline."

"Refuse a chance like that? Why?"

"Because I don't want to be a banker. I want to be a scientist."

"Good! I was afraid you'd accept. That settles my only doubt. It proves you have character. Stick to science, by all means. I admire you for it."

Harrison took several more unnecessary sips of water in rapid succession. He did not know he was doing so. He did not know that the oysters had arrived. He did not want them. He did not want to be married.

"Mr. Monteagle, perhaps I did not make it quite clear to you, but I don't think I ought to marry your daughter."

The banker nodded. "I know what you mean. Might look as if you were marrying for money. But I know better. You and I don't care what others think, as long as we understand each other."

"But you don't get my idea at all," said Harrison.

"Oh, yes, I do. Eve explained all that. I can fix it so there'll be no embarrassment for you in the least—lead your own life, pursue your own career. Eve's keen about it. Most modern young men are so materialistic. She agrees with me that your idealism deserves a material reward. And so——"

"The fact is, Mr. Monteagle, I'm thinking of going away—to Africa or South America or the Galapagos Islands—at once."

"Splendid! Make it your wedding journey and ditch that gang of grafters at once and for keeps. Evelyn's been after me to take her to some desert or other. Wants to travel with a caravan of her own like Lady Gertrude Bell. What's the matter? Don't you ever eat in the middle of the day?"

"Not much appetite today. . . . Mr. Monteagle, I doubt if a woman could stand the hardships and deprivations of a scientific expedition."

"Evelyn can. She can stand anything. You may not know it, but she's strong as a horse." Harrison dropped his eyes. He did know it. "She's a great camper. Can outwalk me—outcast me too. Landed a twenty-two-pound salmon unaided on an eight-ounce rod up in Nova Scotia last season. Fond of fishing? Take you up to my stream some day."

"Thanks," said the lover of truth; "that would be slick."

The genial host saw that his guest was awed and rather rattled. Well, who wouldn't be? There was only one Evelyn and there were quite a number of millions. Monteagle, like Harrison, felt superior to the worldly attitude toward mere wealth, but he was no fool.

Neither was this young scientist, evidently. Naturally the subject was embarrassing. Better change it.

"By the way, now that you are going to be a member of the family," he went on, with the same jovial rapidity, to save the youngster's face, "I want your advice. You're a college man and I'm not. Your president and some of the boys on the board have been jollying me up to give them some money. What do you say to my endowing the scientific department? Between us, we ought to be able to dope out something good. And then you could be sent out on field work whenever you liked."

"Don't give 'em a cent, Mr. Monteagle," said the disloyal young alumnus. "If you really want to be useful to the cause of science, why don't you establish a foundation for scientific experiment? Quite the thing nowadays to endow foundations." Harrison mentioned a few of them and expounded their working principles. He was voluble in his eagerness to keep the subject away from his impending marriage. "Such an institution," he concluded, "is free to function efficiently, unhampered by the nuisance of teaching. Besides, it would bear your name instead of a university's." Harrison felt easy at last and actually ate a little salad.

Mr. Monteagle, bolting his food, as usual—no wonder he suffered from indigestion—listened with respectful attention.

"Grand idea!" he said. "And then in time you could become president of it."

Harrison lost interest in his salad. "Awfully flattering, I'm sure, but the plain fact is, Mr. Monteagle, that I would never make a good administrator."

The banker stopped bolting and beamed. "Do you know, my boy, the thing I like about you is your modesty. But you mustn't underestimate your abilities."

"But I'm not modest. I'm conceited. Ask Eve—ask anyone. But I honestly don't want to be the president of anything."

"Oh, yes you do—boss of the whole show—make everybody stand around. We all like that."

"No, I don't enjoy bossing a bit, and I don't give a damn about making people stand around. That sort of ability strikes me as a low order of bluff and bullying. I've got plenty of ability in my own line, but it isn't executive or administrative or organizing ability. In fact, I don't even know which is which!"

"Excellent!" said Mr. Monteagle. "I'm glad you recognize your own limitations. Most failures are due to misfits. What do you want to do?"

"I'd rather do my own work than bore myself by getting work out of others. I'd rather be an investigator and discover ideas that would make people work on them—not because I have official or economic power to command them to do so but because they would want to voluntarily. That's a higher form of power, and far more potent, because unseen. And you, as an artist in business, ought to agree with me. That is the way all art operates."

The smiling big business man was skeptical. "For example?" he asked.

"For example, this idea of establishing a foundation for scientific experiment. I didn't order you to do it, but now you want to."

The old man laughed. "Pretty good—pretty good! Your belief in yourself is well founded. No one can succeed without self-confidence. Now I want to tell you something. I have been doing a little investigation myself. If you want to go off on a scientific expedition I'll help you organize it. I'm not bad at that low order of bluff. I'll finance it too. No bluff about that. And we'll do it right. I think your interest in spiders is fine."

"But I'm no longer interested in spiders. I don't think I'll finish my thesis. I don't want a Ph.D. I don't care for laboratory work. I want to get away from everything. I'm fed up on spiders."

"Splendid—splendid! And do field work. You don't really need a Ph.D. for that, and it's a real man's work. Up against hardships and unexpected problems. Requires courage, enterprise and imagination. Degrees are all bunk, anyway. I can prove it. Your alma mater wants to give me one—a doctor's degree—an LL.D." He began to chuckle. "What do I know about laws? Nothing except the laws of bluff. It's a joke. Oh, well, I can take a joke—probably will next commencement—that is, if it doesn't cost me too much. . . . What kind of field work do you want to do—entomology?"

"No, sir. I'm sick of all insects."

"Fine! I don't blame you. What are you going in for? Archæology? Palæontology? Ethnology? Ornithology? I'll tell you! Why not combine them all, or as many as possible? Take along some geologists and geographers, too, and some paleobotanists and topographers, and do the thing right. Not only eliminate waste and duplication but correlate our efforts. Correlation is the modern watchword in science as well as in business. That's the stuff! Well, what do you say?"

The boy was amazed at how much this business man knew, but that was not the reason he hesitated. What could he say? This was just what he had been dreaming about, the ambition of his life. All he had to do was to reach out across the table and take it.

"Mr. Monteagle, this is a superb idea of yours, but ——"

"Not mine, my boy, but yours. You put it into my head—all because you have an open mind and the daring to make a change. The more I find out about you, Harrison, the more I admire you. Well, think it over." Mr. Monteagle looked at his watch. It was a very busy day for him, and there was a man waiting for him at the office. Whether the boy cared deeply for Evelyn or not, Mr. Monteagle admired him for neither lying nor telling the truth about it.

Harrison arose to leave. "Mr. Monteagle, I think I ought to tell you that when you find out all about me you won't feel that way. You won't want to have anything more to do with me."

Ah, so it was coming out at last! "Is that so? Well, that's interesting. Suppose we clean the matter up once for all and check it off. Come into the library a minute. We can talk better there."

The man at the office could wait. This personal matter could not.

Although it was a downtown club, it boasted of a library, all the same. And even though no one ever used the books, they looked nice and made it a better background for self-expression.

Mr. Monteagle put his guest in a comfortable leather chair, much too large for him. "Now then you were saying that when I found out all about you I wouldn't want anything more to do with you. Tell me why."

"Because I believe in God and therefore do not believe in church."

Mr. Monteagle smoked a moment. "Sounds like something, but I don't think I quite follow you."

"Naturally you don't, because you do believe in going to church. But nothing can induce me to stand up in public and lie to God."

"Lie to God? What are you talking about?"

"You recite the Apostles' Creed every Sunday. Do you believe in it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Certainly you do, or you wouldn't stand up and say so. All good church people do, don't they?" Mr. Monteagle said nothing. "Or do they?"

"Go on."

"Well, anyway, I don't. If I stood up and solemnly said such things, I'd be an unmitigated liar. Much as I disapprove of the church, I respect its potentialities for righteousness too much to use it for any such purpose as lying to God in order to win the esteem of man."

The banker slapped the smoking table. "By George, I never heard it put that way before! That's good—very good! Will you write it down for me? A whole generation conceived and brought forth in the scientific age—no wonder modern youth wants religion but deserts the church."

"The point is this, Mr. Monteagle," said Harrison, somewhat discouraged—"that you and I would never agree in our beliefs."

Mr. Monteagle smoked and smiled. "I'll make a confession to you. I don't believe in all that, either. Many good churchmen

(Continued on Page 46

# Again The New Buick sets the Standard of Style, Performance and Value ... *for the*

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*New Year*

*The Silver Anniversary*

# Buick

(Continued from Page 43)

don't—not literally. We merely believe in *saying* we believe in it, for the glory of God and the cause of truth. You're just the man for my daughter. You have the courage of your convictions. Evelyn has plenty of courage, but not a darn conviction. You're a true scientist. You believe in the truth. That means God. So never mind the church. It'll have to worry along without you. But look at the time! Let's go back to the office. My public-relations man is waiting with a draft of the announcement."

"What announcement?"

"The announcement of your engagement to marry Eve, of course."

Mr. Monteagle was eying the young man keenly but covertly. He saw him turn pale.

As they stepped out into the hall to take the private club elevator, Harrison said, "Mr. Monteagle, do you want to know the truth about me?"

"Yes, Harrison, let's have the truth."

"You'll never speak to me again."

"Is it worse than your agnosticism?" The banker-churchman was smiling inwardly, but no one would have guessed it.

"Much worse."

"Anything to do with women?"

"Worse yet."

"Worse than immorality!"

"Yes, sir. The fact is ——"

"Hurry up, the elevator will be here in a second."

"Mr. Monteagle, I'm a socialist."

The great banker looked around. They seemed to be alone, but you never can tell. Mr. Monteagle leaned over and whispered in Harrison's ear: "Don't tell anybody, but so am I."

"What? You?" Harrison stepped back and almost fell into the elevator, which had now arrived.

"Yes, lots of us middle-aged fellows are." The club elevator remained empty, fortunately, all the way down the numerous floors to the street level. "But we don't expect you kids to be. Not college graduates, at any rate. Youth is the time for radicalism, but the timid conservatism of the average pattern-minded college graduate is pathetic. I'm not a college graduate and so my youth was postponed by hard work. I'm having my fling now. So glad we're congenial. Let's talk about it."

So they discussed socialism as they strolled through Wall Street and all the way into the office, and then kept the public-relations man twiddling his thumbs in the outer room. He had been waiting for half an hour, but he was quite used to waiting.

Harrison said that most of the so-called educated class did not even know the difference between socialism and anarchy. The banker said that there was only one unchanging law—the law of change. The boy, avid for ideas, forgot the object of their appointment. But the old man never forgot what he wanted. That was why he usually got it.

"Ultimately we'll have to come to communism," he said, as if he were thinking of nothing else.

"You're only fooling," said Harrison.

"No more than you are. Our present economic order, or disorder, is outgrowing its clothes. Our whole social system—why, it's not a system at all; it's a social mess. It's unscientific, unnecessarily wasteful and inherently unfair. What's more to the point, it's getting top-heavy and is going to fall. And the joke of it is that so few of the fellows down here can see it. Most of 'em don't know what century they are living in."

"They don't want to see it," said Harrison.

"Naturally not. Make 'em unhappy. Economically speaking, there are only two classes in this world. First, those who get what they do not earn; second, those who earn what they do not get. So those who get what they do not earn rob those who earn what they do not get. I'm one of the robbers. Which are you going to be?"

"Say, this is great!" said Harrison. "I'll write that down, too—for myself. Why, I had no idea you were a socialist!"

"Sure I am! Now I'm a pretty good earner, but I haven't any illusions about myself. I know that my work, though it's more useful and necessary than highbrows believe, is not worth as much to the world as I get out of it. It couldn't possibly be. That's where I have my little joke on the world. And I'll tell you another." He looked around as if to make sure that no one was in the room. "May I trust you, Harrison? It's no more necessary to pay me several thousand times more than my work is worth to the world than it would be to bribe you in that way. I'd function efficiently for wages, just as you scientists and the Secretary of the Treasury do. You couldn't stop me. But"—he lowered his voice—"for heaven's sake, don't give me away, Harrison! It would spoil my little joke, and we all love our little jokes more than anything—next to our work."

"Say, this is great!" Harrison repeated. "Why, I'd like to talk to you for about a week'"

"A week? Why, we'll have years for that sort of thing, but first we'll have to see this man waiting for us."

Oh, Lord! He'd forgotten about that.

"Just a minute," said Harrison. "If those are your honest views—and I believe they are—what are you going to do about it?"

"There's only one thing I can do. Until the whole crazy business is reorganized on a safe and sane and practical basis, I have only one choice in the matter: I can change over from Class Number 1 to Class Number 2. But I don't care to do that. I prefer being a robber to being robbed. Don't you?"

Mr. Monteagle was taking considerable time to make a success of this long interview. He was going to break down Harrison's prejudice against marrying into wealth

"That's right," said the young scientist gravely. "It's hard to be a consistent socialist as things are now."

"Hard? It's impossible. If you and I, as conscientious objectors, declined to pay more for the necessities of life than they cost to produce, we'd be consistent—but we'd be dead. Harrison," Mr. Monteagle added, "I am so pleased that they taught you at the university to look socialism in the face that I believe I'll give them some money, after all."

"But I didn't learn anything of the sort at the university. They never even told me what socialism meant. If any professor had dared—not to advocate it but even to explain it impartially—why, the trustees would have kicked him out as a dangerous radical. That very thing has happened at many universities."

Mr. Monteagle knew all that. "What? You mean to say that they don't make you investigate the most important question in the world—even scientifically?"

"Good Lord, no! I had to do it on the sly, despite the disapproval of my professors and the jeers of my dear classmates. That was one of the things that queered me. I wanted to find out. They don't want you to find out. You must just laugh at what you don't understand and thus prove how humorous you are. Well, all other savages do that, Mr. Monteagle."

"Dear me!" he said. "Bad as that, eh? Why, if the intelligence department of our armies during the war had deliberately kept our military leaders ignorant of the enemy's strategy and objectives, Germany would be ruling the world today. I thought our universities were the intelligence department of our national life. Our college graduates are told to be our leaders. But if they are not even allowed to learn what the war is about — No sir, by Godfrey, I'd not give a cent to education! It doesn't educate. I'll give it all to your scientific foundation." He touched a buzzer and an extremely well-dressed man of about forty was ushered in. He was too well dressed. Harrison did not like him. When introduced to Mr. Cope, you might have thought that he was being presented to the heir apparent. His politeness was pyrotechnical.

"Gosh!" thought Harrison. "I'm a fine socialist!"

Meanwhile Mr. Monteagle's eagle eye was glancing through a typewritten manuscript the caller had handed him upon entering.

When he reached the bottom, he said, "Take a look at this, Harrison, and O. K. it if it meets with your approval."

"I don't care to see it, thank you."

"Oh, you will leave it to us, will you? Well, Wintringer is a good man. He knows his job."

Wintringer trembled with smiling delight. He would have wagged his tail if he had had one.

"No, sir," said Harrison, "I don't quite see how I can leave it entirely to you, but I should like to speak to you about it after Mr. Wintringer leaves." Mr. Wintringer left at once.

One of the desk telephones rang. Mr. Monteagle answered it.

(What in the world is he trying to do with me? I haven't got it yet. I'm going to have a show-down now, once for all.)

"You must excuse me," said Mr. Monteagle, when he had finished telephoning, "but that was our London office on the wire and I'll have to see one of my partners at once. I'm afraid I'll have to be in conference for the rest of the afternoon. You'll be out for the week-end? The Cecils and Peggys have departed for good. So long. Don't give up socialism."

"Just a minute!" Harrison's voice was tense and compelling. "Mr. Monteagle, I'm afraid I can accept no more of your kind invitations. I'm afraid I shall not see you again after this. I'm leaving on a scientific expedition in the morning." He hated to lie, but sometimes it was necessary, even for the cause of truth.

"Oh, so soon? But you'll see my daughter before you leave." It was not a question—it was a statement. And like most of his statements, correct. Evelyn, he knew, was in the next room.

"No, sir, I'm afraid there won't be time. I have so many arrangements to make."

"Good! You're a man after my own heart. You never let anything interfere with business. You'll be back in a few months."

"No, sir. I can't tell when I'll return—if ever."

"Splendid! Your devotion to science wins my unqualified approval. If Eve doesn't wait for you it will prove she's not worthy of you. Good-by and good luck to you. A highly satisfactory interview. We understand each other perfectly—just as you and Evelyn will, I'm sure."

And before Harrison could stop him again, he had dashed out of the room with the youthful springing stride that had won Harrison's admiration in the squash court.

The highbrow stepped to the desk and wrote on a pad there:

*Dear Mr. Monteagle:* Terribly sorry, but if you publish that announcement I will have to send in a denial. Impossible to explain. But I mean it.

He signed his name, turned to leave—and found himself face to face with the girl he didn't want to marry.

### XVIII

SHE was more excited than ever in her life before, but hid it so completely under a cloak of banter that Harrison was confused and misled throughout the strange interview.

"Did you read the announcement?" she asked, in the lower register. "It's wonderful, Harrison! It makes us both sound so important. I, too, am stuck on myself now, and that makes us well-matched." Harrison only stared at her. "When do you think we ought to be married, darling?"

Harrison began to laugh but felt nervous. Was there no escape from this web? He walked to the window, then came back to her, rose to her and without any more laughter looked her in the eyes. They were such gorgeous eyes and there was a strange light in them today. Only, she veiled it now.

"Look here," he said, "would you mind telling me—not that it matters, but just for curiosity, just for a change—what the devil is all this about? It's too much for me. And strangely enough, I'm interested."

"Why, it's quite simple! I have learned to like you ever so much and have decided to accept your kind invitation to marry you." He adored her crisp-cut speech, whether she was telling the truth with it or not. "I may not be quite worthy of you, but give me time. I'll try—oh, so hard—to make myself fit for my high calling. Didn't you read the announcement?"

"No, I'm too busy."

"That's what father likes about you. You never let pleasure interfere with business. I, too, admire it, but you really ought to read the announcement of your own engagement, Harrison." He would not even laugh with her now. "I've read it three times. I came all the way down here for that purpose, an hour ago. I made several revisions. It said lots about me and my family, but not enough about you and your family. That wasn't fair. Yours is such an old family. And we are only new rich, you know. I made Mr. Wintringer change it. You are now quite a hell of a fellow, Harrison."

She did not know whether he really cared much for her or not, but she could not imagine any poor young man refusing to marry her. At any rate, he would not object to being announced as engaged to her. It would be the making of him. Hence her assumed frivolity.

"You bet I'm a hell of a fellow! I'm going to publish an announcement myself. Read this." He handed her the note he had left for Mr. Monteagle.

She read it and tore it up. "Don't be funny," she said. "Marriage is sacred. We've got to go through with it now. It's all arranged. It's too late to deny it. An abbreviated version has already been sent out by the Associated Press. It has been cabled over to Europe by this time. So what are we to do about it?"

"Good Lord! Is that true?" It was true, and he believed it, but why?

"Do you really mind its being true?" she asked.

"This whole thing is all a huge bluff, and you know it. Why are you doing it?"

"If you think so, why don't you call my bluff?" She was still smiling, but she could no longer stand his gaze. Her eyes fluttered and fell. But only for a moment. Then, "Why, darling," she said, trying to seem at ease again, "do you want to ruin your father? Do you want to break your mother's heart? Do you want to break my heart? Do you want me to lose these?" She opened a box on her father's desk. There lay a string of the most magnificent pearls Harrison had ever seen. Even he could tell that they were magnificent. But it told him a great deal more than that.

(So Cecil was right, after all!) He turned and looked at her. She wondered why his face was white, why his voice shook. "So those are yours, are they?"

"Oh, no," she answered innocently enough, though appalled by the look on his face—"not till tomorrow, when the announcement of our engagement is published."

"I see," he said and paused. "Well, you've got what you want now, haven't you?"

"Not yet, Harrison. I want you. I mean it. Can't you believe it by this time?" She raised her arms to him and on her crimson face was the look that makes every woman beautiful. "Oh, don't you know, won't you understand?"

"You bet I understand—now," he said, laughing into her astonished eyes, and turned from her to the door. "But I don't want you, you see. I don't like your nose, I don't like your legs, I don't like you! So long. I'm through."

She did not see him again for nearly two years.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# "BACK ME UP ... *I'll make good*"

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For sales letters and all such promotional work, one paper is being standardized upon more and more. That is Hammermill Bond. In the first place, its surface invites use. Typewriter or printing press registers cleanly and clearly. Multigraph copies come out crisp, clean and legible. Hammermill Bond is a quality paper. At the same time, volume production on a standardized scale keeps the price considerably lower than you would expect to pay for such quality.

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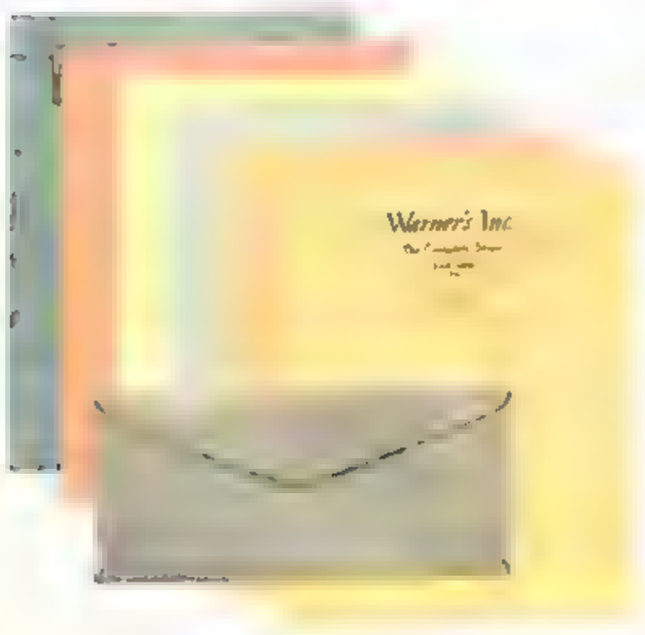


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# THE CAPTURED SHADOW

(Continued from Page 13)

to be trembling a little with laughter. Her voice and her lithe body were always mimicking, ceaselessly caricaturing every sound and movement near by, until even those who disliked her admitted that "Evelyn could always make you laugh." She finished her dance now with a false stumble and an awed expression as she clutched at the piano, and Basil and Riply chuckled. Seeing their embarrassment lighten, she came and sat down beside them, and they laughed again when she said: "Excuse my lack of self-control!"

"Do you want to be the leading lady in a play we're going to give?" demanded Basil eagerly. "We're going to have it at the Martindale School, for the benefit of the Baby Welfare."

"Basil, this is so sudden."

Andy Lockheart turned around from the piano.

"What're you going to give—a minstrel show?"

"No, it's a crook play named The Captured Shadow. Miss Halliburton is going to coach it." He suddenly realized the convenience of that name to shelter himself behind.

"Why don't you give something like The Private Secretary?" interrupted Andy. "There's a good play for you. We gave it my last year at school."

"Oh, no, it's all settled," said Basil quickly. "We're going to put on this play that I wrote."

"You wrote it yourself?" exclaimed Evelyn.

"Yes."

"My-y gosh!" said Andy. He began to play again.

"Look, Evelyn," said Basil. "It's only for three weeks, and you'd be the leading lady."

She laughed. "Oh, no. I couldn't. Why don't you get Imogene?"

"She's sick. Listen ——"

"Or Margaret Torrance?"

"I don't want anybody but you."

The directness of this appeal touched her and momentarily she hesitated. But the hero of the Western Golf Championship turned around from the piano with a teasing smile and she shook her head.

"I can't do it, Basil. I may have to go East with the family."

Reluctantly Basil and Riply got up.

"Gosh, I wish you'd be in it, Evelyn."

"I wish I could."

Basil lingered, thinking fast, wanting her more than ever; indeed, without her, it scarcely seemed worth while to go on with the play. Suddenly a desperate expedient took shape on his lips:

"You certainly would be wonderful. You see, the leading man is going to be Hubert Blair."

Breathlessly he watched her, saw her hesitate.

"Good-by," he said.

She came with them to the door and then out on to the veranda, frowning a little.

"How long did you say the rehearsals would take?" she asked thoughtfully.

II

ON AN August evening three days later Basil read the play to the cast on Miss Halliburton's porch. He was nervous and at first there were interruptions of "Louder" and "Not so fast." Just as his audience were beginning to be amused by the repartee of the two comic crooks—repartee that had seen service with Weber and Fields—he was interrupted by the late arrival of Hubert Blair.

Hubert was fifteen, a somewhat shallow boy save for two or three faculties which he possessed to an extraordinary degree. But one excellence suggests the presence of others, and young ladies never failed to respond to his most casual fancy, enduring his fickleness of heart and never convinced that his fundamental indifference might not be overcome. They were dazzled by his flashing self-confidence, by his cherubic ingenuousness, which concealed a shrewd talent for getting around people, and by his extraordinary physical grace. Long-legged, beautifully proportioned, he had that tumbler's balance usually characteristic only of men "built near the ground." He was in constant motion that was a delight to watch, and Evelyn Beebe was not the only older girl who had found in him a mysterious promise and watched him for a long time with something more than curiosity.

He stood in the doorway now with an expression of hogus reverence on his round pert face.

"Excuse me," he said. "Is this the First Methodist Episcopal Church?" Everybody laughed—even Basil. "I didn't know. I thought maybe I was in the right church, but in the wrong pew."

They laughed again, somewhat discouraged. Basil waited until Hubert had seated himself beside Evelyn Beebe. Then he began to read once more, while the others, fascinated, watched Hubert's efforts to balance a chair on its hind legs. This squeaky experiment continued as an undertone to the reading. Not until Basil's desperate "Now, here's where you come in, Hube," did attention swing back to the play.

Basil read for more than an hour. When, at the end, he closed the composition book and looked up shyly, there was a burst of spontaneous applause. He had followed his models closely, and for all its grotesqueries, the result was actually interesting—it was a play. Afterward he lingered, talking to Miss Halliburton, and he walked home glowing with excitement and rehearsing a little by himself into the August night.

The first week of rehearsal was a matter of Basil climbing back and forth from auditorium to stage, crying, "No! Look here, Connie; you come in more like this." Then things began to happen. Mrs. Van Schellinger came to rehearsal one day, and lingering afterward, announced that she couldn't let Gladys be in "a play about criminals." Her theory was that this element could be removed; for instance, the two comic crooks could be changed to "two funny farmers."

Basil listened with horror. When she had gone he assured Miss Halliburton that he would change nothing. Luckily Gladys played the cook, an interpolated part that could be summarily struck out, but her absence was felt in another way. She was tranquil and tractable, "the most carefully brought-up girl in town," and at her withdrawal rowdiness appeared during rehearsals. Those who had only such lines as "I'll ask Mrs. Van Baker, sir," in Act I and "No, ma'am," in Act III showed a certain tendency to grow restless in between. So now it was "Please keep that dog quiet or else send him home!"

"Where's that maid? Wake up, Margaret, for heaven's sake!"

"What is there to laugh at that's so darn funny?"

More and more the chief problem was the tactful management of Hubert Blair. Apart from his unwillingness to learn his lines, he was a satisfactory hero, but off the stage he became a nuisance. He gave an endless private performance for Evelyn Beebe, which took such forms as chasing her amorously around the hall or of flipping peanuts over his shoulder to land mysteriously on the stage. Called to order, he would mutter "Aw, shut up yourself," just loud enough for Basil to guess, but not to hear.

But Evelyn Beebe was all that Basil had expected. Once on the stage, she compelled a breathless attention, and Basil recognized this by adding to her part. He envied the half sentimental fun that she and Hubert derived from their scenes together and he felt a vague, impersonal jealousy that almost every night they drove around together in Hubert's car.

One afternoon when rehearsals had progressed a fortnight, Hubert came in an hour late, loafed through the first act and then informed Miss Halliburton that he was going home.

"What for?" Basil demanded.

"I've got some things I got to do."

"Are they important?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"Of course it's my business," said Basil heatedly, whereupon Miss Halliburton interfered.

"There's no use of anybody getting angry. What Basil means, Hubert, is that if it's just some small thing—why, we're all giving up our pleasures to make this play a success."

Hubert listened with obvious boredom.

"I've got to drive downtown and get father."

He looked coolly at Basil, as if challenging him to deny the adequacy of this explanation.

"Then why did you come an hour late?" demanded Basil.

"Because I had to do something for mother."

A group had gathered and he glanced around triumphantly. It was one of those sacred excuses, and only Basil saw that it was disingenuous.

"Oh, tripe!" he said.

"Maybe you think so—Bossy."

Basil took a step toward him, his eyes blazing.

"What'd you say?"

"I said 'Bossy.' Isn't that what they call you at school?"

It was true. It had followed him home. Even as he went white with rage a vast impotence surged over him at the realization that the past was always lurking near. The faces of school were around him, sneering and watching. Hubert laughed.

"Get out!" said Basil in a strained voice. "Go on! Get right out!"

Hubert laughed again, but as Basil took a step toward him he retreated.

"I don't want to be in your play anyhow. I never did."

"Then go on out of this hall."

"Now, Basil!" Miss Halliburton hovered breathlessly beside them. Hubert laughed again and looked about for his cap.

"I wouldn't be in your crazy old show," he said. He turned slowly and jauntily, and sauntered out the door.

Riply Buckner read Hubert's part that afternoon, but there was a cloud upon the rehearsal. Miss Beebe's performance lacked its customary verve and the others clustered and whispered, falling silent when Basil came near. After the rehearsal, Miss Halliburton, Riply and Basil held a conference. Upon Basil flatly refusing to take the leading part, it was decided to enlist a certain Mayall De Bec, known slightly to Riply, who had made a name for himself in theatricals at Central High School.

But next day a blow fell that was irreparable. Evelyn, flushed and uncomfortable, told Basil and Miss Halliburton that her family's plans had changed—they were going East next week and she couldn't be in the play after all. Basil understood. Only Hubert had held her this long.

"Good-by," he said gloomily.

His manifest despair shamed her and she tried to justify herself.

"Really, I can't help it. Oh, Basil, I'm so sorry!"

"Couldn't you stay over a week with me after your family goes?" Miss Halliburton asked innocently.

"Not possibly. Father wants us all to go together. That's the only reason. If it wasn't for that I'd stay."

"All right," Basil said. "Good-by."

"Basil, you're not mad, are you?"

A gust of repentance swept over her. "I'll do anything to help. I'll come to rehearsals this week until you get someone else, and then I'll try to help her all I can. But father says we've got to go."

In vain Riply tried to raise Basil's morale after the rehearsal that afternoon, making suggestions which he waved contemptuously away. Margaret Torrance? Connie Davies? They could hardly play the parts they had. It seemed to Basil as if the undertaking was falling to pieces before his eyes.

It was still early when he got home. He sat dispiritedly by his bedroom window, watching the little Barnfield boy playing a lonesome game by himself in the yard next door.

His mother came in at five, and immediately sensed his depression.

"Teddy Barnfield has the mumps," she said, in an effort to distract him. "That's why he's playing there all alone."

"Has he?" he responded listlessly.

"It isn't at all dangerous, but it's very contagious. You had it when you were seven."

"H'm."

She hesitated.

"Are you worrying about your play? Has anything gone wrong?"

"No, mother. I just want to be alone."

After a while he got up and started after a malted milk at the soda fountain around the corner. It was half in his mind to see Mr. Beebe and ask him if he couldn't postpone his trip East. If he could only be sure that that was Evelyn's real reason.

The sight of her nine-year-old brother coming along the street broke in on his thoughts.

"Hello, Ham. I hear you're going away."

Ham nodded.

"Going next week. To the seashore."

Basil looked at him speculatively, as if, through his proximity to Evelyn, he held the key to the power of moving her.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"I'm going to play with Teddy Barnfield."

"What!" Basil exclaimed. "Why, didn't you know ——" He stopped. A wild, criminal idea broke over him; his mother's words floated through his mind: "It isn't at all dangerous, but it's very contagious." If Ham Beebe got the mumps, and if it was true that she was only quitting because they were going away ——

He came to a decision quickly and coolly.

"Teddy's playing in his back yard," he said. "If you want to see him without going through his house, why don't you go down this street and turn up the alley?"

"All right. Thanks," said Ham trustingly.

Basil stood for a minute looking after him until he turned the corner into the alley, fully aware that it was the worst thing he had ever done in his life.

III

MRS. LEE had supper at six—all Basil's favorite things: Chipped beef, French-fried potatoes, sliced peaches and cream, and Devil's food.

Every few minutes Basil said, "Gosh! I wonder what time it is," and went out in the hall to look at the clock. "Does that clock work right?" he demanded with sudden suspicion. It was the first time the matter had ever interested him.

"Perfectly all right. If you eat so fast you'll have indigestion and then you won't be able to act well."

"What do you think of the program?" he asked for the third time. "Riply Buckner, Jr., presents Basil Duke Lee's comedy, The Captured Shadow."

"I think it's very nice."

"He doesn't really present it."

"It sounds very well though."

"I wonder what time it is?" he inquired.

"You just said it was ten minutes after six."

"Well, I guess I better be starting."

(Continued on Page 51)

*This advertisement appeared previously in this publication, Jan. 2, 1926. The response of the women of America was immediate and generous. As a result of this encouragement, we again take the liberty to ask for your co-operation in caring for our rapidly expanding business.*

# Ladies

# WE APOLOGIZE

## *Please be patient just a little longer. The thousands of* Fuller Men *are doing their very best, but there now are* 10,000,000 *housewives who want Fuller Service* 2 *or* 3 *times a year.*

WE know that the Fuller Man hasn't called upon many of you as often as you would like. Judging from your letters, some of you are quite vexed about it. We believe you will accept our apology when you know all the circumstances.

*The facts are these. Ten million housekeepers want Fuller Service two or three times a year. That means twenty to thirty million calls a year—1,666,666 to 2,500,000 calls a month—from 384,615 to 576,923 calls a week.*

Demand for Fuller Service is growing so fast that we are adding new men as rapidly as possible. But it isn't every man who can sign the Fuller Pledge and satisfactorily serve Fuller customers.

Fuller Men are chosen with the greatest care. They are not asked to be just salesmen. We employ only men whom we can train as experts in homecleaning methods. Then they must act as local representatives of the largest institution of its kind in the world

To the men we choose we offer unusual opportunities—the opportunity to secure invaluable training—the opportunity to engage in a dignified, permanent, profitable business. We open for these men, the road to larger income and increased responsibility.

*If you know of a man who you believe could help us in serving ten million housewives oftener and better, write his name on the coupon below and mail it to The Fuller Brush Co., 3558 Main St., Hartford, Conn.*

Do this and you will have been of service to us, to the man you name and to ten million housewives. We thank you now.

*Fill out and send this* COUPON

If you will permit us to use YOUR name in writing to this man, write YOUR name here

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To The Fuller Brush Co., 3558 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

*His name* _____

*Street Address* _____

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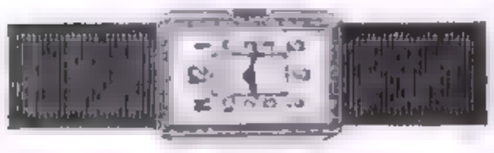
*The latest Gruen Cartouche. 14 kt. solid gold case, 15-jewel movement. $42.50. Other wristlet designs, $250 to $2,150*



*Gruen Cartouche. 14 kt. solid gold Crown-Guard Case. Put upon a 7-jewel PRECISION movement. $65*

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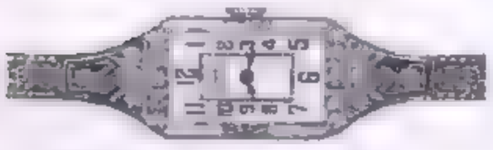

*Gruen "Mode du Bijou" Cartouche. One of a series of strikingly modern diamond watches. 14 kt. solid gold case with 18 diamonds set on platinum, 17-jewel PRECISION movement. $285. Others up to $10,000*

# Why did he give you that Christmas gift *in cash?*

JUST to be spent on things that will be forgotten long before next Christmas?

Not likely! More probably he gave you cash because he felt you were better qualified than he to select the one perfect gift for yourself.

He none the less intended that it should remain in every sense *a gift*. A token by which his own good wishes might be long remembered.

The finest mark of your appreciation, therefore, would be to purchase something that will last for years, something you will carry with you every day and wherever you go.

What more fully meets these requirements than a good watch? One that you will be proud to wear and proud to show him.

A Gruen! Smart in its interpretation of the latest vogue. Yet a thorough timekeeper by virtue of a high standard of craftsmanship, based upon a watchmaking tradition that is centuries old.

For every Gruen Watch is the product of a modern guild of watchmakers, men whose fathers and grandfathers were watchmakers before them.

These craftsmen, with their inherited skill, and the most advanced of modern methods and machinery, are producing timekeepers that have long enjoyed an enviable prestige in America.

Some examples of their art are pictured here, cased in solid gold or platinum, as the finest of gifts should be. Your Gruen jeweler—always one of the very best in your community—can show you the actual watches, together with many other Gruen Guild Watch creations for men as well as women. At prices ranging from $3500 to $27.50.

His store is marked by the Gruen Service emblem below.

**PRECISION**
Trade Mark Reg.

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish. Made only in the Precision Workshop.

*Look for the mark PRECISION on the dial*

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

*Branches in various parts of the world*

*Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century*

*This emblem is displayed only by jewelers of high business character, qualified members of the Gruen Guild*

# Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 48)

"Eat your peaches, Basil. If you don't eat you won't be able to act."

"I don't have to act," he said patiently. "All I am is a small part, and it wouldn't matter ——" It was too much trouble to explain.

"Please don't smile at me when I come on, mother," he requested. "Just act as if I was anybody else."

"Can't I even say how-do-you-do?"

"What?" Humor was lost on him. He said good-by. Trying very hard to digest not his food but his heart, which had somehow slipped down into his stomach, he started off for the Martindale School.

As its yellow windows loomed out of the night his excitement became insupportable; it bore no resemblance to the building he had been entering so casually for three weeks. His footsteps echoed symbolically and portentously in its deserted hall; upstairs there was only the janitor setting out the chairs in rows, and Basil wandered about the vacant stage until someone came in.

It was Mayall De Bec, the tall, clever, not very likable youth they had imported from Lower Crest Avenue to be the leading man. Mayall, far from being nervous, tried to engage Basil in casual conversation. He wanted to know if Basil thought Evelyn Beebe would mind if he went to see her sometime when the show was over. Basil supposed not. Mayall said he had a friend whose father owned a brewery who owned a twelve-cylinder car.

Basil said, "Gee!"

At quarter to seven the participants arrived in groups—Riply Buckner with the six boys he had gathered to serve as ticket takers and ushers; Miss Halliburton, trying to seem very calm and reliable; Evelyn Beebe, who came in as if she were yielding herself up to something and whose glance at Basil seemed to say: "Well, it looks as if I'm really going through with it after all."

Mayall De Bec was to make up the boys and Miss Halliburton the girls. Basil soon came to the conclusion that Miss Halliburton knew nothing about make-up, but he judged it diplomatic, in that lady's overwrought condition, to say nothing, but to take each girl to Mayall for corrections when Miss Halliburton had done.

An exclamation from Bill Kampf, standing at a crack in the curtain, brought Basil to his side. A tall bald-headed man in spectacles had come in and was shown to a seat in the middle of the house, where he examined the program. He was the public. Behind those waiting eyes, suddenly so mysterious and incalculable, was the secret of the play's failure or success. He finished the program, took off his glasses and looked around. Two old ladies and two little boys came in, followed immediately by a dozen more.

"Hey, Riply," Basil called softly. "Tell them to put the children down in front."

Riply, struggling into his policeman's uniform, looked up, and the long black mustache on his upper lip quivered indignantly. "I thought of that long ago."

The hall, filling rapidly, was now alive with the buzz of conversation. The children in front were jumping up and down in their seats, and everyone was talking and calling back and forth save the several dozen cooks and housemaids who sat in stiff and quiet pairs about the room.

Then, suddenly, everything was ready. It was incredible. "Stop! Stop!" Basil wanted to say. "It can't be ready. There must be something—there always has been something," but the darkened auditorium and the piano and violin from Geyer's Orchestra playing Meet Me in the Shadows belied his words. Miss Saunders, Leilia Van Baker and Leilia's friend, Estella Carrage, were already seated on the stage, and Miss Halliburton stood in the wings with the prompt book. Suddenly the music ended and the chatter in front died away.

"Oh, gosh!" Basil thought. "Oh, my gosh!"

The curtain rose. A clear voice floated up from somewhere. Could it be from that unfamiliar group on the stage?

I will, Miss Saunders. I tell you I will!

But, Miss Leilia, I don't consider the newspapers proper for young ladies nowadays.

I don't care. I want to read about this wonderful gentleman burglar they call The Shadow.

It was actually going on. Almost before he realized it, a great ripple of laughter passed over the audience as Evelyn gave her imitation of Miss Saunders behind her back.

"Get ready, Basil," breathed Miss Halliburton.

Basil and Bill Kampf, the crooks, each took an elbow of Victor Van Baker, the dissolute son of the house, and made ready to aid him through the front door.

It was strangely natural to be out on the stage with all those eyes looking up encouragingly. His mother's face floated past him, other faces that he recognized and remembered.

Bill Kampf stumbled on a line and Basil picked him up quickly and went on.

MISS SAUNDERS: So you are alderman from the Sixth Ward?

RABBIT SIMMONS: Yes, ma'am.

MISS SAUNDERS *(shaking her head kittenishly)*: Just what is an alderman?

CHINAMAN RUDD: An alderman is halfway between a politician and a pirate.

This was one of Basil's lines that he was particularly proud of—but there was not a sound from the audience, not a smile. A moment later Bill Kampf absentmindedly wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and then stared at it, startled by the red stains of make-up on it—and the audience roared. The theater was like that.

MISS SAUNDERS: Then you believe in spirits, Mr. Rudd.

CHINAMAN RUDD: Yes, ma'am, I certainly do believe in spirits. Have you got any?

The first big scene came. On the darkened stage a window rose slowly and Mayall De Bec, "in a full evening dress," climbed over the sill. He was tiptoeing cautiously from one side of the stage to the other, when Leilia Van Baker came in. For a moment she was frightened, but he assured her that he was a friend of her brother Victor. They talked. She told him naïvely yet feelingly of her admiration for The Shadow, of whose exploits she had read. She hoped, though, that The Shadow would not come here tonight, as the family jewels were all in that safe at the right.

The stranger was hungry. He had been late for his dinner and so had not been able to get any that night. Would he have some crackers and milk? That would be fine. Scarcely had she left the room when he was on his knees by the safe, fumbling at the catch, undeterred by the unpromising word Cake stenciled on the safe's front. It swung open, but he heard footsteps outside and closed it just as Leilia came back with the crackers and milk.

They lingered, obviously attracted to each other. Miss Saunders came in, very kittenish, and was introduced. Again Evelyn mimicked her behind her back and the audience roared. Other members of the household appeared and were introduced to the stranger.

What's this? A banging at the door, and Mulligan, a policeman, rushes in.

We have just received word from the Central Office that the notorious Shadow has been seen climbing in the window! No one can leave this house tonight!

The curtain fell. The first rows of the audience—the younger brothers and sisters of the cast—were extravagant in their enthusiasm. The actors took a bow.

A moment later Basil found himself alone with Evelyn Beebe on the stage. A weary doll in her make-up she was leaning against a table.

"Heigh-ho, Basil," she said.

She had not forgiven him for holding her to her promise when mumps in the family had postponed her trip East, and Basil had tactfully avoided her, but now they met in the genial glow of excitement and success.

"You were wonderful," he said—"wonderful!"

He lingered a moment. He could never please her, for she wanted someone like herself, someone who could reach her through her senses, like Hubert Blair. Her intuition told her that Basil was of a certain vague consequence; beyond that his incessant attempts to make people think and feel bothered and wearied her. Suddenly, standing there, they leaned forward and kissed peacefully, and from that moment, because they had no common ground even to quarrel on, they were friends for life.

When the curtain rose upon the second act Basil slipped down a flight of stairs and up to another to the back of the hall, where he stood watching in the darkness. He laughed silently when the audience laughed, enjoying it as if it were a play he had never seen before.

There were two very similar scenes in the second and third acts, in both of which The Shadow, alone on the stage, was interrupted by Miss Saunders. Mayall De Bec, having had but ten days of rehearsal, was inclined to confuse them, but Basil was totally unprepared for what happened. Upon Connie's entrance Mayall spoke his third-act line and involuntarily Connie answered in kind.

Others coming on the stage were swept up in the nervousness and confusion, and suddenly they were playing the third act in the middle of the second. It happened so quickly that for a moment Basil had only a vague sense that something was wrong. Then he dashed down one stairs and up another and into the wings, crying:

"Let down the curtain! Let down the curtain!"

The boys who stood there aghast sprang to the rope. In a minute Basil, breathless, was facing the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there's been changes in the cast and what just happened was a mistake. If you'll excuse us we'd like to do that scene over."

He stepped back in the wings to a flutter of laughter and applause.

"All right, Mayall!" he called excitedly. "On the stage alone. Your line is: 'I just want to see that the jewels are all right,' and Connie's is: 'Go ahead, don't mind me.' All right! Curtain up!"

In a moment things righted themselves. Someone brought water for Miss Halliburton, who was in a state of collapse, and as the act ended they all took a curtain call once more. Twenty minutes later it was over. The hero clasped Leilia Van Baker to his breast, confessing that he was The Shadow, "and a captured Shadow at that;" the curtain went up and down, up and down; Miss Halliburton was dragged unwillingly on the stage and the ushers came up the aisles laden with flowers. Then everything became informal and the actors mingled happily with the audience, laughing and important, congratulated from all sides. An old man whom Basil didn't know came up to him and shook his hand, saying, "You're a young man that's going to be heard from some day," and a reporter from the paper asked him if he was really only fifteen. It might all have been very bad and demoralizing for Basil, but it was already behind him. Even as the crowd melted away and last few people spoke to him and went out, he felt a great vacancy come into his heart. It was over, it was done and gone—all that work, and interest and absorption. It was a hollowness like fear.

"Good night, Miss Halliburton. Good night, Evelyn."

"Good night, Basil. Congratulations, Basil. Good night."

"Where's my coat? Good night, Basil."

"Leave your costumes on the stage, please. They've got to go back tomorrow."

He was almost the last to leave, mounting to the stage for a moment and looking around the deserted hall. His mother was waiting and they strolled home together through the first cool night of the year.

"Well, I thought it went very well indeed. Were you satisfied?" He didn't answer for a moment. "Weren't you satisfied with the way it went?"

"Yes." He turned his head away.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I just feel sort of sad."

"Sad? Why, Basil?"

"I don't know. Just sort of sad."

They reached the house. His mother went upstairs and Basil went to the kitchen and got himself a plate of strawlike cereal which he softened to a paste with half a pint of cream. He finished it; then suddenly he laid his head down on the table and sobbed as if his heart would break.

"That poor little kid with the mumps," he cried to himself, shaken and overwrought—"that poor little kid! He had to stay home and all the other little kids were there."

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# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

HE: Gulgh bzoo.

SHE: Take a nice little bye-bye. You don't get enough sleep, I'm afraid, what with getting up so early and half the time staying up so late. I don't know how it is that we never seem to be able to get to bed early. We ought to make a rule to go to bed sharp at eleven and then stick to it. Are you quite comfortable?

HE: Brpp.

SHE: You don't look comfortable. That couch pillow is too high. I'll get your pillow from the bedroom. . . . Here. . . . Lift your head up a tiny bit, darling. There. Got his own little pillow-illow. Mamma'll sit here so quiet and do the cross-word puzzle in the paper. Are you quite comfortable.

HE: Umpp.

SHE: You ought to have something over you. You never ought to lie down without having something over you. That's the way you catch cold—lying down exposed that way. I'll get a blanket for you.

HE: Nonk.

SHE: Go to sleep, darling. Mamma'll go get the blanket from the car. Go to sleep. Mamma'll be so quiet. See, on tiptoe. . . .

HE: Ha-bloop. Ha-bloop.

SHE: The car was locked. Have you got the keys, sweetheart? There, in your back pocket. No wonder you couldn't sleep, lying on that great bunch of keys. What an old silly! Now mamma'll go get the blanket. . . . Here it is. . . . There. . . . Lift up your feet a little, baby, and I'll tuck the blanket under. Now turn a little so I can put it under your arms. There. Is that better?

HE: What?

SHE: Is that comfier?

HE: Is what comfier?

SHE: Is the blanket comfier?

HE: Comfier than what?

SHE: Oh, dear. Go to sleep, darling. Shut your eyes.

HE: What for?

SHE: Oh, aren't you sleepy, after all? Well, then, tell me a nine-letter word, second letter *e*, fifth letter *s*, meaning "full of peace and tranquillity."

HE: Hell's-fire! —*Morris Bishop.*

### The Ultimate Charm

*HIS mother took pains*
*In all that pertains*
*To bringing up children with charm;*
*She did what she could*
*As all mothers should*
*To shield him from sorrow and harm.*

*She took him on trips*
*Abroad in big ships,*
*They crossed several times the Equator;*
*He wears Oxford bags,*
*He carries smoked kegs*
*And speaks pidgin French to the waiter.*
*But this is the boast*
*She broadcasts the most*
*He calls her "old Dear" and "the Mater!"* —*C. Willis Hallock.*

# ICE

## helps you start the New Year right!

HERE comes Happy New Year bringing new opportunity to all to enjoy life more fully. Whether you welcome the New Year with a dinner dance, a midnight lunch, or a New Year's breakfast, you need ICE, plenty of ICE, as "the life of the party."

Ice clinks merrily in time with the music. Ice sparkles brightly, flashing back the light, the jewels and the gay colors of party frocks. Ice makes beverages more refreshing, foods more appetizing, tables more inviting.

Serve cocktails in ice-encircled glasses—celery and olives in sparkling beds of ice—cold delicacies, salads, butter, surrounded by cascades of shaved ice. Keep meats and all perishable foods fresh and safe with ice. Use ice wherever needed to add the last touch of flavor and appetizing appeal.

*Makes the Popular Hostess More Popular*

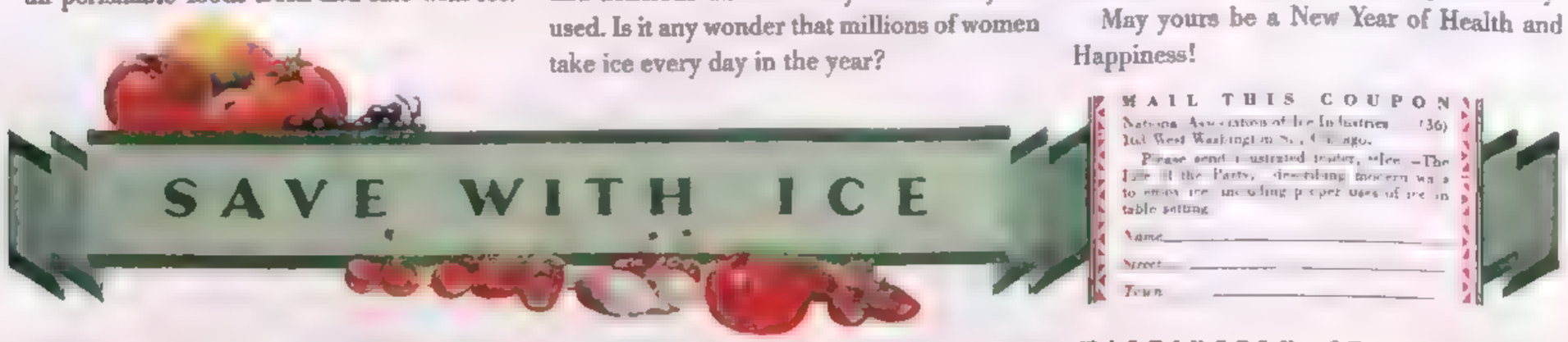
The magic of ice makes the modern woman independent of seasons in planning delightful parties and delicious meals. Right in midwinter, the choicest fresh foods are always at her command. Fruits and delicacies from the far corners of the earth! Crisp green things, rich in the vitamins so essential to health, in all their dewy freshness! Ice refrigeration has protected their purity and goodness at every stage until they reach her kitchen, and her own ice box keeps them fresh, flavory and delicious until the very minute they are used. Is it any wonder that millions of women take ice every day in the year?

*Makes Foods More Healthful*

Start the New Year right, with a plentiful supply of ice—then through the whole year see that your ice box is kept well filled with this efficient, inexpensive refrigerant. Ice, in a good ice box, is the cheapest and best health insurance. It constantly purifies the air in the ice box. Never trust perishable foods to unsanitary window boxes; never leave them exposed to room temperatures on pantry shelves or to the damp, vitiated air of basements. Keep them in the ice box, in *ice-freshened* air!

A generous supply of ice every day in the year will prove a long step towards a year of assured health for yourself and your family.

May yours be a New Year of Health and Happiness!

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# CLIPPER-BOW

(Continued from Page 17.)

"She wanted to know if you were too sick for her to come to see you."

Rowan could feel his face heat and tighten with blood. He looked down at the big green blotter. The thick, nearly comfortable shield of sullenness was ripped and torn. Sally Brevard—Sally, with her brown hair and long legs and funny little mouth. Markell, he saw, had started boning for the skinny exam and was not watching him any more. So he went back slowly and thought about Sally. He had first seen her plebe summer, when he and a dozen other innocent plebes, in the absence of the rest of the Navy, were trying to make an impression on her famous older sister, Nancy. Nancy had been the most beautiful girl in Annapolis and Rowan had known vaguely, too, that she was a "Blood." Rowan, alone, more through being left behind in the race for Nancy's attention than through his own perception, had discovered Sally. Sally had been fourteen then; lamblike in length of limb and unconscious helplessness. He had not even had any appreciation of what she must inevitably become in a few years; her present gentleness had made him feel humility and a slow pleasure in seeing her. The first time they had talked, in an odd backwash of Nancy's court, he had been breathlessly grateful that she could seem interested in the ordinary sort of things he said. When she spoke, he had listened with the same attention which might be given to the visible opening of a flower.

But the return of the upper classes had ended the brief attendance of plebes at the old red-brick house on Prince George Street. They faded reluctantly and resentfully before the onset of gold diagonals and stripes. Their revenge had come, however, in a bitter-sweet way when, just before the first hop of the year, to which the entire first class seemed eager to drag Nancy, she had suddenly married a lieutenant commander and departed for China.

Rowan alone had drifted back to the unnatural calm of the Brevard House. Mrs. Brevard had entertained him one Sunday in Sally's absence, and after that Sally, although barely fifteen, had entertained him alone. From this had come the present friendship, when Rowan's failure to appear for two weeks together had made Sally think that he was seriously ill. Rowan stared somberly at his carefully written resignation. He was not in love with Sally—that is, he was in love with her, but knew that there was nothing to be done about it for a long time. He would have had to graduate and she herself had decided quietly that she would go to a great woman's college in the North when her school was over. He would have been a junior-grade lieutenant when she graduated, and then, he remembered moodily, he had intended to come back to Annapolis for her from Panama or the Yang-tse Patrol.

At least, it was evident that he could not resign without telling Sally. He folded the resignation carefully and slipped it into his strong box. As it fell he caught a glimpse of another paper exactly like it, in the bottom of the box under a few loose bills and the two or three notes he had had from Sally. That was the resignation he had made out after a certain week-end plebe year. He stole a glance at his roommate, but Markell was not watching him. Rowan would not have liked that other resignation to be laughed at.

The next day was Saturday, and after his regular two hours of extra duty in the afternoon, there was time to see Sally briefly. The whole day had been dark, but already the change to dusk could be noticed. Sleet from the night before was still frozen on the sidewalks, making the going precarious. In the icy wind his big blue overcoat was comfortable. He remembered his first pride at the thin gold diagonal on the sleeve, and there was still some satisfaction in turning through Youngster Cut-off on the way to the gate.

The brick of the Brevard House, colored and softened with age, was rosy in contrast to the long white woodwork of doors and windows. It was likely that there had been excited talk on the porch of that house the day the Peggy Stewart had been burned in Annapolis harbor in defiance of King George's tax on tea. Straight ahead, Rowan could see the high shadow of the Maryland State House. Sally, he thought, would have been what she was if the Navy had never come to Annapolis.

Sally was at home. She came downstairs quickly, smiling.

"Hello," she said. "I'm so sorry you've been ill." She stood before him as he was silent, her eyes still lighted. "But you don't look ill now. Was it something about your teeth?"

Rowan started and touched his damaged lip with his tongue. It must look pretty bad. But he could not help thinking most about her loveliness. She was wearing a soft, straight-lined brown dress with the black sword belt he himself had given her. Her cheeks were clear and there was a sort of narrow blue ribbon in her hair. Rowan found that he wanted to take her in his arms and not talk about anything. He had kissed her twice, but with his hands on her shoulders.

He managed to speak gruffly. "I haven't been ill."

Her eyes were only wide now. "But I didn't want you to come just because I wrote to Markell. I thought you were ill. Really I did."

That she was defending herself made Rowan more miserable than he had ever been. "Please don't talk like that. I—I had to see you."

She stood quite still a moment, then her shoulders relaxed. "Let's go in to the fire."

The room was high and bright; the fireplace glowing with deep red embers. They sat down near each other.

He found that he would not be able to tell her everything. He thought that his strength and her gentleness would make contemptible any attempt to shift his troubles to her shoulders.

So he said brutally, "Well, I'm getting out."

"Getting out of what, Henry?"

"The Navy."

He had never known such depth of stillness. Then she said, "I'm sorry."

He waited for her to go on, and when he saw that she would not, a peculiar panic came over him.

"What's the sense of sticking? I'm not suited to the Navy. I've been a dog ever since I've been in it. It's all right if you like it, but my temperament's different. I can do things without being told every move. 'By the numbers'—that's the way you live." It seemed to him that he was talking too fast. He knew that his face was scarlet; partly perhaps from warmth after the cold wind. "Well, anyhow, my resignation's made out."

She was looking at him steadily. Only her mouth seemed not quite as usual. "But you haven't sent it in yet?"

"Well," he said uncomfortably, "no."

Sally watched the fire so long that he began to be afraid of the inevitable bugle call to formation for supper, the loathsome clamor of electric bells. Even this moment must be held and strained by time. But Sally was speaking, not turning her eyes from the fire:

"There's not much for me to say, Henry. You're older than I am. But sister knew a lot about the Navy. She knew any number of midshipmen and officers, too, who wanted to get out. Some did and some didn't. She never learned any more about the ones that did, but the ones that didn't were always glad in the end. I don't know any reasons for anything."

"I don't either," Rowan muttered. "That's why I'm not going to stand any more."

Sally's eyes were wider and grayer than ever; her mouth was out of shape, because she was holding it steady. "Good-by, then," she said.

Rowan knew that he would have to run for formation. He thought sardonically that this would make him seem cool and determined in leaving. It was likely that he would never see Sally again.

Outdoors, the darkness was complete; a hard, glistening darkness of ice and separated lights. Rowan ran carefully, ready to catch the first feeling of slipping. Someone else was running down the other side of the street, overhauling him. He supposed that it was another midshipman, but there was no chance of recognition until they passed through the Academy gate together. Then he saw that the other man was Thug Wilson; running, it seemed, with reckless speed. He was some sort of company officer in another battalion. Rowan had not known that there was anyone in Annapolis for whom Wilson would risk being late to formation.

The first classman had a lead of ten yards and was gaining as he reached the end of the Youngster Cut-off. He slowed for the turn, but not enough, and Rowan had the amazing sensation of seeing Wilson's body suspended in mid-air, nearly horizontal, for an appreciable length of time. Then Wilson came down on the icy bricks, his right wrist taking the full weight of his two hundred pounds.

When Rowan skidded and slithered to a stop beside him, Wilson was still lying on the pavement. His right hand was cocked to one side at a terrible angle and a white end of bone was showing. Rowan felt quiet and a little sick. Wilson hauled himself into a sitting position.

"Fool," he gasped—"fool."

His gaze fixed upon the end of bone showing in his wrist and remained there as if fascinated.

"I'll give yuh a hand," said Rowan. His own voice sounded all wrong to him; scared and, at the same time, offensively cheerful.

The first classman rose suddenly, but groaned and sagged against Rowan. The Yard was dark and deserted. There would be a master-at-arms at the gate, but first aid was what Wilson needed. Rowan picked him up in his arms and carried him down the long brick walk to the front terrace of Bancroft Hall. All through the Yard there was the terror of falling himself. But here, after endless granite steps, was the main office and the elevator to sick bay. Rowan was late to formation, but this time he was not put on report.

He did not recover enough to think clearly about what had happened until he reached his own room after supper. Then he realized, with little emotion, that his daily beatings were over. But his resignation would have ended them anyway. They had been less severe lately, too; he had been blocking and even slipping punches better. This could not have any effect upon his resigning, or it would look as though he had been resigning because he was afraid of Thug Wilson. It had not been that, he assured himself; it had been, and still was, a matter of temperament. Moreover, Sally did not seem to care very much whether he resigned or not. She hadn't asked him not to. Even a sign of personal appeal might have made all the difference. But he knew, beneath controlled feeling, that if Sally had made any personal appeal she would not have been Sally any longer.

But since he so dennitely was going to hand in his resignation, there was no need to do it tonight. It would be pleasant to play with himself about it, to luxuriate in answering bells, knowing that he really didn't have to.

Thought of the boxing team came last. They could get along with Suvac for a heavyweight, even though he himself had held Suvac nearly even when he boxed half-heartedly with him at practice.

After a while Markell Phillips came in. It was likely that he noticed some change in Rowan already, for he began to talk:

"Let's go over and see the fights tonight, Clipper-bow. Even without Thug, the gang ought to have a set-up. It was sort of ironical that you should be the one to bring him in when he got hurt. I wonder what Wolfe thinks of that."

Rowan was surprised to find that the odd personal relations between himself and the regimental commander had rather strengthened an uncomfortable admiration he had always felt for aspects of him. Wolfe, on the whole, had not treated him like either an inferior or a coward.

"I guess Wolfe has forgotten I'm alive by now."

"Not he," said Markell wisely. "But he's got something to distract him, at that. Have you seen his drag this week-end? She's been down before and she's wearing his miniature now. But she's a 'cold four.' The best-looking girl I've ever seen. She's a debutante in New York this year and her people have a place at Newport. Wolfe's an F. F. V. himself."

Rowan did remember having seen a lovely girl with the regimental commander at a hop which he himself had watched from the balcony, but he had thought her too fragile and finished. He had thought that a man would be afraid to do anything about her beauty. In this way he came to a stab of pain in the memory of what he had been wanting, only an hour before, to do about Sally's beauty.

"Well, how about it?" repeated Markell. "Shall we go over?"

A gruff refusal stopped at Rowan's teeth. For the first time he realized that boxing was interesting to him. His mind and body were showing signs of working together in the ring as they had never done anywhere else. It might be pleasant to study the bout from a scientific angle.

"All right. Let's shove off now and get good seats."

Markell followed him quietly.

When they returned to their room two hours later, Rowan was silent again, without unpleasantness. Markell considered the evening judicially:

"Six bouts to one is not so bad; they held Yale four to three last week; but if Thug had been in there we'd have got a clean sweep. Suvac was pretty bad."

Rowan was silent, partly because he could not help remembering how bad Suvac had been. He had not liked to watch him floundering around the ring. The thought of how Suvac would look against Red O'Regan the next Saturday brought definite pain.

Markell did not seem to require any answer. "We can allow a knock-out for Penn State in the heavyweight class next week and do our figuring on the rest of the bouts. I doubt if we can spot 'em that much and win though."

Rowan looked up slowly. "I can stand seeing Navy licked. I've even seen Army do it and not lost my appetite or any sleep, but I wouldn't want any of the gang to look foolish."

On Monday afternoon he went over to the gymnasium as usual, but he did not mention boxing to Markell.

At the beginning of the study hour Wednesday evening, Markell asked suddenly, "Are you dragging to the hop this week-end, Clipper-bow?"

Rowan had been trying for days not to think about the midwinter hop. Markell seemed to have superhuman skill in finding sore spots to touch. Sally had been sixteen early in January and her mother had promised long ago that the year she was sixteen she might go to one Navy hop. They had chosen the first they could choose. But now that he was resigning, Sally would not want to go with him. Moreover, there was another consideration—one which had become definite that same afternoon in the boxing room.

He never, he supposed, would be able to control his voice when he felt like this, but a reply had to be made:

"I'll probably be in sick bay Saturday night, Mark. It's me that's going to fight Red O'Regan."

Markell appeared inhumanly pleased. His face lighted with interest. "The deuce you are! How'd that come about?"

"Well, several of us must have thought Suvac was rotten, because the gym's been full of would-be heavyweights for the last two days. Coach had an elimination tournament and I'm it. It doesn't mean much except that I'm the goat, I guess, and that I can't resign for another week."

The manner of the coach and the whole squad toward Rowan changed perceptibly during the next few days, but he went through his workouts sourly. He told himself that Sally would have forgotten that he had ever asked her to go to the hop with him.

On Friday four inches of snow fell, and Saturday began cold, but still and sparklingly clear. In the afternoon Rowan saw Red O'Regan. O'Regan was not impressive in his clothes; looking, as the Navy coach had said, skinny and rather awkward. But his eyes were different from most men's eyes—narrow and direct, with a flash of wildness that never quite emerged.

That evening the crowd began to assemble early in the brilliantly lighted gymnasium, filling the temporary stands about the ring in the center of the floor and deeply lining the rail of the running track in the gallery.

To his own astonishment, while the other weight classes were being contested, Rowan began to feel normal again—normal, that is, for the past few weeks—sour and sardonic. Somebody had to go in and be knocked out; the fewest people's feelings would be hurt if it was he. When he climbed through the ropes at last, the knowledge that the match had still to be decided only increased his controlled bitterness. Each team had won three bouts, leaving the final result up to himself and O'Regan. Undoubtedly, Rowan thought, the stage was set to make him look as foolish as possible. But he was surprised to find how easily he could forget the crowd.

Also, in the brief time he had for impressions before the beginning of the bout, he was disturbed by his definite feeling of fellowship for Red O'Regan. O'Regan was so hard and dry that, he thought, defeat at his hands would not be unbearable. Rowan was not afraid of the fight; pain disturbed him only while he felt it, but the idea of losing Navy her first dual match was just below worrying him.

Then he had touched gloves with O'Regan and the referee was standing clear. The clang of the bell was brisk and cheerful. There was time to appreciate but not analyze O'Regan's footwork as they came together. Rowan stuck out his left glove as far as he could and peered over the top of his close-drawn right. O'Regan hit hard with each hand, using no guard. Rowan took one punch on the left forearm and the other in the ribs, soundly. But the jar was not severe enough to end astonishment at the way O'Regan exposed himself. It seemed a little unsportsmanlike to drive his right to the chin. But O'Regan's chin was not there; he moved his head smoothly and the blow passed over his shoulder. Before Rowan could recover from the lost effort, O'Regan hooked a left and right to the head—long blows—so clean and precise that their full force could not be seen, but it could be felt. Rowan hid his chin behind his right glove again; at least it would look better to last one round.

O'Regan's feet were long and narrow; as Rowan's eyes came down over the top of the glove he could see them moving. He was glad that he was part of a picture which had something like O'Regan's footwork in it. Perhaps it covered his own slowness. Rowan drove his right again, and again he missed, but he saw O'Regan's eyes lift quickly as he realized the force of the attempt. After more blows, O'Regan feinted Rowan's guard down and landed his first punch to the jaw. Rowan knew that he had lurched back a step; he felt serious and reproving. It was hardly fair to attack a man's knees that way. O'Regan's body was moving too fast to be followed by his mind. Rowan's ears rang and he felt the beginning of something like seasickness; a cool iron hand fumbling around in his stomach. But the round was over.

By the coach's oddly respectful manner, Rowan judged that he had been taking a terrible beating. The coach seemed to think it was something to take any sort of part in an unusual bout. During the rest Rowan did not listen to anything that was said to him, but he could feel his knees stiffening again.

In the first five seconds of the second round O'Regan landed a straight right to Rowan's nose. The flash of light so merged with the following warmth and sweetness of blood that it might have been realized by the same sense. Rowan succeeded for an instant in tying up O'Regan's arms, and when they cleared, O'Regan's jersey was smeared red over the left shoulder. It occurred to Rowan that since his guard was not doing very well, he would stop trying to guard and use both hands himself. He could not be hit very much oftener than he had been. At close quarters again, he caught sight of the face of one of the judges, a smooth, pink man in spectacles. The judge's concerned look startled Rowan more than derision. Fear of a technical knockout became close and exasperating. The judges might stop the fight any minute; he was bleeding so much. The only thing to do was to fight back; if he fought back hard enough they wouldn't stop the bout. He plunged ahead suddenly, uppercutting each hand. Both punches landed, leaving no mark on O'Regan's crimson skin, but there was a hoarse gurgle from the blue bank of midshipmen about the ring as they choked the cheers forbidden during rounds. O'Regan landed again to the jaw.

This time Rowan went farther before he came back. He thought he had been away a long time, and was rather plaintive because the big damp blows still ripped into his body. He knew that he was unconscious, but O'Regan couldn't be expected to know it, he supposed, because he was still on his feet. As his head cleared he thought it had been a good joke on the judges; they didn't even know he had been knocked out. It appeared that his arms belonged to somebody else, but the other person was obliging about swinging them for him. From time to time one glove or the other would stop short, and at these times he judged he had hit O'Regan. Once O'Regan staggered back and hung against the ropes, but he was out again instantly. The second round was over.

Rowan's seconds were not able to stop the flow of blood; he could feel it trickling down his chin. He wished it would stop. But he was comforted by the thought that anything as bloody as he was could not look very foolish. Anyway, he had saved the Navy from that. There were wooden plaques all around the walls with the names of good Navy athletes on them. A lot of good men had passed in and out of these doors, he thought. At the bell for the third round he found that his legs were leaving him; he could not stay on his toes or move quickly. O'Regan was like a machine that warms to its work.

Rowan staggered about the ring. The iron hand in his stomach had tightened its grip unbelievably; he admitted to himself, with detached sadness, that he would not be able to last the round. He lurched forward again, missing with both hands, and hung over O'Regan's shoulder. O'Regan stood still, holding his gloves against Rowan's ribs. Rowan was only a few yards from the people at the end of the midshipmen's section of the temporary stand. It amused him that those who met his gaze looked shocked.

Then he saw Sally Brevard. She was with Markell Phillips, but Rowan realized that Markell was merely sitting there. From his one straight look into Sally's face, Rowan's whole world changed. There was nothing left for bitterness or childishness to take hold of. But with utter horror he saw that two of the judges had risen to their feet. He could fight on all night now. They should not have time to speak. Rowan went back sharply, going through the easy, precise retirement the coach had tried to teach him.

O'Regan seemed to read his eyes, for he came on again, left and right to the head. Rowan met the blows without yielding, so he was close enough to hit in return. He felt pain shoot through his right thumb—he had forgotten what the coach had told him about that—but O'Regan was on his hands and knees on the floor. He had expected Rowan to save himself by going back with the punch. The judges were standing, blank-faced, about the ring, but the referee had no time to begin a count. O'Regan came in more cautiously, but caution was ended for Rowan. He knew that there could be only a few seconds left, and he had a little strength unused. Through the haze and spreading circles of light before his eyes he saw that O'Regan was down again, but again there was no count. No other blow had been struck when the round ended. As he lay back in his corner waiting for the decision, he was glad that Sally had not seen him make the Navy look foolish.

The judges were handing in slips of paper to the referee. Then O'Regan stood up and the referee raised the boxer's gloved hand high above his head. Rowan rose, too, with little difficulty. O'Regan swung across the ring abruptly and caught him in his arms; he could feel the slap of a damp glove between his shoulders. The wild look was loose in O'Regan's eyes now; a fierce, jealous exultation which he would not share with many people. But O'Regan did everything so suddenly; he was gone out of the ring by the time Rowan had started an answering grin.

On the way to the dressing room Rowan was puzzled by greetings and shouts to someone called "Bat." There had been no "Bat" in Bancroft Hall since Muller graduated; it was a name not frequently given.

Rowan spent a few minutes in Misery Hall, being patched up and having the blood from his nose checked. After that, the coach talked to him directly:

"You won that last round by a mile. You'll get another chance at him in the intercollegiates. I'm going to give you a lot of attention before then, and next time you'll take him." The coach frowned seriously at the floor. "He does remind me o' Fitzsimmons when he's in the ring—yes, but you remind me o' Jeff."

As Rowan crossed the terrace on his way back to his room, he could see parts of the crowd leaving the gymnasium. Moonlight was on the granite buildings of the Academy and on the smooth whiteness of the Yard. There were girls with gleaming stockings and furs as soft as water color, and midshipmen in big blue overcoats with brass buttons; men like himself, having the sort of pleasure he knew; intent because it was so perfect in itself, and quiet because it would so soon be over. There was no gloom apparent among them because the Navy had lost.

Markell Phillips came into their room on the fourth deck of Bancroft Hall only a few minutes after Rowan. Markell held out his hand.

"Congratulations. Anybody but you would have been lying out there yet."

Rowan grumbled something about losing the whole match for Navy.

Markell laughed. "I can only stay a minute. I left Sally in the dressing room over at the Armory. If you felt like putting on your dress uniform and coming over, I expect she'd dance with you."

Rowan moved his bare shoulders tentatively. "Well, all right, I'll hurry up."

On the way over to the Armory he passed friends and acquaintances and some first classmen whom he did not know. Greeting came fast and bewildering:

"Hello, Battler."

"Hi, Bat!"

"What you sayin', Bat?"

He could not very well misunderstand any longer. He was glad that Clipper-bow was forgotten, but he wondered what these mids would think if they knew that, compared to Sally, boxing was nothing.

Sally was wearing her first evening dress, smooth bodice and fluffy skirt, somewhere between pink and lavender. Her hair, coiled low on her neck, was so bright and soft that it had grown curiously blond. But her long helplessness was not quite gone; she could not hide uncertainty from one whose whole self had gone into her thoughts and feelings. It would be pleasant to take care of her; to do things correctly for her.

Markell Phillips had disappeared. Rowan had looked about for him in amazement before he found that the rest of Sally's card was made out for himself. It was as though he had been with her all the while, and without being able to explain the feeling, it seemed to him he had.

The flooding light and color of the Armory was not too brilliant a background, he thought, for Sally. Flags nearly covered the endless racks of rifles along the walls, and the long gray guns at the forward end of the floor lost all sinisterness among bright dresses and girls' faces.

One dance, Rowan discovered with a distinct shock, had been traded with Bill Wolfe. It was time to meet him now under one of the International Code flags. The regimental commander was coming over with his partner. The four met pleasantly. Sally was not one of those girls who delight in introducing plebes and youngsters to first classmen, expecting them to shake hands. Rowan was glad that she knew that shaking hands was different among midshipmen, allowing, even requiring, them to treat one another as equals from that time on. Therefore, the fact that Wolfe was holding out his hand of his own accord was all the more startling. Rowan shot him one questioning glance, giving him a chance to correct his mistake; then took his hand naturally.

Wolfe's fiancée was even lovelier in one's arms, he found, than she had been at a distance, but the dance was time that had to pass before he found Sally again.

When Wolfe gave him Sally at last, the first classman's hand touched his shoulder lightly. "Four 0, Bat."

Rowan knew that quick happiness made his face red. Wolfe had said that Sally was perfect. There was no time to frame an answer. It had to be quick and surreptitious.

"Thanks, Bill; your girl's a knock-out too."

Hours later, on the low white porch of the Brevard House, Rowan lifted his hand carefully and stroked Sally's hair. When she looked up at him her lips cleared the silky collar of her wrap. He held her so close that he was not sure she could hear his voice: "You know there can't ever be anything but you."

But hop liberty was short. As Rowan undressed in his room he thought again about its shortness. But now he thought that it must be the sharp edge of time that made life in the Navy the intense business it was. He remembered, too, that he had come to Annapolis in search of a life harder and higher than any he had ever seen. But he could not stand dreaming; he must be turned in before inspection of rooms.

Sally had allowed him to keep the gay hop program. As he opened his strong box hurriedly, he found the new resignation lying on top of everything else. He took it out with the resignation he had not submitted plebe year, and squaring their edges, folded them together. Then he laid the hop program and his notes from Sally on top of both of them and closed the box.

From the narrow white bed on the other side of the room Markell Phillips was watching him solemnly.

When their eyes met, Markell spoke: "Do you know why you're in the Navy now, Bat?"

Rowan grinned slowly. "No," he said, "and I don't guess I ever will."

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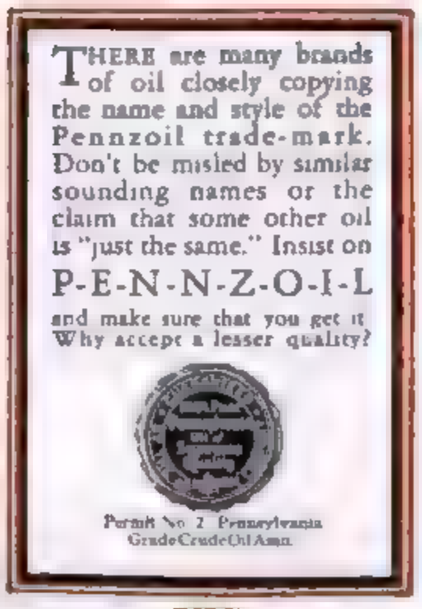
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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

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# Mr. Wallop cheers Clara with a promise

"I consider," said Mr. Wallop, looking into the window, "that the way they're using color in these modern bathrooms is very attractive."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wallop acidly, "*our* bathroom has color, too. Every morning I get a nice tubful of *red*, rusty water."

Mr. Wallop sighed. It was the old argument.

"And it isn't as if brass pipes cost a lot of money," Mrs. Wallop reminded him. "They don't. And why you keep putting it off is more than I can see. Why don't we do it, George?"

Mr. Wallop regarded the attractive bathroom display for a few moments in silence. Undoubtedly he was thinking of the comfort of clean, sparkling, free-running water . . . thinking of the saving in time and temper . . . seeing the end of the argument which had agitated his household. He turned suddenly to Mrs. Wallop.

"All right, Clara, I'll do it," he said abruptly. "I promise you now that I'll replace our old pipes with the best brass pipe I can find."

"Well, three cheers!" cried Mrs. Wallop. "I thought you'd never do it! Now let's go and see a plumber while you are thinking about it!"

And off they went. At last Mrs. Wallop had won her argument. The Wallops were going to use brass pipe!

CHASE

Let us hope that they specified Alpha Brass Pipe because Alpha is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. Its use means the end of thick, red water, low pressure, leaks. The word "Alpha" and the distinctive Chase-mark are stamped on every twelve inches of its length to guarantee satisfaction. Why not use *Alpha?*

CHASE

*This mark identifies good brass and copper products.*

***Plumbers*** • Alpha Brass Pipe really does thread and bend easier. Your own jobber probably stocks it. If not, we will see that you are supplied.

***Jobbers*** • Alpha Brass Pipe is sold directly from our Connecticut mills or, for your convenience, can be sent quickly from any of our thirteen warehouses.

***Builders*** • Specify Alpha Brass Pipe, Chase Copper Roof Gutters, Flashings and Downspouts, Chase Bronze or Copper Screen Cloth.

***Roofers*** • Chase Copper Roof Gutters, Downspouts, Flashings, and other roofing accessories are carried in stock at all Chase Warehouses.

***Welders*** • All Chase Warehouses carry in stock Chase Chamet Bronze Welding Rod, Chase Brass Welding Rod, and Chase Manganese Welding Rod.

***Manufacturers*** • Remember, there is a Chase Brass, Bronze or Copper for every need . . . all sizes, gauges, lengths and tempers. Quick deliveries from our warehouses are a great convenience.

***Warehouse Stocks*** • Many of our customers place a mill order with us and get immediately a part of their order from our warehouse at a slight increase in cost. Convenience!

***Home Owners*** • If you have to replace rusted pipes, put in Alpha this time. Then you'll never have to replace again.

Cost? About $52 more than the cheapest pipe in an average $10,000 house

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# Confessions of a Reformed Columnist

## By DON MARQUIS

THE first afternoon that my feet led me into Lipton's made me at home in New York, but it didn't get me a column or end my struggles in New York, by any means. It got me, through Wilson Burke, a job as reporter with a news service, which I didn't like, because I naturally couldn't have a signature and write what I pleased, and wasn't what I had come to New York for, at all. So I went away from there.

Sam Small got me a job on the New York American. For a few brief weeks I deluded myself with the belief that now that signed column of my own was really on the way. For, in addition to my regular work, which was that of rewrite man, the American bought from me and printed a good deal of stuff which was essentially column stuff, which they paid me very well for and played up with my signature on the back page. I began to be a little known in New York. I was making pretty good money—for me—what with my salary and this extra stuff. I sent for my wife and we began to keep house. I was doing the kind of work I wanted to do; I was getting a pat on the back almost daily from some of the important people on the paper; I thought I was one of the fair-haired boys in that shop.

From this rosy dream I awoke with a jolt, and when I came to I was in the slush and mud of a New York March, without a job. I had been fired, just like that! I never ask why I have been fired; when I get fired I just go away from there and let it go at that. The result is always, for the moment, so much more immediately interesting to me than the cause.

The result was, in this case, that my wife and I went on a starvation diet for about three months. I wish people, when they fire me, would pick out a time to do it when I have a little money. But every time I have ever been fired I have been broke at the same time. I once had a bit of money in the bank, which had accrued from a play, and I tried my darndest to get fired, for I had the thought that it would be a good idea not to do any work at all until it was spent. But I just simply couldn't get fired that time, and I was on a contract and couldn't quit. Not being able to spend the money for anything valuable and reasonable like diversion, I wasted the entire sum by putting it into real estate.

When the American fired me I'd been using most of the money to pay up some debts. My wife sold a story and we lived on that for a while. I couldn't sell anything; I couldn't get a job anywhere. We ate so many beef stews during that period that it was two years before I could look one in the face again. And toward the end of the period the beef stews got more watery and less beefy. We got hold of $2.35. I don't remember how; maybe I borrowed it somewhere. I sent out three wires for jobs, one to Boston, one to Washington and one to Cincinnati.

### *Almost Licked to a Frazzle*

It took a good deal of the money. But within twenty-four hours I got answers and all three of the jobs. They would send money for railroad fare.

"I don't like leaving New York," I said.

"If we leave this way we're defeated," said my wife.

"Licked," I rejoined, "to a frazzle. And licked for the rest of my life, so far as the big time is concerned. I came here to make good, and I haven't done it. If I'm licked here, I'll be licked everywhere. At the same time, we've got less than a dollar now; we owe a month's rent; we've got no credit; we don't know anybody we can borrow from; we haven't got the stuff we pawned out of hock yet; nobody wants what I write; our food hasn't been all that heart might wish lately, in the way of quantity or variety—in short, I think maybe we'd better be licked than be starved."

"I think we'd better stay in New York," said my wife, with a gentle decisiveness which was characteristic of her. I never had any backbone of my own; at times when I've acted as if I might have, it has been due to someone else in the background whose opinion I valued. I started for the Herald office, and on the way there I thought up an idea for a serial feature for the Sunday editor.

He liked it and he wanted four installments of five thousand words each—twenty thousand words in all—for which he would pay me two hundred dollars on delivery if the stuff held up to the idea. But he wanted to syndicate it and to get it illustrated before he sent it out, and could I have it in his hands by Monday noon, so he could start his art department right to work on it? This was on a Saturday afternoon, but, like a fool, I promised. I thought if he didn't get it then, he wouldn't take it.

### *Gay Right to the End*

I sat down Sunday morning to knock out the twenty thousand words, and I wrote all day. It was specifically understood that it was to be funny stuff. Gay, you know. Humorous; light, easy reading. I worked all day Sunday and all night Sunday night, and about six o'clock Monday morning I collapsed across my typewriter in a kind of stupor, variegated with delirium; for in my mind I was still writing that story, although everything else about me had quit. My wife, who was the gamest person that ever lived, man or woman—and women are usually gamer than men when it comes down to brass tacks—got the janitor up and they lifted me into bed.

Then she sat down at the typewriter and wrote the last three thousand words of the story herself. I had talked it over with her. I can't tell to this day where my work stops on that stuff and hers begins. She took it to the Herald office and came back with a check. It was afternoon before I came out of whatever darned thing I was in, and the first thing I did was make for the typewriter. I didn't know how long I'd been out, nor how she'd been working over me.

"I finished the story and delivered it," said my wife.

"Did you keep it gay—the way he wanted it?" I asked her quite seriously.

"Yes, it's gay right to the end," she said; and she broke down a minute for one of the only half dozen times I ever saw her cry in the fourteen years we were married; and then we went down to the old Brevoort and had a swell dinner, and I worked my way outside a bottle of sparkling Burgundy.

This wasn't getting me any nearer that column, however. It was two or three years before I got it, although I never ceased to try for it. I worked at a variety of things and was usually busted. Not to go over that lean period in detail, I found myself one spring editing a magazine page in the New York Evening Sun. It was probably, in some respects, the worst magazine page ever published in New York City. I couldn't get hold of enough money from the proprietors to buy what I wanted. It blew up, as it deserved to do, and they set me to writing editorials for the Evening Sun. Then they gave me the short editorial paragraphs to do, as well as occasional longer editorials.

I saw my chance at last, and—I don't know how else to describe it—I stole that column when they weren't looking.

The editorial paragraphs in the Evening Sun had from time immemorial followed the editorials under a small separate headline: Notes and Comment. I deliberately wrote more Notes and Comment every day than they had ever had before and, after a few weeks, suggested that the Notes and Comment Department be lifted to another part of the page. Nobody kicked. When I had got the thing settled over on the right-hand corner of the page, under the cartoon, I wrote still more of them. Then I gradually began to run in more and more verse, more and more comment and features of an entirely different character. Before the editor and proprietors were aware of what was going on I had a column of my own.

But still it wasn't what I wanted. It was set in nonpareil type. It had this deadly dull headline over it, Notes and Comment. It had no signature. I ran it for ten months in that fashion and as far as I could make out nobody ever paid any attention to it. It didn't catch on at all. It was too solid looking, too unattractive typographically; I was not permitted to do stunts with it; I was obliged to make it conform more or less closely to the editorial policy of the paper itself. What I wanted was my own editorial policy.

One day the late George M. Smith became managing editor of the paper, and almost the first thing he did was give me the column I had been after so long, with a fixed spot on the editorial page every day, with an attractive heading, The Sun Dial, with a signature, and with permission to go as far as I liked in the way of personal expression—within the limits of good sense, of course. For several years he stood like a rock in protecting me in all my idiosyncrasies and experiments.

Whenever a writer makes a hit on some publication it will usually be found that there is some canny and forceful executive in the background encouraging him, supporting him, guiding him without his being altogether aware of it. George Smith knew exactly how to handle me; he always left me the feeling of perfect liberty. At the same time I was well aware that I couldn't put anything over on him, even if I had ever wanted to; he would have brought me up with a jolt that would have made my teeth rattle. In my professional career I have always had alternating periods of humility and vanity, self-depreciation and outrageous egotism. Sometimes I need encouragement badly; at other times I get so stuck on myself that I need—roughly speaking—a wallop on the nut to restore my sense of values; and I have always got plenty of both.

### *An Editor of the Elder School*

One of the dangers inherent in column writing is that a man, through the constant overpraise of friends and acquaintances, some of whom are sincere enough and not always judicious, and some of whom have axes of their own to grind, may get a terribly swelled head. The late Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the Sun—the morning paper, the old, real Sun of glorious memory, for which I never worked—perfectly understood this about columns and column writers. Although he was never one of my bosses, I knew him quite well and he was very kind to me. He thought I had some ability, but he thought it should have been directed toward editorial writing; and, beyond that, to the production of fiction. The easy praise a columnist gets, he used to tell me quite frankly, was bad for me; facile praise and facile production, he was afraid, were going to be my ruin. He wanted to see me doing better stuff and more serious stuff. It was his prediction that I would burn myself out doing ephemeral fluff, and then, when I finally wanted to do the more serious work which he was kind enough to think I might have in me, find that it was too late. Several times he offered me a job writing editorials on the morning paper, in an effort to reclaim me. Never, so long as he was the chief editorial authority on the Sun, would he have a signed personal column in that paper; he didn't like the idea of signatures in his paper; he didn't like the effect of the signature on the man. But I clung to my vanity and my signature; it took me years of column writing before I saw that Mr. Mitchell was absolutely right about it, at least where I was concerned, and that I should have been putting into fiction the same sort of energy and invention I was putting into newspaper columns.

He was a grand man—Mr. Mitchell—an editor to admire and a gentleman to revere; one of the elder school, with its finer traditions of journalism. But I always knew it would not do for me to work for him; he would, as my boss, speedily have become tired of the native flamboyance which is one of my most marketable assets as a popular writer—for, though he approved it in fiction, he thought it out of place in a newspaper—and I would have had to go away from there.

### *A Chance for a Grubstake*

When I first got the signed column I had so long been struggling for, I was ready for it. As I saw it coming nearer, I had written and saved up for it some of the best general stuff I could do; and the day I got it, I began slamming into it the stuff I had saved. The Sun Dial—that was George Smith's name and not my invention—caught on with the town almost from the first week. Before it had been running two months I began to get kindly letters about it from generous professional workers in New York with whom I was not personally acquainted—I remember, offhand, William Winter, the veteran dramatic editor of the Tribune; Robert Underwood Johnson, the editor of the Century; that versatile all-around genius, James Huneker; Bob Davis, the editor of Munsey's, and many others—men whose work and opinions I had admired and respected.

Within six months I was overwhelmed with requests for work from every magazine in New York, and I was foolish not to have done more of it. But I had been after that column for a long time, and now I had it and I was putting all my time and energy into it. When the tide finally does turn in New York it turns swiftly and with a rush. And whatever success I have had, I owe a great deal of it to the extraordinary generosity of other writers; they were always trying to help me. Here is one little incident: One day I met Harry Leon Wilson, the creator of Bunker Bean, Merton of the Movies, Ruggles of Red Gap, and other immortal characters, at the Players Club, and after we had played a game of pool together he said to me:

"Say, why don't you drop this newspaper column and write fiction entirely? You are wasting stuff in newspapers that should go into fiction."

"I can't stop to start," I said. "It would take me eight or ten months to get established as a fiction writer, and I need every week's salary."

"Any time," he said, "you want to stop to start, let me know. I'll always have a couple of thousand dollars at your disposal." And a couple of hours later he reiterated the offer. I should have taken him up, too; it would have saved me ten years of toil that exhausted me nervously. He was right, as Mr. Mitchell had been right

But for sheer generosity, can you beat it? He'd known me only an hour when he made the offer. And this generosity is common to editors and publishers as a rule; I have never got into a bad hole that some editor or publisher hasn't pulled me out of. The late Joseph Conrad told me one time that, during many lean years when his books were not profitable, his American publishers had, nevertheless, carried him along financially. This generosity was eventually justified in

# Just One Thing

© 1928 M. L. I. Co

*"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"*

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world —that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well —who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

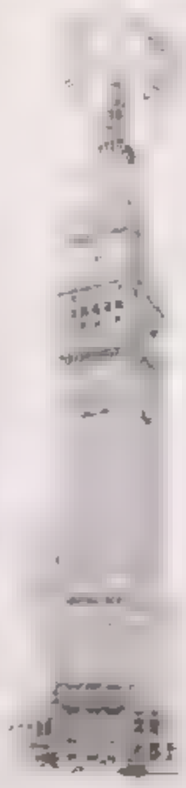
No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs from head to foot, showing nearly every part of the body.

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion.

It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to make use of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be given.



**So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.**

**To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.**

**The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-E. It will be mailed without charge.**

**HALEY FISKE, *President.***

*Published by*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
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*Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year*


a business way; nevertheless, the thing at the root of it was admiration for the great work of that great man.

These same publishers—Doubleday, Page and Co., the firm was then; it is now Doubleday, Doran and Co.—once invited me to a garden party at their plant on Long Island.

I wrote them that I didn't like to ride on Long Island trains, but if they'd send me enough money to buy an automobile I'd come. They sent it at once, and later it struck me I ought to own something besides a car, so I wired them to send me enough money to buy a house, which they did the next day. They gambled on some books I was going to write as soon as I could think up what they were to be about. George Doran, who recently combined forces with the Doubledays, is equally capable of these fine gestures.

I went into his office one day and said: "Mr. Doran, Christopher Morley and I are going to write a book together."

"Fine!" said he. "I'll publish it! It's all settled but signing the contract."

"That and the advance check," I said; "as there are two of us, we'll need twice the usual advance royalties." And within an hour, Mr. Morley and I went happily shopping together.

### *The Old-Soak Bonanza*

Considering how many editors and publishers are always advancing money to me, it remains the strangest and most unaccountable thing in the world to me that I should be broke so often, and I am being gradually forced to the conclusion that there must be something about finance that I don't understand. I love money, and at times I can make it. I will think maybe I've got quite a little jag of it, and then I go and ask the bank and they tell me I haven't got any at all. Money is like time; it never seems to want to hold still and settle down and be quiet in one spot. And time is baffling; one day I was thirty-five years old, and I went down to the corner to buy a package of cigarettes, and came back, and I was nearly fifty. In fifteen or twenty minutes more, I suppose I will be seventy-five, and still wondering what the world is all about and still hopefully thinking that maybe I'll write a masterpiece—next year. If I don't begin to get an inkling as to some of the things I've always wondered about by the time I'm ninety-five, I'm just simply going to give it up and quit trying. Yet I don't know whether one can let loose and quit trying; my grandfather lived to be ninety-six, and I can remember him saying not long before he died that he was still unsettled in his mind about two things: Predestination and why the Confederacy he was born in Virginia—hadn't won the Civil War.

Showmanship figures in everything. The difference between failure and success is frequently the difference between nonpareil type and brevier. Nobody had noticed the Notes and Comment, but The Sun Dial—with no better stuff in it, really—got across at once. A column must have plenty of white space, a challenging make-up, constant variation in typographical style; not only must it catch the eye but it must have points and corners and barbs that prick and stimulate the vision, a surface and a texture that intrigue and cling to and pull at the sight. Franklin P. Adams, of the New York World, is the master hand at this sort of thing. Heywood Broun, now on the New York Telegram, usually neglects it. I used to have spells when I was very careful about it, like Adams; then I would get bored with the trouble and neglect it, like Broun. But it should never be neglected. It advertises to people that here is quick and easy reading, and people like easy reading. They will even take a difficult thought if you wrap it up in easy reading for them.

I tried to get as much variety in the stuff itself as there was in its typographical presentation. So, besides the verse, paragraphs, sketches, fables and occasional serious expressions of opinion, I began to create characters through whom I might comment upon or satirize current phases of existence, or whom I might develop for the sheer pleasure of creation. A few of these characters became rather popular: Hermione, the Modern Young Woman, and her little group of serious thinkers; Captain Fitzurse, a would-be duelist at ninety-two, and an extravagant liar; Aunt Prudence Hecklebury, the ancient and indubitably virgin reformer; Fothergil Finch, the boy bard, and his nut friends; Archy, the literary cockroach; Mehitabel the Cat, a member of the oldest profession on earth; and Mr. Clem Hawley, the Old Soak, with his friends Al the Bartender, Jake Smith the Bootlegger, and so forth. The Old Soak was, for me, the luckiest find; I have got two or three books of prose and verse out of him, a dozen short stories, a play and a moving picture, and I discover even yet a certain public unwillingness to allow him to lapse into his ultimate alcoholic coma. Incidentally, he all but ruined my reputation. For a period of six years, after Lipton's closed, I never drank a drop; during that period the Old Soak was going strong in song and story, and it used to come back to me from every side that I was an old soak myself.

One thing that amuses columnists is the way they are confused with one another. If one of them says a good thing in print, it will as like as not be attributed to one of the others; I have been congratulated time and again for something that Franklin Adams has written, or Kit Morley, or Roy K. Moulton, or Heywood Broun; they, no doubt, have had the same experience with regard to one another and me. Of course, in the end, everything good that is said in New York is finally attributed to Irvin Cobb or Oliver Herford; and that is easy to understand, for they say more good things than anybody else.

This confusion of identity among columnists almost led to serious results for a nice old German woman who was cashier and manager of a barber shop which was in the Spruce Street side of the old Tribune building. I used frequently to go in there to get shaved when I was on the Sun. She conceived herself to be a kind of hostess and liked to converse with her guests; and often she tired one intolerably. She knew I was a columnist, but thought I was Franklin Adams—who never went in there, as far as I knew—and I let it go at that; she always called me Mr. Adams and I never corrected her.

One day Paul Thompson, the photographer, was in there when she called me Mr. Adams.

"See here," he said; "that isn't Mr. Adams. That is Mr. Roy Moulton."

### *The One and Only Columnist*

So she called me Mr. Moulton for six months. One day Clive Weed, the cartoonist, was there with me and heard her call me Mr. Moulton.

"That isn't Mr. Moulton," he said. "That is Mr. Heywood Broun."

She didn't speak to me for about three weeks, but she would look at me darkly when I came in, with something unexpressed moving in her mind. And then one day she said:

"Why are you sometimes one of them and sometimes another?"

"I am always all of them," I said. "In one paper I sign myself F. P. A.; in another, Heywood Broun; and in another, Roy K. Moulton."

She went and sat down and thought. Every time I saw her for two months thereafter she was still slowly thinking. In the spring of 1916 she asked me:

"You draw pictures for the papers too? Yes?"

"For all of them," I said. "Sometimes I sign them Goldberg, and sometimes I sign them Tad, and sometimes Briggs, and sometimes Webster. I draw all of them."

"It should keep you busy—all these newspaper writings and drawings. No?"

"Yes and no," I said.

(Continued on Page 62)

THE CARRIAGE OF LOUIS XIV . . KNOWN AS THE FINEST TRANSPORTATION OF HIS DAY

**The finest car that money can buy**
**The finest transportation of today**

STEARNS-KNIGHT SALES CORPORATION . . CLEVELAND

# STEARNS-KNIGHT

(Continued from Page 60)

She thought that over until the autumn of 1916. And then one day she said: "And what do you think of the war now? Eh?"

I didn't want to converse that day, so I said: "What war?"

"What war?" she cried. "Gott! He asks me what war! Two years it has been going on, and he yet asks what war! Gott! Why, the war! The war! The war in the newspapers!"

"I hadn't heard of it," I said. "I have been so busy writing and drawing that I never read the news."

And then the thing took a turn that made me ashamed of myself. The poor soul said: "I wish to tell you one thing, mister: I cannot believe that you have not heard of the war—not for a minute can I believe that! And thinking about everyone you are, and all these newspapers, hurts my head in the same place where I fell off a street car on it!"

I saw then that I had been cruel, and I straightened out her mental confusion for her and we became very good friends. For months she told me twice or thrice a week all about her head, and it was a great comfort to her to have anybody listen, and seemed to relieve her.

During 1915 and 1916 I got scores of letters from German sympathizers, who used to threaten to bump me off if I didn't quit writing against the godly Kaiser and his noble cohorts, and from not a few persons who called themselves pacifists. I lost my neutrality, early and often, in spite of President Wilson's fervid appeals for no American to take sides in thought, word or deed. The only difference I could see between the pacifists and the pro-Germans was that the former merely intimated that I ought to be suppressed, while the latter promised to call some day soon and do it with their own fair hands. After the letters that were written to me in those years, nobody can really hurt my feelings about anything. These abusive and threatening letters got to be a matter of almost daily routine; I got accustomed to them; and yet, at times, I used to think that maybe some crazy nut might take a notion to do something more than threaten. A secret-service man told me I was one of about thirty writers whom the pro-Germans were trying to intimidate into silence at that time, with no success whatever in any one instance. It was a deliberately planned policy, but a very stupid one.

It was during the war that I had the dubious distinction of losing the only bit of verse the late Theodore Roosevelt was ever known to have written. He was writing for a New York magazine at the time, and he appended the verse in his own handwriting to a dictated letter—a rather jolly little jingle chiming in with some topic that was running in the column. I didn't know whether it was for my private consumption or whether he meant for me to print it. I asked him and he said to go ahead and print it. But by that time it had got mixed with the pile of contributions on one of my desks and was lost forever.

### Too Many Encores

I had two desks at the Sun office, one at my home, and three in a garret in Brooklyn, and they were always so piled up with letters and offerings from contributors that I couldn't write on any of them. There are, of course, favored and preferred contributors to whose work one pays immediate attention. But for the most part it is absolutely impossible for a daily columnist to answer all his mail and at the same time do any writing. I quit trying after a year.

Too many contributions, no matter how good they are, can take the tone of a column out of the columnist's hands if he isn't careful. But they are a great temptation when one wants a day off. I used to have another device when I felt that without twenty-four hours' relief from the grind I would perish. I had a poem exactly one column long, called Noah an' Jonah and Cap'n John Smith, which people were forever asking me to reprint. But when I wanted a day off, whether I had any current request or not, I used to put it in with the line above it: Reprinted by Request. One summer I must have taken a little more than the traffic would bear, for I got a note from George Smith, with the poem clipped and attached, as follows:

*Dear Marquis:* The next time you reprint this particular poem by request, won't you please be sure that the request is quite overwhelming? G. M. S.

### Perfect Accord

Mr. Smith always had my number. He really ran the Evening Sun; he was a managing editor who managed. He protected me from all sorts of interference. William C. Reick was the owner of the paper when Mr. Smith went on as managing editor. Mr. Reick was always a little doubtful about me; he had a feeling that I was helping to make circulation for the paper, but he never quite knew why. Every now and then he would get vaguely alarmed at some of my propensities and speak to me about it, whereupon Mr. Smith would say to him, "I think we'd better let Marquis do about what he pleases with his department."

Later Frank A. Munsey bought the paper and there was a period under Mr. Munsey's ownership during which Mr. Reick was the managing editor, Mr. Smith having gone to the Tribune. Mr. Munsey used to get a little uneasy also at some of the stuff which I wrote, and I remember one session where Mr. Reick repeated to Mr. Munsey the phrase which George Smith had handed to him: "I think we've got to let Marquis do about as he pleases with his department."

I have always had a great deal of sympathy for the owners of newspapers. They seem to have so much difficulty getting into their papers exactly what they want. I never knew one who quite succeeded, and who did not at one time or another speak rather plaintively about it.

When George Smith left the Sun, I wanted to leave, too, but I had a contract that ran three years, and couldn't. Mr. Munsey and I had several slight divergences of opinion, and there was once or twice he really should have fired me for the sake of discipline; but as soon as he perceived that I would rather leave the paper than not we became very good friends. He used to get letters now and then demanding that I be hanged from the yardarm, and once he sent for me and said: "Well, here are some more people, Mr. Marquis, who think you should be discharged."

"They're right, too, Mr. Munsey," I said. "If we could only convince you now, I could go away from here."

It used to bother him that he could never find me about the Sun office at the infrequent times when he had something to say to me. I had found, after running a column about five years, that I could get more work done by not coming to the newspaper office every day, because so many persons always try to visit a columnist if they can corner him. Mr. Munsey had a theory, quite tenable from several points of view, that an employe should frequently appear at the office where he is supposed to be employed; in fact, if he could have put it over, I would have been there every day from nine in the morning until five in the evening. He sent for me one day and said:

"I've been trying to get hold of you for nearly a week."

"What for, Mr. Munsey?" I asked him. "To discuss starting a column in the morning paper?"

"In order," he said, "to find out why you are never here. Everybody else on the staff gets here in the morning and does a day's work in office hours and leaves in the evening, and I don't see why you shouldn't."

"The office hours on the Evening Sun," I said, "are not long enough for me to do a day's work in. I'm ashamed to have people generally know how many hours of intense labor I put in on that column of mine. There's verse, for instance. You haven't any conception how long it takes a conscientious poet such as I am to write a single sonnet."

"How long does it take?" asked Mr. Munsey seriously.

I unfolded the current copy of the Evening Sun, in which I was then running a humorous series entitled: Sonnets to a Red-Haired Lady.

"That first sonnet," I told him, "has taken me ten years to bring to its present state of absolute perfection. I'd like to have you read it."

Mr. Munsey read it. He knew as much about sonnets as I did about high finance—which is nothing. He said it struck him as a pretty good sonnet.

"It is one of the world's great sonnets," I told him. "Ten years ago I wrote the first line, and it didn't suit me and I tore it up. I worked seven or eight months getting it just right. I had to rewrite the second line twenty times in twenty months to make it the absolutely perfect thing it is. After that there were two years when I made hardly any progress at all, and then five years when things went along more rapidly and swimmingly. And the last six lines came with a rush, all in one year. But if I had put in the ten years on novels and short stories that I have put in on this sonnet I would have made two hundred thousand dollars. I don't mean to say that all my sonnets take that long; some of them I can write in a week. But the point is that I couldn't put in the intense, prolonged inspirational work on my column in the few brief hours each day the Evening Sun allows me. I have to start at six every morning and work until midnight."

After that he never said anything more about office hours, but he would send for me from time to time and say, with every outward appearance of seriousness:

"How is your health, Mr. Marquis?"

"Very good indeed," I would tell him.

"You must be careful," he would say. "You must watch yourself; you must not overwork."

Mr. Munsey was popularly supposed not to have any sense of humor whatever, but he really had a remote, deep, quiet appreciation of little comedy sketches of this nature.

His exterior was rather expressionless and he was usually misunderstood, frequently in the most unjust way; often when he was trying to be pleasantly jocular, in a dry manner, things took a turn against him. I was going up in the elevator with him one day, at 280 Broadway, and told the man to let me off at the second floor. The man understood me to say seventh floor, and ran past the second; I had him take me back.

### Mr. Munsey's Little Joke

Mr. Munsey said, with impressive solemnity: "Mr. Marquis, it is not the elevator man's fault that he ran past the second floor; it is your own, because your utterance was so indistinct that he could not understand you. I shall have to charge you for the unnecessary wear and tear on the machinery, the unnecessary use of power, the loss of the elevator man's time, and the loss of your own time away from your desk." There were five gaping fools in the car who did not have the sense to see that he was joking, and these morons repeated it as an example of petty tyranny.

Even when the poor man died, leaving I don't know how many millions to the Metropolitan Museum, parts of his will were subjected to criticism. I remember being at a large confused dinner party one evening shortly after the terms of his will were published, when the subject came up.

The lady whom I had taken in to dinner, and whose name I hadn't caught distinctly, did not join in the criticism, but spoke in warm appreciation of him. She turned to me a little later and said:

"That donation to the Metropolitan was a wonderful thing for Mr. Munsey to do. But the terms of it have been making a little difficulty for me." She explained that she was on some committee charged with the job of collecting money for the Metropolitan, but since the papers had published the news of his magnificent gift some of the regular yearly donors felt relieved of the necessity of contributing because of it. They didn't understand that it wasn't all to come to the Metropolitan at once in a lump: that it would be some time before its full benefits would be felt.

"Leave it all to me," I said easily, for I never know what to talk about at dinner parties and grab at any subject. "I'll get the Metropolitan all the money it wants."

"I thought you were some sort of writer," she said, looking puzzled.

"Writing a column was a fad of mine for a while," I said, "but nothing more than a fad. I used to dictate a column every morning to one of my secretaries while I was shaving. My real interests are financial oil, railroads, rubber, real estate, mines, insurance companies—all that sort of thing. I'll fix up some scheme so the Metropolitan won't have to worry or wait."

"Really?" she said.

### The Column Falls

"Surely," I rejoined. And outlined a plan which flashed into my head just like that! whereby the Metropolitan could get the entire benefit of Mr. Munsey's gift even before they got the gift itself.

"If you like," I said, "I'll give you an introduction to my own banker, which will get you all the credit you want."

I was just about to go on and tell the lady that she could do a good deal worse than put all her own business affairs into my hands, when I caught sight of the place card by her plate and ceased to give financial advice, perceiving that it was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. To this day the Metropolitan Museum people have never consulted me about finance, and I don't even know how they made out with regard to Mr. Munsey's millions. I had a perfectly good plan for them too. The late President Wilson never paid any attention to me, either, when I used to write articles telling him how to run the Government. Theodore Roosevelt was the only President who ever listened to me, and even he never acted on any of the advice I gave him. These are the things that make a columnist wonder whether it wouldn't be better to be serious all the time, if he ever wants to be taken seriously at all.

Mr. Munsey twice offered to make me editor of the Evening Sun, but I didn't want office hours or steady responsibility. After I left the paper he very generously gave me back the copyrights to all the matter I had printed in the Evening Sun in ten years. He was always more than liberal with me. I intended to dedicate a book to him, but he died before I got around to it. From the Sun I went to the Tribune, but before I did so I took a six weeks' vacation and wrote as much good stuff as I could, so as to start in on the Tribune with a smash. They syndicated my stuff to twenty papers throughout the country, eight or ten being papers of the first importance. For two years and a half, on the Tribune, I did better stuff than I'd ever done before.

Then I struck a spell where I couldn't go on. I told the editor and proprietors. They were very liberal; they offered me as long a rest as, and any assistance, I wanted. I was nervously ill; it became an obsession with me that I must quit or die. I got to seeing that column as a grave, twenty-three inches long, into which I buried a part of myself every day a part that I tore, raw and bleeding, from my brain. It became a nightmare. Finally Mr. Ogden Reid, the proprietor of the Tribune, seeing that I really couldn't go on, and was not just being stubborn about it, very kindly canceled my contract, which still had three years to run, and I went away from there.

Within two months I wanted to do a column again, and was able to, and I've had to fight against the craving ever since. But it grows less with time—and never will I yield, so help me! I shall be firm till the end comes and I go away from here forever.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Marquis.

*On Colonel Lindbergh's recommendation, an order has already been placed for ten all-metal tri-motored Ford planes*

# *The* Iron Horse grows wings

**COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH** *has been appointed Consulting Aeronautical Engineer to the Pennsylvania Railroad. He will choose the types of aeroplanes to be used, select the air routes, and pass on the qualifications of all air-pilots appointed.*

*A rail-and-air passenger service from New York, Philadelphia and other cities to St. Paul and Minneapolis was inaugurated September 1st. This was brought about through participation of the Pennsylvania Railroad with the Northwest Airways, Inc., and the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.*

*Active preparation for launching a 48-hour coast-to-coast passenger service by rail and air has been effected by the Pennsylvania Railroad through its part in the formation of the Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.*

IN these developments of rail-and-air travel, the Pennsylvania is giving primary attention to maximum safety and comfort.

The planes on order will be all-metal and tri-motored; each motor of 400 horse power. "Intensive tests show that the planes fly efficiently on two motors and can be sustained in the air by one." Veteran pilots will be in charge. Special provisions will be made for getting the latest weather reports. There will be emergency landing fields at frequent intervals along the carefully prepared routes.

Comfort is not forgotten. On the 48-hour coast-to-coast flight, the passenger from New York, Philadelphia or other eastern cities, will travel overnight to Columbus on The American, one of the Pennsylvania's de luxe trains.

Next morning after breakfast he takes an easy-chair in a twelve-passenger plane. There will be a pause for lunch at St. Louis; a second stop—and chance to stretch legs—at Kansas City. Another few hours of flight and he takes an evening Santa Fe train at Dodge City, Kansas.

Next morning, at Las Vegas, New Mexico, he boards another big plane. He glides down to Los Angeles, late that afternoon, approximately 48 hours after he left New York.

• • •

In view of these varied developments, friends of the Pennsylvania will recall the words of George B. Roberts, former president of this railroad, when he said, thirty-six years ago:

"The moment that this Company forgets that its duty is to be at the head of the list of the carrying companies in the United States, and ceases to have the ambition to become the first in the world, that moment do I wish to pass from its management."

# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

*Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America*

# World Famous
# Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes
## *now made in* three *different shapes*

LEADING dentists and periodontists (gum specialists) were consulted before these three new Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes were designed. Clinical tests were made. Forty years of manufacturing skill were called on.

In the light of modern dental science, they are the best brushes that Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company has produced. But the price remains at 50 cents.

One of these three Pro-phy-lac-tics is exactly right for you. You'll find it easy to choose—you'll find it easy to use. You'll wonder how you ever got along with just any kind of brush.

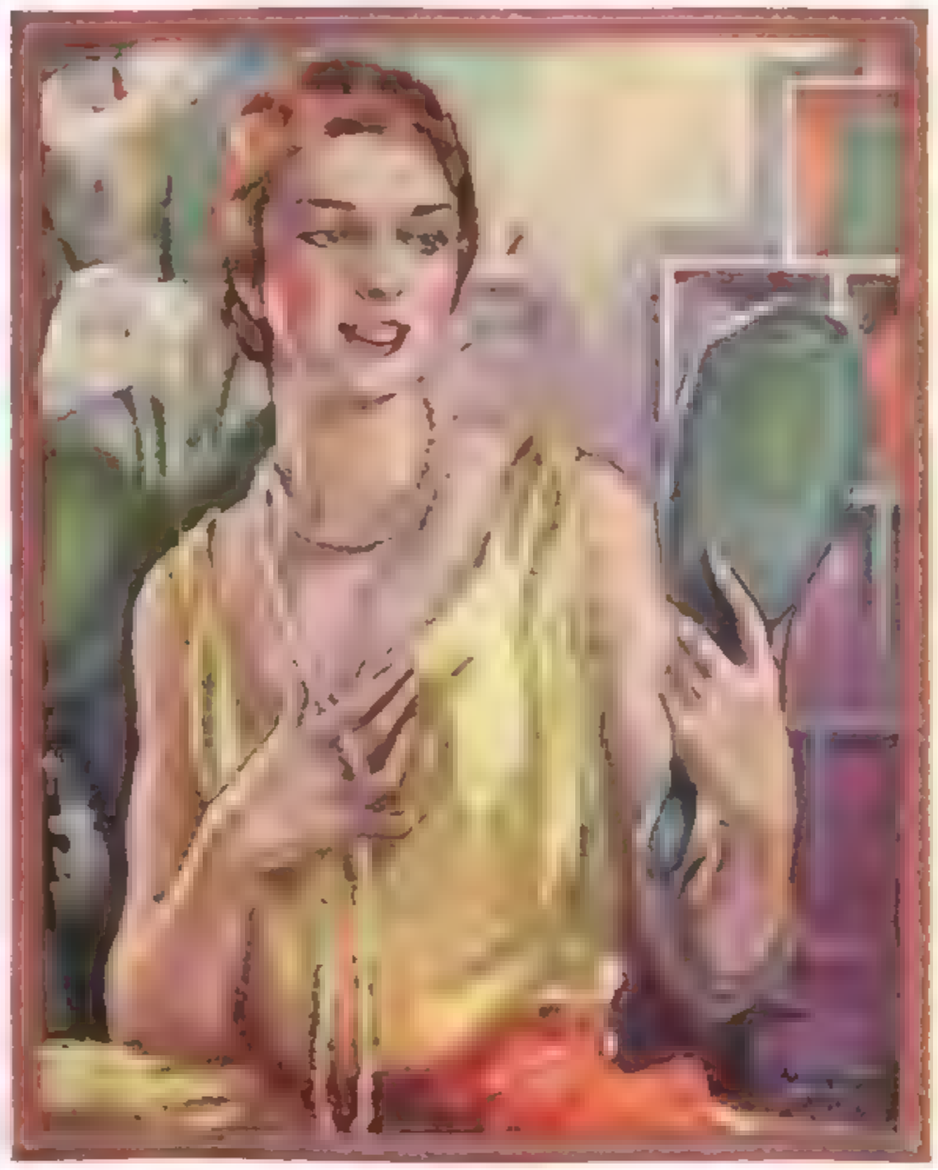
You can get the very color you like too—red, green, lemon, orange, mulberry, and white. Each colored handle is transparent, super-polished, extra-strong.

Bristles are the best for brushing that money can buy—a special blend called "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle," anchored securely to the brush handle.

Just look for the world-famous yellow box . . . At all drug stores.

### *Only Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes can have this quality bristle*

For over forty years this business has been one of the world's largest buyers of fine brushing bristle. A special grade, the very finest grade of springy, lively tooth-brush bristle, has come to be known as "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" because this was the kind our bristle-buyers sought out and demanded. We buy all the "Pro-phy-lac-tic Bristle" that is produced, for use exclusively in Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Mass., U. S. A. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co. (Canada), Ltd., Montreal.



*Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Most dental arches are full-formed and require this type of brush.

*Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic*—For teeth and gums that call for special care. Massages as it cleans.

*Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic*—Scientifically designed for small, more sharply oval dental arch.

*Look for the yellow box when you buy Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes. It bears the Pro-phy-lac-tic guarantee of complete satisfaction—or a new brush FREE!*

## *Extra care without extra effort*

MILLIONS are discovering this sure way to healthier teeth and gums. They spend no extra time in brushing. They pay no more for brushes. But they've stopped letting chance choose their tooth brushes.

Instead they let their mirror tell them what type of dental arch (teeth and gums) they have. A large dental arch, indicated by a full-formed face and mouth, and the Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is the choice. Smaller, more sharply oval features and arch call for a smaller brush, the Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic. But if gums are tender, these wise ones choose the new Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic. This brush suits both large and small arch. And—it massages the gums as it cleans the teeth.

Make the simple mirror test. Then choose and use the Pro-phy-lac-tic designed for your specific dental needs.

**Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes**

**different in shape and size . . . . . alike in quality**

# ALMOST COZY

(Continued from Page 9)

Haynes girls were back from Europe. . . . But there hadn't been any too much rain ——

After dinner there was coffee on the terrace, and Mr. Bannister Cheek joined them. They heard the blast of a horn at the turn of the hill, a roar, a whirling of great tires over gravel, and a laugh—a girl's laugh, young and fresh and vital as the dawn. Gypsy, wrapped in a Spanish shawl, stirred in her long chair and sighed, but she said nothing.

"Really, Gypsy," said pretty Mrs. Henderson in some dismay, "are we to have Felice Drew so soon again?"

"Felice is all right," said Gypsy.

"She will want to play football or to wade in the pool or to pet with someone," said Mrs. Henderson helplessly.

"Felice is all right," said Gypsy.

"Felice is messy. I hesitate to think," said Mrs. Henderson, "what Felice may do to Arch."

There was a pause. Then Gypsy spoke. "Who is Arch?" she asked clearly.

"Why, Arch is here on the wall under the apple tree. . . . Fancy, Arch, Gypsy not knowing your name!" A certain grimness, a tension in the air had reached even pleasant Mrs. Henderson.

"Yes, ma'am. Names don't matter," said Arch.

"But they do matter. They matter terribly," flared Gypsy like a torch. "I am going to marry one."

"The name?" asked Arch, leaning at ease against the apple tree.

"Particularly the name," said Gypsy. "In marriage one thinks of one's children and of keeping to one's class and of—of ——"

"Honegger or Erik Satie or Debussy," interrupted Mr. Henderson's nephew. "Bunk. In marriage one thinks of love."

Mr. Bannister Cheek, Jr., was a young man with a stiff, tight collar and a stiff, tight, unforgiving upper lip. He looked Mr. Henderson's nephew up and down with his pale eyes, and nodded curtly and dismissed him. He drew up a straight chair beside Gypsy's long one and sat down upon it uncomfortably, incorruptibly, and drank his coffee. He did not loll or relax or speak to anyone but Gypsy.

"Saw Simmons today," said Mr. B. Cheek to Gypsy.

Gypsy stirred, wriggled her toes, tingled all over with nerves just beneath her skin.

"Saw Simmons today," repeated B. Cheek to Gypsy. "Simmons says the greens have burned up, and if Simmons says the greens have burned up, you can believe that they have burned up. You can believe Simmons utterly," added Mr. Cheek.

"Gypsy," said Mrs. Henderson in some dismay, "Felice is walking on the wall. She will fall off in the dark and kill herself."

"Felice is all right," said Gypsy.

"Oo—oo!" screamed Felice at the moment. "I've run into something big and mysterious. Oo! Tweeds! In the evening! Oo! Curls! Nobody I know wears curls or tweeds in the evening. It must be a tramp."

"It's Mr. Henderson's nephew," explained Mrs. Henderson weakly.

"Oo—oo!" screamed Felice. "I am falling off the wall! One of my legs has gone off and the other is going! I've lost my silver slipper! Oo! Catch me, somebody!" A scramble, a laugh, an interval, a long silence. Gypsy stirred in her chair. Mrs. Henderson, in some dudgeon, gathered up her lace scarf and went into the house. A sigh. The moon was coming up.

"Gosh, but you're strong," said Felice. "It's nice on this wall. Are you married?"

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Henderson's nephew.

"Oo—oo! He says, 'No, ma'am.' I've never heard anyone say 'No, ma'am' before. . . . Gypsy, have you heard him say 'No, ma'am'?"

"He has only said 'Yes, ma'am' to me," said Gypsy.

"Oh, do you like Gypsy better?" pouted Felice. "I am awfully pretty, too, and I am much more agreeable. I enjoy things. I am the only person I know who enjoys things at all. I am not restrained."

"No, ma'am," said Mr. Henderson's nephew.

"Saw Griggs today," said Mr. B. Cheek to Gypsy, "and Griggs says one can pick up the Lansing place for a song."

"Who dropped it?" asked Gypsy.

"Who dropped it? Lansing, I suppose," said Mr. Cheek in some surprise. "Griggs says it can be picked up for a dirty two hundred thousand, and if Griggs says so ——"

"You can believe the greens have burned up," said Gypsy.

"Don't be absurd," said B. Cheek stiffly. "Are you trying to quarrel?"

"Oo—oo! They're going to quarrel," confided Felice clearly from her wall.

"Arch," called Mr. Henderson peremptorily from the doorway, "come on in."

"Oo—oo!" squealed Felice. "He's trying to get you away from me! Mrs. Henderson went in and sent him out here. They think I'm dangerous for you."

"No, ma'am, they don't," said Arch politely. "I've got to sign some papers, ma'am ——"

"Oh," said Felice thoughtfully. "Are you richer than B. Cheek? You're much better-looking."

"Eastern girls don't think about the man himself," said Arch. "They think of his name and of his class and of their children ——"

"I haven't any children," said Felice, outraged, "and if I had I wouldn't think about them. I'd engage a good nurse."

"Arch?" called Mr. Henderson.

"Yes, J. H.," said Arch. "Coming, sir. It's been a pleasure to meet you, ma'am."

He stopped briefly beside Gypsy's long chair as he passed it and stood for an instant looking down. The moon had come up and looked down with him, smiling, but Arch Henderson did not smile. Even in the cool moonlight his eyes were hot. Gypsy, at a disadvantage in her long chair, stirred to get to her feet and face him, but thought better of it. She reached out and put her hand on Bannister's arm. And Mr. Henderson's nephew went into the house.

"Why are you pulling at my arm?" asked Bannister, incensed and bewildered. "And why do you have that chap hanging about?"

There was a pause.

"I'm tired, Ban," said Gypsy. "Give me a week."

She lay still in her long chair after they had gone, looking at the moon and the shadowy Italian garden, and thinking her thoughts. She could remember one time when she had been cozy. It was before her father had died, before their crash, when she was quite a little girl. She and her mother had been coming home from Banff together—just she and her mother—no maids, no nurses, no anyone—just she and her mother. They had walked down to the station from the hotel, hand in hand, and had stopped at a tea shop and had bought some little rolls and cakes of chocolate and fruit. It must have been in the late summer—September—for there was snow on the mountains and the sky was gray and it was cold.

But the compartment was warm. Her mother had pulled down the shades and had taken off Gypsy's shoes and stockings, and had rubbed her cold little bare feet and had wrapped her up in a padded-silk dressing gown. Her mother had kissed her. And they had eaten their rolls and their cakes of chocolate and their fruit. They had made jokes and laughed, and it had been wonderful. It had been so cozy.

When their crash came, they had sold Journey's End and had moved into a hotel, but that hadn't been cozy. And the schools Gypsy had gone to had always been bleak, especially the one at Montreux. The girls had shivered together and had piled wood into their porcelain stoves. But her mother had written regularly. Her mother had been a hostess at a hotel. Gypsy had hardly been able to wait until she could grow up and go to work at something both noble and lucrative—manicuring or typing or teaching Greek roots or running a coffee shop. By eighteen she was forced to decide that teaching Greek roots was out, because before one can teach Greek roots one has to learn them, but she had lain awake at night planning her coffee shop. It would be cozy. The coffee would be hot and strong and the milk would be sizzling and bubbling, and she would specialize on crumpets, and there would be an open fire. People would come into her coffee shop dripping and chilled and discouraged, and would go forth Alexanders looking for new worlds. And some day she and her mother might have a little house together in the country, a little white colonial house with hooked rugs and ladder-back chairs—just she and her mother—no maids, no husbands, no anyone—just she and her mother. And then her mother had cabled that she was married to Mr. Henderson and that he had bought back Journey's End.

It grew cold on the terrace. The moon grew cold. Gypsy grew cold. Beneath her thoughts, almost submerged by them, had been her strained listening for the organ, but the organ was still. No one had come to call her in. Long ago she had established her independence of will, of action, her impatience of restraint, her need of nobody. Mrs. Henderson would be playing cribbage with Mr. Henderson. Quite happily. Gypsy decided once again that she was a singularly fortunate girl—a Gower about to be married to a Cheek, guinea hen for dinner, thirty period rooms behind her, the Cheek diamond ablaze on her slim third finger, no one to call her in, but everyone in the house a-prickle because of her, on edge, on tiptoe—her mother because of her anxiety to keep everything pleasant, Mr. Henderson because of his devotion to Mrs. Henderson, poor Mortimer because of dust along a picture frame, and Mr. Henderson's nephew —— Reaching in her thoughts Mr. Henderson's nephew, Gypsy rose up and went into the house. At the stairhead she met him.

There was the pause with which shock troops meet in conflict. Then Gypsy spoke.

"I beg your pardon," she said abruptly. "I thought you were stupid. It was my mistake ——"

"Yes, ma'am," said Arch.

"Are you going to play The Lost Chord throughout the week?" asked Gypsy.

"Yes, ma'am, I think I am," said Arch mildly.

"Why?"

"I like it."

"But I don't like it."

"It'll grow on you," said Arch.

"It won't grow on me," said Gypsy. "It's simply mawkish music. When I hear it I want to scream."

"Scream then," said Arch. "Screaming'd do you a lot of good, ma'am."

"Of course," said Gypsy thoughtfully, "if I wished to be really childish in my methods I could have the power turned off in the organ."

"I've got a little mouth organ with me," said Arch.

Gypsy paled. Even her lips went white. "How unsportsmanlike," she said breathlessly, "to find one's weak spot and—and tunnel into it."

"You have to reach the casing of a blazing gusher, ma'am," said Arch gravely, "before you can shut it off."

That night Gypsy did not try to sleep. She propped herself up on a row of lace-bordered little baby pillows and stared ahead into the dark. She caught herself back from the edge of sleep now and then to listen for the organ, although she knew that at three o'clock in the morning this was absurd.

Long ago Gypsy had promised to go to Mary Andrews' for the week, but now she wouldn't go. The Gowers did not run away. She hadn't really wanted to go to Mary Andrews', and she hadn't really wanted to stay at home. Staring into the darkness, Gypsy realized fully for the first time that her life was made up of doing things she didn't want to do, going to places she didn't want to go to, seeing people she didn't want to see, hearing things she didn't want to hear. She didn't want to hear Felice Drew scream ever again. She didn't want to see dust along a picture frame. She didn't want to feel the tension when her mother looked quickly, appealingly, at her and then quickly, appealingly, at Mr. Henderson. She didn't want to live in a great, chilly, Italian house. She didn't really want a black-marble tub. She didn't want to be a drone and a sybarite and a martinet and a nuisance, but her mother had held up her hands in dismay at the suggestion of a coffee shop.

Her mother had said that Mr. Henderson would be distressed, rebuffed, that people would talk, that it would be in the papers, that it had been partly for Gypsy that she had married at all. Her mother had cried, and never in all her life had Gypsy been able to bear having her mother cry. And when Gypsy came to think of it, she found that she didn't really want a coffee shop much after all. So she had decided to marry Bannister. She didn't want very much to marry Bannister. She didn't like his hands. They were predatory, chilly, Cheek hands. She didn't like to have Bannister run his hand under her chin and tilt up her face and kiss her. It was like kissing someone through glass. But with Bannister she was glad the glass was there.

She woke at noon to find a note from her mother beside the glass of orange juice on her tray.

"Darling," her mother had scrawled in haste. "Someone has died in Chicago and we go in somebody's private car. Wearing my gray Callot, suitable for half mourning. Use my face cream and don't frown. Last night I saw a wrinkle."

Gypsy was stretched out in her long chair on the terrace late that afternoon when Mr. Henderson's nephew, bareheaded and in riding clothes, came up the steps. He looked well in his riding clothes. He was big and brown and broad-shouldered, and his nose was all right.

"Good afternoon," said Gypsy.

"Oh, hello," said Arch, and the conversation ceased. He sat down on the wall under the apple tree. Gypsy looked at a cloud.

"I haven't heard The Lost Chord today," said Gypsy idly.

"That's so. I've been too busy. Got the folks off this morning. Rode this afternoon."

"Alone?"

"No. With that girl—last night—what's her name? Felice?"

"Felice is all right," said Gypsy.

"You bet," said Mr. Henderson's nephew. He sat on his wall and smoked. Gypsy looked at her cloud. "Tired?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Gypsy drearily. "My bones ache."

"Just how old are you?"

"Twenty-two," said Gypsy, "but I dance a lot. I play merrily about."

"I missed you the other time I came to New York. Where were you?"

"How should I know? Maybe in Florida—England. I visit a lot."

"You weren't at the wedding."

"No," said Gypsy.

This time the pause was shorter. He got off his wall and pitched away his cigarette. "I'm going to town," he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Nothing."

(Continued on Page 67)

# LEADERSHIP

## *In Style -- Quality -- Wear*

*A. L.—in two-tone black and silver gray, with clock. Richly conservative—and extremely popular*

Hawkeye—*a sock with the quiet originality of design which is the choice of well-dressed men today*

Granite—*most interesting, this plaid of contrasting grays—and in perfect key with latest-style trends*

Lone Star—*a beautiful two-tone effect with knit-in clock. One of Realsilk's finest*

Canyon—*a beautiful combination of pattern and colors. Smart to the last degree*

## *has made* REALSILK *socks famous the world over*

THE new year finds carefully dressed men insisting on two points in their selection of socks—originality of design *and conservatism.*

Rich but subdued colors, unusual but quiet designs—these still have the call.

Realsilk's leadership in these style trends is illustrated by the five outstanding patterns shown above.

These are Realsilk Super-Service silk socks—typical of the great variety of patterns and colors offered by Realsilk in silks, wools, silk-and-wools, lisles.

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Each sole is doubly reinforced. Toes and heels are doubly strengthened with special processed lisle. There are *two* thicknesses of garter band.

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We urge you to inspect this new line of Realsilk socks, to examine them carefully at your leisure—at home or in your office. They are never sold in stores.

If you are not being called on regularly by one of our Representatives, we suggest that you telephone the Realsilk Office in your town for an appointment—without obligation on your part. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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THE NEW

# REALSILK

SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

(Continued from Page 65)

"No lover tonight? No Cheek?"

"No."

"You poor thing," said Arch, his hands in his pockets, looking down at her in her long chair.

"I'm not a poor thing. I'm all right."

"You're all wrong. . . . How about coming in to town with me?"

"What to do there?"

"Just dinner and a show."

"I'm too tired to dress."

He stared. "But you are dressed," he said.

Gypsy looked up at him and her eyes crinkled. What a simpleton! "I've seen all the shows and eaten all the dinners," she said, but she was balancing it idly, and he knew that she was. He clinched his hands suddenly, violently, in his pockets. Turning away from her abruptly, he walked back to his wall.

They drove in together in Gypsy's roadster—that is, Arch drove and Gypsy sank back into her corner. He let her alone in her corner. He didn't object when she took off her hat and let her hair blow. So far as he was concerned, Gypsy might not have been there at all.

"What do you do in Texas?" she asked suddenly.

He came back to her with a start. He looked at her and then away from her.

"Work," he said. "Play. Love."

"So usual," sighed Gypsy. "I thought—hoped—that Texas might be different."

"Why should you have hoped that Texas might be different?" he asked curiously.

But Gypsy shrugged and that ended it. He didn't pursue it or insist. They had their dinner and their show. On the way home it rained.

"Do you want the top up?" he asked.

"No," said Gypsy. "I like it."

"Then put on your hat."

"No," said Gypsy. "I like it."

Mr. Henderson's nephew stopped the car. Fumbling about in the dark, he found Gypsy's hat. He lifted Gypsy's feet off her hat and dusted off her hat and put it on her head and pulled it down over her ears. Zank—jerk. Gypsy was quite eclipsed by her hat.

"Stand up," said Arch.

"I'm all right," said Gypsy, vaguely pushing up her hat.

"You're all wrong. You're spoiled and stubborn and high-handed. Just by looking at people you freeze their blood. I feel sorry for J. H. I feel sorry for your mother—good-natured, inoffensive, easy-going people ——"

"Go ahead," said Gypsy sweetly. "Don't stop. Who else do you feel sorry for? Bannister?"

"Bannister at birth," said Mr. Henderson's nephew, "was the original, gold-medal, goggle-eyed effigy infant of the world. I won't sit in the rain and talk about Bannister. Bannister is a bore. Stand up."

She sat. She hummed a little tune, and her tune was a bit of The Lost Chord. But Arch didn't listen to Gypsy's tune. Zank—jerk. He had Gypsy on her feet and stuffed into her raincoat and buttoned up smartly in it to her chin. Then he wrapped her up in the rug. He held down her protesting arms and wrapped her up like a sausage, and because she was by now quite helpless, he lowered her into her seat. And he banged her hat down over her ears again for good measure.

Stuffed into her sausage, Gypsy sat in her corner and let the rain pour down. It poured down over her hat and over her nose, and once, when she opened her mouth to sneeze, some drops ran into her mouth. The drops were salt. So Gypsy knew that she was crying.

When they reached home she went suddenly up the staircase, and he disappeared into the dark depths of the house. He hadn't bothered to say good night, thought Gypsy drearily, letting her raincoat drip on her bathroom floor, getting into her fur-lined slippers, her warmest quilted-satin dressing gown, tying the silk cord about her with cold, nervous, shaking little fingers, getting it into a knot. Gypsy's bones were aching pretty badly, and where her heart should have been, there seemed to be a hole. And then there came a knock at her door—a peremptory, masculine knock—and her heart must have been there, after all, for it distinctly stirred. Gypsy could feel it, stirring, pounding.

"Hot milk!" called a peremptory, masculine voice through the door. "Put you to sleep."

He had it on a tray when Gypsy opened the door. He had it in a stout, covered chocolate pot of majolica, with a majolica bowl to pour it into. He had some little biscuits and a salt spoon of salt and a fringed kitchen napkin. When Gypsy lifted the cover off the majolica pot and looked into it, the milk was sizzling. It was bubbling.

Gypsy looked up at him and said nothing. She just looked up at him and he just looked down at her. She hadn't washed her face. Her eyelashes were still wet and curled up. There was a smudge on her nose. Her hair had come down. She opened her mouth to thank him, but nothing came forth, for her voice was gone. So, after a moment, he ran his hand under her chin and frowned down at her and closed for her her stupid, inarticulate mouth. He ran his hand down over her smudged nose, flattening it momentarily. He ran his hand over her head and mussed up her hair and pulled some of it smartly.

"Lock your door," he said, shutting it in her face. He waited until she had locked it. Gypsy heard him running down the marble stairs.

The organ greeted her in the morning with a joyous, dancing, ridiculous Lost Chord. Gypsy sat up in bed with her fingers in her ears, waiting for the end of it, and when the end came it began all over again. It was beginning for the fifth time when Gypsy walked into the music room. At the console he sat in a full shaft of dazzling light, and surprisingly enough he looked to Gypsy like a painting she had seen somewhere of someone blond and powerful and Greek who was driving the chariot of the sun.

"It doesn't grow on me," said Gypsy, shutting off the power.

"It brought you down here," said Arch.

"Only to shut it off. It's not art," said Gypsy.

"It's human," said Arch. "It's someone seeking for something wonderful. It brought you down here."

"I'm not wonderful," said Gypsy.

They sat on the terrace in the morning. They drove to the village in the afternoon to send a telegram. At the telegraph office Arch got out, stepping over the side of the car.

"May I come in with you?" asked Gypsy.

"Why not?" said Arch.

He opened the door and held out his hand, but she ignored the hand. She drummed on the desk while he wrote his telegram. She read it over his shoulder.

"The St. Edmunds Hotel, New York," she said sharply. "Tomorrow? Why, Saturday makes your week."

Arch looked at her. "Got to get home," he said.

"Why?" asked Gypsy, pounding her little fist on the desk. "Why? Why?"

He looked away from her. "Got to get home," he said.

He talked a good deal on their drive back from the village, but it was all about Mr. Henderson. Gypsy sighed when she heard that it was all to be about Mr. Henderson, but she listened, and after a while, like a portrait drawn by a rapid sketch artist, she began to see Mr. Henderson. For the first time, beneath the strokes of Arch's terse, swift sentences, Mr. Henderson emerged for Gypsy. The Mr. Henderson who flapped his napkin and chatted with his butler, who had married her mother and absorbed her mother and taken her away from Gypsy, began to take form as a force, an entity, a man whom Arch loved. For it appeared that J. H. Henderson had taken Arch in as a baby, had washed him, fed him, walked the floor with him, kicked out the Mexican nurse. That, for Arch, clinched matters—kicking out the Mexican nurse.

As background there emerged for Gypsy a hot country—dust, chaparral; men on horseback coming through the night; an American mining engineer, Arch's father, shot to death from ambush; an American girl, Arch's mother, shooting herself to death; an American baby, Arch, dirty and hungry and untended; a drunken nurse stretched out flat on a dirt floor. Into this picture rode J. H. Henderson alone on horseback. To Arch, a hero, a demigod; to Arch, forever after, both father and mother. J. H. Henderson alone on horseback, carrying a double-barreled shotgun. Into wild country the Government couldn't control guerrillas, bandits, bad men—J. H. Henderson calmly riding. J. H. Henderson killing two men with his double-barreled shotgun, dismounting, finding the baby, finding a can of milk, heating it, feeding the baby, burying his brother's wife, burying his brother, putting over them rude crosses, taking off his hat and saying a prayer, kicking out the Mexican nurse, riding out with the baby in his arms, across the border, home. Life in its strongest colors. Life taken at the peak—love, violence, sacrifice, suffering, death.

They dined together that night formally and almost in silence. Gypsy in one of her loveliest dresses—an amber tulle shading to russet. Gypsy with color on her lips, powder on her nose, her hair bound close about her small head, and the Cheek diamond ablaze. Gypsy looking like beauty, fashion, distinction, money, family, East of the East. Arch in dinner clothes, looking very brown, his eyes very blue in the candlelight. Arch silent, restless, disturbed, looking even bigger than usual in his dinner clothes. Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun—West of the West.

After dinner the night turned cold and Mortimer lighted for them the logs in the small library. Mortimer drew the black velvet curtains across the long windows, whisked up some dust from the writing table with his clean handkerchief and carried away some fading roses which Miss Gypsy might see. Miss Gypsy heard Mortimer, but she did not turn her head. Mortimer, for all that it mattered, might have been dusting and whisking in a fog somewhere off the coast of China.

Gypsy sat on one olive-green sofa and looked at the fire. Arch sat on the other olive-green sofa and looked at the fire. The clock ticked the black marble miniature of the tomb of the Medici which Mr. Henderson had bought in Florence.

"The clock is going tonight," said Gypsy lazily in some surprise. "It never goes."

"It says twenty minutes of three," said Arch in some surprise himself.

"Is it twenty minutes of three?"

"We've just had dinner. Gosh, what a clock! Let me break it."

"Just when the poor thing has begun to go?" said Gypsy.

They looked at the fire.

"Cozy, isn't it?" said Arch.

Gypsy turned her head. "Did you say c-cozy?" she asked, and her voice sounded frightened.

"The fire," said Arch. "Drawn curtains. Coffee. The clock. Just you and me. Of course," he added matter-of-factly, "you're much too far away for real—coziness."

"Where should I be?" asked Gypsy.

"Over here," said Arch. "But I might muss up your dress."

They looked at the fire. Gypsy did not move. They had been together all day. Neither of them had thought of anything else than the other from the time of their meeting. At ten o'clock Gypsy rose, spread out her skirts and yawned.

"You'll be going in the morning before I am up," she said. "So, good-by."

Arch stood beside his sofa. When she crossed to him and held out her hand, he shook hands with her and dropped her hand and clasped his own behind him.

"So, good-by," said Gypsy again.

"Good-by," said Arch.

"I'm still spoiled and stubborn and high-handed," said Gypsy. "You'd better stay out your week."

"Can't," said Arch.

"Because of business?" asked Gypsy.

"I've forgotten that I have a business."

"Felice?"

"That girl? No."

They looked at each other.

"Me?" asked Gypsy then bravely.

"From the first moment," said Arch, his hands behind him. "Didn't you know?"

She stood for a moment, hesitating, uncertain. Then she walked to the door. "Well, good-by," she said.

"Good-by," said Arch.

She looked back at the fire, at the room, at him. "Almost cozy," she said.

"Almost," said Arch.

She went up the marble staircase. She went to bed. Propped up on her row of baby pillows, she stared into the dark. Eleven o'clock—midnight. Her life was mapped out for her, her course chosen. It had been such a violent, sudden attraction. Such sudden, violent things did not last, could not last. They burned themselves out. She turned over and buried her face in her little pillows. Where her heart should have been there was a hole.

It was very late when she heard the organ. One o'clock—two—she had lost track of time. She sat up in bed at the sound of the organ, her heart racing, her mouth dry. With her fingers in her ears she listened until the organ was through, and when it was through, it began all over again. She got into her fur-lined slippers, her quilted dressing gown, tying the cord about her with shaking fingers, getting it into a knot. She opened her door and sped on flying, fur-slippered little feet down the great staircase, across the marble squares in the hall, down the Persian carpet between the *cinquecento* sofas. He looked white and strained in the candlelight. He stood up when he saw her coming. She came straight into his arms. She hid her face against him. She was shaking all over, overwrought, overwhelmed. The palms of her little hands were wet when he kissed them. Her lashes were wet when he kissed her eyes shut. Her hair had come down. He ran his hand under her chin and turned up her face and kissed her mouth.

She was overwhelmed, overwrought. She clung to him. The Cheek diamond was gone.

"Don't go in the morning," she begged over and over again. "I am happy with you, just sitting in a corner in the rain—happy—cozy."

"I've got to go in the morning," he said.

He carried her upstairs in his arms, and at every step of the marble staircase he kissed her. At her door he set her down.

"Lock it," he ordered her.

She wept, clinging to him. "Don't go in the morning. Don't go'"

He shut her away behind her door and waited until she had locked it. She heard him running down the stairs. In the morning she came down so early that she surprised the parlor maid at her dusting, but he had gone.

She sat on the terrace and Bannister came.

"That chap gone? A good thing too," said Bannister. "The sort of chap to carry dynamite about with him."

"He doesn't need dynamite," said Gypsy.

"The Hendersons are only in the C class of millionaires," said Bannister.

"Who cares?" said Gypsy.

"Pretty glum, aren't you?" said Bannister. "Your shoe's untied." Gypsy looked at her shoe. "I came to ask you about the Lansing place," continued Bannister. "Proper little private course to it. The greens "

"Have burned up," said Gypsy recklessly. "Who cares?"

Bannister rose. His collar looked stiffer than usual, his upper lip more unforgiving.

"I love you," said Bannister stiffly. "More than any girl I have ever seen, you

would grace the head of my table. You can take Saucy Queen over any fence. Your tennis is fair and your bridge is better. But you've got a damnable queer way of not playing up. I love you. You, as the saying goes, have got rather into my blood. But the Cheeks' wives—play up."

"I can't play up, Ban," said Gypsy, worn out with it at last. "I'm sorry. I'm through." She slipped the Cheek diamond off her finger.

"Through!" said Bannister, aghast. "You're ditching me? The Cheeks have never been ditched."

"Felice would elope with you today, Ban," said Gypsy, "and then I'd be ditched. Felice would play up."

"Felice," said Bannister, clutching at his pride, staring at the diamond in the palm of his hand. "Felice."

"Felice is all right," said Gypsy. "Haul down my pennon, Ban, and flaunt Felice before the world. Felice will love the ring and the Lansing place and the greens."

"Felice," said Bannister, standing in a dream, turning the Cheek diamond over and over. A sob rose in Gypsy's throat. Poor Ban.

"Felice," said Ban.

When he had gone she fled upstairs to the leather closet and pulled out a bag. She put a few things into the bag—tortoise shell from her dressing table, her fur-lined slippers, her amber tulle dress. There was a wrinkle of concentration up and down her pretty forehead between her eyebrows. She noticed it as she pulled on her hat. She sped down the hall to her mother's dressing room, found a jar of her mother's face cream, sped back.

She walked to the station, carrying her bag. She rode to New York sitting in a dusty red-velvet seat. There were peanut shells on the floor which crunched when she moved her feet. The train was crowded. Everyone seemed to be going to New York. From the station she called up his hotel. He might be in. He might not. She had about fifty dollars with her. That might be enough to take her to Texas. It might not. There was some trouble about the connection—a delay. Life taken at the peak ——

"Hello," said Arch.

She went faint for the moment. She hadn't eaten her breakfast. She hadn't had any lunch.

"Hello," said Arch again. "Who is it?"

"Me," she said faintly. There was a buzzing in the telephone, in her ears. She was crying. "Come and get me, Arch. At Grand Central—on a bench near the door—like an immigrant, Arch, with my bundle. The Gowers follow their men ——"

"Am I your man? You're following me? This is a question of all your life, Gypsy. If I get you, I keep you. You'll be a wife, Gypsy—my wife."

There was a buzzing in her ears. Life taken at the peak ——

"The bench nearest the door, Arch," said Gypsy.

It rained as the train slid out of the tunnel. The compartment windows were wet. One of Gypsy's feet had gone into a puddle. But the compartment was warm. Her husband pulled down the shades. He pulled off Gypsy's hat and flung it away. He ran his hand under her chin and lifted her face and kissed her mouth. Kneeling, he took off her wet shoes and stockings. He warmed her little bare feet in his hands and kissed them and slipped them into her fur-lined slippers. He wrapped Gypsy up in his camel's-hair bathrobe. She and her husband were going home to Texas together—just she and her husband—no maids, no anyone—just she and her husband.

"After I've kissed you again, Mrs. Henderson," said Arch, "we'll have dinner sent in."

He kissed her again. They had dinner sent in. They made jokes together and laughed. And it was wonderful. It was so cozy.

# EXIT ROBIN HOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

mattered most at the moment—sophistication. Sophistication had come to mean that you talked unambiguously, read a book, recognized the latitude of the divorce laws and wore revelatory clothes. And the sophisticated Caroline imagined that no illusions whatsoever were left to her.

Caroline slipped into a chiffon garment and drew on chiffon stockings. A summer house in Magpie Canyon hardly set off the fragility of boudoir clothes. Martha refrained from saying that the shop windows of Michigan Boulevard made no appropriate provision for Western exile.

"The West," Caroline said, "confines its maid service to the railroad trains." She looked, with sudden anger, at the far wall of the canyon as revealed by a window, and turned to her sister. "Will you tell me why you stand for this desert? Will you tell me why Jay Storrs gave up the certainty of a partnership in Storrs, Storrs and Amory and came out in the sticks to raise wheat and steers?"

"Not steers, darling; wheat and fruit. . . . Yes, I'll tell you. It was having to direct a battery in action without a gas mask."

"Oh, T. B. I missed all that and I keep forgetting you're the war generation. So you gave up the pick of the better North Shore brokers and married the disabled hero. You made yourself a sort of Veterans' Bureau. That was patriotic of you. But then, belles were always sentimental, weren't they? It was in the tradition. . . . Thank heaven I'm hard-boiled."

Caroline fingered a wave into the lustrous, abbreviated hair above her forehead, and then began, absorbedly, to lacquer cheeks and lips and ear tips before the inadequate mirror. She selected an immaterial frock and Martha, supplying maid service, held it in a circle for her to rise into. Caroline did contortions to pass all of herself before the mirror. Really, the effect was charming; Caroline understood the machinery of stage management.

"There!" she said. "All this ought to be a severe strain on Lorrie Ware's inhibitions. He'll sublimate this dress into renewed fervor for the world's work. You don't object to having a tiresome longing around the house?"

"I always liked Lorrie. He was a complete guide to what the North Shore was believing at the moment. If he's grown up and gone to work, I'll probably find him charming." Martha determined, impulsively, to put an end to the mystery. "I'm more concerned," she said, "about the anonymous guest you're expecting."

Caroline sat on the bed, hands quiet at her side, and looked steadily at her sister. "You haven't asked, which is admirable, but you've hinted, which is vulgar. I'll tell you; if he's coming he ought to be here soon, and if he comes, it means my standing is high. He isn't gentle at all; he isn't the sort that our amiable incompetents are supposed to know. He's hard-boiled and he counts for something. Dad has been psychotic about him. He's afraid I'll marry him, except when he's afraid I won't."

The speech, Martha thought, was defiant. Caroline was being headstrong without any provocation; the sort of adolescent bravado that was at once pathetic and damnably annoying. She picked up the dress that Caroline had discarded and hung it in the insufficient closet.

"Well," she said, "which will you?"

"I'll probably leave that to Stan."

"Oh—Stan."

"Stanislaus Onegin."

Here, Martha perceived, was an intended effect, for Caroline had thrown back her head to display much stubbornness and much more pride. Martha was supposed to be impressed and probably horrified by the name, but unhappily she hadn't heard of it. Stanislaus Onegin—it sounded vaguely like a baseball player or a prize fighter. No doubt a prize fighter, for ball players weren't sensational enough, even as home-run hitters, to make dad send the child out of Chicago. Caroline seemed a little impatient of her sister's ignorance; something, obviously, must be said.

"Russian?" Martha asked.

"At least you read the papers! This is the sticks; you're a backwoods mother, I know. But don't tell me there's an ex-Chicagoan anywhere that doesn't have the Chicago Bulletin follow him to the end of the earth. . . . Haven't you ever heard of Stan Onegin?"

"I seem to remember something about an opera ——"

"Stan doesn't sing. He is in the papers though. The Bulletin has been preaching a holy war against him, wants Cook County to destroy him." Caroline became defensive and painfully intent. "I don't want to hear a word against him. I'll leave with him one minute after you've said it."

Be canny, Martha! This is that curious disturbance you've pointed out to her. "My dear child, your sensations don't interest me, and the West never interferes with anyone. If you want to run off with your pugilist, go ahead; or if you want to entertain him here, there's plenty of room. That is, if he comes."

"I told him where I was banished to. If he doesn't, it will be the first place he hasn't followed me to since I met him three months ago at the Big Top."

"The Big Top? I don't remember it."

"Darling, you've no idea how Chicago has grown since you married into retirement. Don't think the Big Top isn't marvelous. Stan owns it; it's his headquarters. There have been two machine-gun fights there. It's full of the most case-hardened, delightful, desperate beer runners." Something had sent strong color into her cheeks. Caroline had shown an emotion that wasn't furtive or derisive! But, Martha decided, she didn't like it any better for that. . . . The child added, "I'm always hoping to be on time for a gang war."

"You haven't been yet?"

"No," Caroline spoke regretfully, "but Stan has promised."

Martha sighed. The permanently adolescent were very difficult and it was no wonder that dad had been annoyed. Caroline had gone to the fringes of the underworld with a sense that doing so was adventurous, and there had picked up a roadhouse keeper whom she had no doubt paraded for the North Shore. Like the first kinkajou she had. The North Shore had a way of dramatizing its adolescence; one season you dispensed with brassières and cultivated the Little Movie art; the next you took sun baths in a rowboat off the lake beach and gave dinners in the black belt. This particular refinement was, on the whole, rather loathsome. Was it only the desire to be fashionably daring that this Mr. Onegin satisfied in Caroline, or was there some necessity to go as far afield as necessary for excitement? The nervous system that required the stimulation of excitement was, Martha thought, rather repellently like one that had to be fed increasing dosages of drugs. How did you cure it? How did you make Caroline realize that she was only silly and not at all splendid?

"Excitement," she announced sententiously, "is something that only neurotics and adolescents crave. I suppose you're both, permanently. Have you tried driving an automobile blindfolded down Michigan Boulevard?"

"Well, I buy my underwear; I don't make it. . . . Frankly, I don't like belles, my dear. I couldn't ever make you understand why I like Stan Onegin. But get this: I don't trouble myself about second-raters."

But another exhaust had set up the stammered echo of the cliffs—an exhaust that Martha recognized. The dusty, ranch-battered touring car shot across the bridge, plowed through loose gravel and stopped at the front steps. Martha hurried out to it, while the children appeared from nowhere to throw themselves on their father. Jay kissed her the next moment, and, promptly, Laurence Ware kissed her too. That was very charming of Lorrie, she thought, and he was very much grown up. Oh, noticeably grown up. Jay was introducing Professor Perrin, an elderly man with the hopeless sunburn that never becomes tan, and Elmer Dennison, the special correspondent of the Bulletin whose column was Chicago's daily incense of adventure. The rest of the expedition, Jay explained, had entrained for the Mesa Verde, but these three had stolen a couple of days for trout fishing.

Professor Perrin was a forthright man. "Not this stream right at your doorway?" he asked. "That wouldn't be possible."

Jay grinned. "Few ever actually climb out on the bank to bark at you. But they're so thick you'll hardly need flies."

The professor wasted neither speech nor effort, but dragged a duffel bag from the car, produced a rod case, and made straight for the creek.

Dennison said, "I can wait to wash. For three days, Mrs. Storrs, aboriginal Americans have deposited dust on me. Would you prefer me to rehabilitate myself outside?"

"Not if they left you only dust. I've come to be realistic about the Indian. I'll show you where you're to sleep, Mr. Dennison, and I'll introduce my sister. For—I forgot to tell you, Jay—Caroline is visiting us."

"Caroline!" Lorrie Ware dropped his bag. "That changes the prospect."

Jay moved inside to greet the girl in person, at the far end of the veranda, Dennison trailing with him. Martha stepped back and took Lorrie's arm; after all, he had generously kissed her and was entitled to advice.

"Yes, she's here, Lorrie, but I believe there isn't any reason to parade one's emotions."

"You know how habits persist," he said mildly. "But, dear little mother, I've been marvelously self-controlled of late. If I stage a tableau for Caroline, it will only be because she needs frequent stimulation."

"She needs a slam on the jaw. Not a pulled punch either."

Lorrie did not wait for the judgment, Caroline appearing at the steps, flanked by Jay and Dennison. Oh, she was pretty, Martha admitted. Her restlessness was already a little appeased by the mere arrival of admiration. So long as people agreed that Caroline was desirable, she was in good health.

"Were there any aborigines that could erase my image from your memory?" she asked indolently over Lorrie's hand.

Jay said, "If the image means anything to you, Carol, don't be snooty about redskins. Lorrie resents and punishes any depreciation of them."

In ten years Jay had acquired a fair Western drawl; he loosed his words in the unemphatic derision that was native to the region.

Martha smiled; he was a good counterfeit of the autochthonous article. Also, he was annoyed by Caroline—as he generally was, as most adults were. And Jay was certainly grown up.

"Thanks, Jay," Caroline said. "It's sweet of you to explain Lorrie. What really ails him, though, isn't admiration of the

red man, but a neurosis. I've been telling Martha about it."

"We're such simple people in the West ——"

Lorrie amiably interpreted: "A neurosis is this year's display. Last season you equipped yourself with a defective thyroid, but conversation about that was, on the whole, too clinical. A neurosis is a secret that you share with the whole world. The North Shore was certain, ultimately, to perfect exhibitionism by making it expensive. I haven't any, of course, but Caroline is shot full of them."

"Me? I haven't a shred."

"No inhibitions, of course. But you're subject to delusions periodically, and compulsions ride steeplechase all over you."

"Lorrie, there simply must be a squaw! Only a new love could nerve you to talk like this."

"This necessity for spinal shudders, for instance. That's good for a long, informative talk any time. I've heard about a new one that probably intensifies the shudder. A beer baron, isn't he?"

It was immediately evident that he had shifted Caroline from the offensive to the defensive. Martha found meaning in the abrupt disappearance of disdain from the girl's bearing. Her eyes went hard, but not aggressively.

"Nothing lower than the throne. King, not baron, Lorrie. It's Stan Onegin."

"After all," he said, "there are psychiatrists in the world. One might be able to help you. . . . About that shower, Martha?"

Martha led him away, vaguely alarmed, but still grateful.

"Thanks," she whispered. "You have developed self-control."

"My mistake was in not taking up neurology. She's a case history, Martha; she's a hospital indication. If she deeply desires a Napoleon, why doesn't she make overtures to a football player?"

Martha decided that the science of anthropology had done wonders for Mr. Laurence Ware, and left him whistling. She was exhilarated by the presence of guests—too infrequent in the mountains. She resolved to impress Wang Too with the import of Professor Perrin and Mr. Dennison. Thank heaven, Bill Nourse had brought melons and raspberries; she would explain, loyally, that their incomparable flavor was due to the volcanic ash in the soil. Ten years ago, she recalled, she couldn't have told which of them grew on bushes. That was about all she had ever had in common with Caroline. Certainly, she had never insisted upon what Lorrie called the spinal shudder; she had made no fetish of excitement. Was Lorrie right, she wondered; was the secret of Carol only a distorted desire to know and share distinction?

The poor child! She had desired distinction and achieved blatancy, desired Napoleon and achieved a beer runner.

Martha stopped short. The beer runner was coming to Magpie Canyon! At this very moment, perhaps, he was chugging over the last few miles. He was actually coming here, materializing not as an erratic but comfortably distant notion of Caroline's, but a real presence. And it wouldn't do; it simply wouldn't do at all. To sit down at table with an outlaw, to accept him under the assurance of one's sister! "Be loyal, Martha," she cautioned herself, "your traditions require you to be a hostess to your guest. The newer technic of needling beer will make an excellent topic to discuss at table, and you must show an appreciation of his professional hazards." But she couldn't quiet her apprehension with that flippancy. They were more than apprehensions; she was downright scared.

She resolved to sink the unfamiliar emotion in housewifely effort and went to the cook shack to supervise Wang Too. Coming back, however, she met Mr. Dennison, considerably freshened, at a bench in the dooryard where he had assembled a fly rod and was threading a silk line through its guides.

"Perrin is only an enthusiast, Mrs. Storrs," he explained. "I'm quite crazy. Sometimes I travel without a typewriter, but never without a rod."

"You'll like our creek. If you don't, there are many others within reach. . . . Is there a Stanislaus Onegin that keeps a road house?"

"Stan Onegin?"

"Tell me about him."

"The Big Top Inn, west of the city. Till recently it was a show place, scenic rather than dangerous. Young spendthrifts took their girls there to taste the underworld in safety. But a couple of months ago—I'm out of touch, you understand. I've been with this expedition, and before that I had other assignments out of town. Careers in the beer war develop rapidly. I knew Onegin as a pleasant-enough saloon keeper who liked newspapermen, paid his levies to the Bagatti brothers and did what they told him to."

Martha felt an inner constriction that seriously hampered her speech. Also, the cottonwoods all about seemed a little unsteady.

"Then what?"

"You've heard that Onegin has come up in the world, grabbed off the opposition half of the beer racket."

"I hadn't, no. That must be—that must be exciting."

Dennison nodded. A moist leader, from an aluminum box, went in deft loops on the end of the line and he studied the confused brilliance of a fly book.

"There was an argument. Anonymous forces put Joe Bagatti on the spot and blew him in. Antony went away. For three days there was literally no one in control of the beer racket. When this chaos ended, Stan Onegin had moved up to the top. No one quite knows how. It was as if a section hand had taken over a railroad."

"It isn't civilized!" Martha protested. "Things like that don't happen in civilized places."

"My paper agrees with you. But it doesn't abandon the profitable homage that makes it possible." Dennison decided that two yellow Mays were called for, and affixed them to his leader. He rose and swung a creel from his shoulder. "Unhappily, I can't carry waders all over the country. . . . Oh, it's a mistake to think that you can invent a machine gun and confine its use to legalized idealism, Mrs. Storrs. And our national admiration for Jesse James impels us to make up heroisms about mere murderers. The beer war does excellently by two of our passionate fetishes—efficiency and the under dog."

He made off downstream, after an amiable gesture of inattention. Martha cried despairingly, "He's coming here!" but realized that she had only whispered. The cottonwoods were really behaving abominably. They were practically waltzing, and her throat was tight. She must find Jay. Jay must do something. A beer king, a murderer was coming to dine with them, coming to make love to Caroline. . . . Jay had shaved and was gratefully rubbing lotion into his wind-tanned cheeks. She took his hand with a gasp of relief and reassurance.

"Caroline! This year's insanity is a bootlegger, Jay. Mr. Dennison says he's the biggest one, the head of the beer racket—Stan Onegin. He'll be here any minute. To call on Caroline."

"I see." The comforting thing about Jay was that she never had to be coherent. He translated her without effort. "It's the reliable line—Carol running open-armed to life so she won't miss experience. A bootlegger is to be bracketed with a passion or an appendectomy. Well, be Western, my dear, and austerly—welcome Carol's guest and be hospitable."

Actually, though her throat was stiff, she could grin. Jay was tonic. "It's got to be stopped—Caroline, I mean."

Jay smiled. "It's possible that your father has spoken those very same words and tried to make them good. I'm an adventurous soul, my dear, I'm given to wild, idealistic undertakings, but I wouldn't try to stop Caroline in anything. . . . Hadn't I better go see that Perrin isn't lost?"

"Jay, you don't realize. She's in deadly earnest. He's a thug, he shoots people—he's the underworld."

"Listen!" Jay held up a finger. There was disputation, very shrill, and perhaps combat in the dooryard. "Elizabeth has pirated a hornet's nest from Jay Junior, or he's resented her latest superiority by socking her with a bowlder. You'd better go out and be maternal, dear, and forget about what Ware calls Caroline's neuroses. There's some hope she'll grow up in time, but if she doesn't there are still your own children." He listened to further outcries. "It must be a hornet's nest."

It wasn't. It was only a melon stolen from Bill Nourse's supplies and inequitably divided by Elizabeth. Martha did justice between her offspring. Then it was no longer possible to suppress emotions by calling them silly. It might be silly to see visions of Caroline in the underworld, wearing a diadem of automatic pistols while miscellaneous desperadoes sniped at her with machine guns. It might be silly to behold Jay lying in his own blood as the result of an inept remark to Stanislaus Onegin, but if it was silly it was also inevitable, and she couldn't help it. Something had to be done—had to be done. All this wasn't credible, but someone had to put a stop to it.

She became aware, now, of discord on the veranda, discord possibly more adult than that occasioned by the division of a melon, but quite as noisy. How unlovely Caroline's voice was when it climbed into the upper register! Probably she thought that she was being impressive; she wasn't; she was only making an uproar. Martha approached the house, pausing to tap on the doorpost.

"Oh, come in," Caroline said through the screen. "I'm sure Lorrie would like an audience for all this. If there could only be a camera somewhere, and a microphone!"

Oh! Martha perceived that this was more than a skirmish, was an engagement in full force. Mr. Laurence Ware was trying, at her entrance, to erase a deep scowl in favor of his customary grin of amiable unintelligence. And Caroline was—why, Caroline was just about in tears. That—whatever was going on—was a formidable achievement for Lorrie. Carol had never, in all her life, cried because of any emotion except being thwarted, and she had given that up, even in childhood, as uneconomical of energy. She could only be angry at Lorrie now, but even so, that was a triumph.

Lorrie had turned to Martha. "You've heard about this thug; he's coming to meet the family, I suppose. That's a young girl's dream of romance given flesh. Carol read about living dangerously and grew wistful for adventure, and so she picked up this bootlegger in a road house, and lo! he was something vivid and splendid. He lived dangerously—she's told me so. He took her on tours so she'd see—pointed out all the brigand barons. He drove her round where people had been shot, and that made her spine quiver with romance. There's a place chipped out of the stone walls of a cathedral. A machine gun did that while heroes died that beer might still be cheap. To Carol it was a shrine. They'd lived dangerously. Good Lord, Martha, can't you have the girl examined?"

Caroline, in a cold fury, also faced Martha, who felt suddenly that when Caroline wanted justification something memorable had already been accomplished.

"Anyway, it's a man that runs risks. Nobody is ever likely to take a shot at Lorrie Ware, or Jay Storrs, or these anæmic guests of yours that get worked up over a fish."

"Get that," Lorrie said. "Get that, Martha; it's important. Something has gone out of our bloodless modern life—it's the sharp edge of danger—and these hipless debutantes of the North Shore are sorry. Life was really real, get me, in the days


*I wish you all a Happy New Year and a full measure of success!*

# Watch This Column
## Our Weekly Chat

*Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.*

*THIS column has appeared uninterruptedly in The Saturday Evening Post since July 15, 1922. During that time, it has been read by millions. It has caused untold thousands to write to me, and I have personally answered every letter. I sincerely believe that I have the largest personal correspondence in the whole wide world. Do you read this column? If not, why not? If so, how long have you been reading it? Have you ever written to me about its contents? Are these chats interesting and informative? Do they help you in your choice of pictures? Is there anything you would like to know which this column does not contain?*

*—C. L.*

I am strongly recommending to you several of Universal's picture-achievements which, in my opinion, have set a newer and better standard in entertainment. I refer particularly to *"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"* Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal American drama, *"The Man Who Laughs,"* the third of Universal's productions of Victor Hugo's great works, *"The Last Warning,"* eerie, mysterious, thrilling, starring LAURA LA PLANTE and produced by Paul Leni, Master of Mystery, *"Lonesome,"* a romance of today, starring GLENN TRYON and BARBARA KENT; *"Man, Woman and Wife,"* starring NORMAN KERRY, PAULINE STARKE, with MARIAN NIXON, KENNETH HARLAN; *"Cohens and Kellys in Atlantic City,"* starring GEORGE SIDNEY, with VERA GORDON, KATE PRICE and MACK SWAIN.

*Norman Kerry in "Man, Woman and Wife"*

The Wisconsin News, in its review of *"The Man Who Laughs,"* says, "This is the third of Victor Hugo's stories to be brought to life by Universal, and the most soul stirring of the trio." The other two are *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"* and *"Les Miserables."* One of my correspondents writes, "I have seen *'The Man Who Laughs'*; it is one of the best pictures I have seen in years."

*Patsy Ruth Miller in "The Gate Crasher"*

*Dorothy Gulliver in "The Collegians"*

Universal's production of *"Show Boat,"* Edna Ferber's great novel of the South, has reached the cutting stage at Universal City.

*"The Gate Crasher"* is another typical GLENN TRYON picture in which this great young comedian is a truck driver who is trying to become a detective. He essays to recover the stolen jewels of a popular actress. This enables him to break into the back stage atmosphere where he encounters that intelligent and charming young woman, PATSY RUTH MILLER.

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when the war whoop rang out over Fort Dearborn. Carol is desolated because she can't sweat over a plow and tie on someone's scalp that's been partially loosened. What she asks of life is a sharp sense that there's danger in it. Without a shot in the arm, mind you; she evokes all this without the aid of drugs. So, lamenting that adventure has died, she chases around to places that this beer thug tells her are dangerous."

"I could travel from Gary to Waukegan with you and feel perfectly safe every inch of the way," Caroline informed him. "The only risk you run is getting bawled out by a traffic cop."

"You've tried that often enough to know it's flat, huh? But a cop makes your spine shudder when you think he may come a-shootin' any minute." Lorrie flung himself into a steamer chair. "What a hick you are, Carol! What a come-on for the boob gatherers. This thug tells you you're liable to get shot, and you go tiptoeing round a little speak-easy that's under police protection and as safe as a drug store. He tells you yarns that you'd laugh your head off at if you read 'em in the Bulletin, and you swallow the whole act like so much chocolate. Gad, I'd like to go on one of these pilgrimages through the underworld, where color and zest and heroism and the ancient vigor of male men ——"

"He's something you never were. He's risking his life for what you drink in safety."

"Listen," Lorrie directed Martha wonderingly; "you hear it too. I'm not crazy—that's what she's really saying. Get that—the contemporary knight, Robin Hood of the West Side, the picaro Pole from Cicero. Shouldn't she have been kept from the movies during the impressionable years?"

There was, obviously, little control left to Caroline. She lay back in her chair, striving to be an indolently contemptuous sophisticate in chiffon stockings and lizard-skin slippers, but her cheeks were running high with color and her eyes were much too bright and her voice had begun to shake. Martha deeply appreciated Mr. Laurence Ware; he had successfully disturbed an ego hitherto unshakable.

"Don't forget it, Lorrie," Caroline said, desperately sardonic; "Stan Onegin, anyway, belongs to the sex you're only supposed to. He's a man; he runs a man's risks. If I married you I'd never need to be anxious. No, thanks, Lorrie, I'm not taking any. I'm not able to get my thrills from making my own underwear and bossing a Chinese cook. I'm not marrying just a college and some wholesome advice."

"Oh, sorry, Carol; all back orders canceled. I thought you knew. It's been some time since I last applied, hasn't it?"

"What!"

Martha, inwardly blissful, watched her sister's cheeks burn brighter still, while incredulous amazement fairly radiated from her.

"Sorry. My new trade requires and instills adult emotions, my dear, and you simply haven't got 'em, you know. . . . Oh, don't stage a tantrum, Carol, it would only prove my thesis. . . . I've given up my ambition to supply your spine with its daily shudder. It's a swell spine, I grant you, but only anthropological bones make a bid for my permanent interest these days."

The slam on the jaw! Martha had lived to see it, and a lively gratitude to Lorrie Ware filled her heart. This was coming to Caroline—oh, decidedly it was coming to her—and should have been even more public than it was. It brought Caroline, flaming, to her feet. Incredulity fought for mastery with her wrath, but Mr. Laurence Ware did not evaporate, did not even crumble, but merely smiled back at her. Emotion of such violence, Martha was sure, must spill into action of some sort. She expected Caroline to assault Lorrie with fists or movable furniture, but Caroline stood poised for another long moment and then suddenly turned away and stamped on loud heels out of the house. The screen door banged explosively.

Lorrie faced Martha, his smile slowly fading out. She said, "Something of this sort was bound to happen. There's no expressing how much Caroline needs it. I'm profoundly in your debt."

"Look." Lorrie, lighting a cigarette, displayed a hand that shook. "This habit we spoke of, sister—it's hard to break. . . . Oh, it's a mistake not to encourage a child to grow up. Someone told Carol how attractive danger was, and so she decided this thug must be quite lovable. Remember the shy girls, thirty years ago, that dreamily awaited the prince who would come a-riding? That sort of thing would gripe Carol unbearably. She fancies there's a sharp difference between that and this male bozo who's magnificent because he might take a shot at someone."

"Did you mean all that, Lorrie?"

"Who knows? I found myself gabbing. That sort of thing ferments and eventually spills over. There's a neurosis striding about, Martha; it may be Carol's, it may be mine, it may even be Onegin's."

"He'll be here, probably. We can investigate."

"If he comes," Lorrie said reflectively, "and if I see Carol doing any prince worshiping, something tells me I'll take a poke at him."

"Lorrie, don't be a fool!" Martha said sharply. All the apprehensions that this love scene had temporarily quieted awoke and began prodding her. "There's been plenty of drama here. I'm too delicate a woman to want it spilling over into melodrama."

"It's a hard habit to break," he said.

She started up, resolved to find Jay and make him contrive a miracle. If an enormous bowlder could be rolled down a mountainside at the right moment, if some means of disarming this beer king could be invented, if a posse of cowboys and sheriffs out of a Western film could be summoned! She wouldn't put it past Lorrie to do just what he said. Neither—she stopped short—neither was it unlikely that Jay, who wasn't strong on tact, might have reached a similar conclusion by himself. Martha felt queer. She was shaking, which was idiotic, and she suspected she was going to cry, which was far worse.

Professor Perrin was emerging from the cook shack, whither he had taken a catch of trout that had reduced him to almost unintelligible delight. Martha heard herself saying something that probably had a meaning, but hardly proceeded out of intelligence, and brushed past him. Professor Perrin was too charming a man to be made an impromptu murder witness. She had to find Jay. She had to find him.

He was back of the house, inspecting the spruce bunks that Bill Nourse had built. And he was with Caroline—and Lorrie wasn't the only man about who could bully her.

"It's in the tradition that you give the stranger bed and board for one night," he was saying. "I don't see the sense of it, but I subscribe. Then he gets out. See to it, my dear, that he does."

"You're very polite to my guests, aren't you? If he has to go, I go with him."

That, Martha already began to suspect, was mere bluff. It failed. "As you will," Jay said. "I'm not interested in your behavior, only in my house."

"Suppose," Caroline inquired, her voice more than half blurred—"suppose he won't go?"

"Well," Jay said equably, "if he won't, I'll throw him out."

Caroline laughed contemptuously. "You're so handsome, Jay, I'd be depressed to see you a corpse." It was her last effort. She crumbled suddenly and, turning to Martha, actually sobbed. "Why is everyone so rotten to me?" she demanded hysterically, and turned toward the house.

It was a charming afternoon, but probably not yet at its best. Martha took Jay's arm, wondering how she could phrase her fears in sufficiently mild a form not to seem ridiculous. It was incredible, of course. Caroline couldn't be fool enough to let a murderer follow her about. A gunman couldn't be coming to Magpie Canyon. Neither Lorrie nor Jay could possibly be contemplating taking action against him. These things belonged to the impossibilities. But they didn't. It was all just as bad as she feared. No doubt worse; she didn't have enough imagination to foresee just how terrible Stanislaus Onegin could be.

"Caroline," Jay said reflectively, "exhibits a variant of the hero-worshiping folly. It's possible to expect her to grow up some day with a bang. Meanwhile, the temptation to give her a good slam on the jaw is sometimes almost irresistible."

"Lorrie administered one just now. I think that's why she's crying."

"There's a lot to that boy. More than it's right to waste on Carol. Let him administer a few more. Yes, and the treatment is indicated for the beer king."

"No, Jay!" She was clinging tightly to his arm, and it was of overwhelming importance to make him use his good sense. "Don't be idiotic, Jay. Don't let Caroline tempt you to be a fool; one's plenty. He's—don't you understand, he's dangerous! They're cold-blooded. They're killers. Like rattlesnakes."

"Heads up," Jay said carelessly. "He won't bring an army."

That slow drawl seemed to her a rather unnecessary affectation. He couldn't be so calm—not possibly—while she was beholding intensified and multiplied visions of bloodshed. He grinned at her, but she stamped her foot.

"Don't be crazy, Jay. One fool per family is enough. I'm not ready for widowhood."

He grinned again, waved his hand and dodged aside into the cook shack. Martha echoed Caroline's lament: "Why are they so rotten to me?"

Wang Too came to tell her, unnecessarily, that dinner would be ready in three-quarters of an hour. There was something hopeful in that—the day was ending and maybe the beer king would not arrive till tomorrow. Mr. Dennison came in from the creek, as innocently happy in the capture of trout as if no destruction hovered over the Storrs household. The shadow of the cliff had filled the depths of the canyon with lavender mist, while the peaks above it began to turn carmine. It was too lovely a place for murder.

Her heart suddenly choked her. Another exhaust was rippling back from the cliff. It pulsated in a dramatic crescendo. There was a flash of yellow on the road across the creek, a heavy thunder at the bridge, and an incredible sedan shot through the loose gravel of the dooryard and stopped at the steps—a sedan with the wheelbase of a heavy truck, a sedan with the thrust-up chin of European design, painted an unbelievable gilt. It roared with open muffler for a moment, flames bursting out behind, and then stopped in a shocked silence.

One door of the sedan was opening. And Caroline had flung out of the house and was running on vivid heels to the man who emerged through the door. He leaped to the ground and held her in his arms. She raised her lips.

"I'm not fond of that," a voice said quietly at Martha's side.

She was aware that Lorrie had joined her. Jay was at the door of the cook shack, and Bill Nourse and Wang Too were gaping through a window. Why didn't Jay come and support her? She couldn't possibly stand up much longer. She might join Professor Perrin, who was staring with frank amazement at the sedan from the bench where he had been arranging his tackle. Dennison, too, was with him.

Mr. Stanislaus Onegin released Caroline, after kissing her with deep appreciation. Martha was impelled to keep staring at him, as if fascinated by something ophidian in his face. Ophidian, she told herself, was right. *Crotalus confluentus*, prairie rattlesnake—the syllables played a repetitious delirium in her mind. Why, he was hardly more than a boy, quite possibly younger than Caroline! That was right, she realized; in his profession you began young and finished not much older.

She loathed his pale, rat-sleek handsomeness. A city type, the pallid killer. This was the metropolitan mutation of the Western bad man; much more dangerous, much more efficient. She pressed a hand tight over her mouth. She wouldn't scream—she simply wouldn't.

"This new car, Stan!" Caroline was crying. "What is it? Where did you get it?"

"That was Joe Bagatti's car, baby." The beer king's voice did indeed issue obliquely from the turned-down corner of his mouth. It was low but raucous, like the tone of a clarinet with a split reed. "I just took it over. That's a wop car; she'd set you back eighteen grand on the open market. Eighteen grand, baby—that's serious money. I made it in three days from Chi." He surveyed the silent and spellbound audience. "These your folks, baby?"

Caroline swaggered. "Martha, I'd like to present Mr. Onegin. . . . Mrs. Storrs, Stan, my sister. The youth beside her is Professor Ware of the university. He collects bones and reforms debutantes. The handsome man coming up is Mr. Storrs. You'll meet the rest of them from time to time."

Martha rallied her flabby muscles sternly. One must be a hostess even to gunmen who might practice their profession at any moment. Jay would expect her to do him credit, but what did one say to a beer king? It might be too suggestive to inquire about his health, and inquiries about the state of his business seemed inept. Neither could she ask how many people he had had to destroy recently.

"You're—that is, you're staying to dinner?"

"Sure," Stan Onegin said graciously, and dismissed her from consideration. He turned to Caroline, "You like the outfit, baby?"

Lorrie remarked impersonally in Martha's ear, "The man who says 'baby' is outlawed from every protection of hospitality."

Martha did not like the calm antipathy in Lorrie's voice. Could he actually be thinking of something dangerous? Could Lorrie really have meant what he said? She frantically gripped her fingers into his arm.

But Caroline was exulting in that impossibly gilded sedan. "It's magnificent, Stan. Is it for business?"

"Look!" He swung open the doors and beckoned his audience forward with a sweep of the arm. He pounded what seemed abnormally thick upholstery. "Feathers. She's stuffed with feathers."

Jay had approached from one side and Mr. Dennison from the other. Jay said ecstatically, "Feathers—hanged if it isn't. What's the point, exactly?"

"This buggy is safe," Onegin explained. "She's built to stop bullets. But if they got through the tin, they wouldn't get through the feathers. An inch of feathers, brother—that's an inch of steel. Didn't you know about feathers?"

"I can't say that I knew about feathers."

Mr. Dennison was carefully inspecting the car. "That's Bagatti's old Italia," he said. His eyes roamed over Onegin with a mysterious recognition that alarmed Martha even more. "I've seen it often enough on the West Side. May I ask what you're doing with it?"

Oh! Martha bit back an outcry—that was offensive, that was dangerous. And it had its immediate effect. The youthful beer king shot out his jaw belligerently.

"I said it was Bagatti's. He checked out, see? I took it over. They put him on the spot."

"Ah, yes." Dennison's gaze wandered curiously over that pale, dangerous face. "I see. Well, it's a good machine still, I imagine."

"But," Jay inquired, "suppose the bullet doesn't strike the feathers? What happens if it hits the glass?"

Caroline laughed derisively. "Jay lives in the sticks, Stan. He isn't abreast of

(Continued on Page 72)

THE MOST IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT IN THE HISTORY OF

# DODGE BROTHERS

WILL BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK

BY

# WALTER P. CHRYSLER

(Continued from Page 70)

progress." She loftily explained to Jay, "All Stan's cars are safe. They have to be, in his business. He's driven me all about Chicago and I was as safe as if it had been Magpie Canyon."

"Idyllic," Lorrie whispered. "Simply pastoral, like an old poem."

The beer king said, "Bullet-proof glass, brother."

He made a rapid gesture and Martha screamed. The squat, blue gun that had appeared in his hand seemed a yard long. A crashing report came back from the cliffs, split in a dozen echoes. She had seen flame in the deepening shadow of the canyon and a sharp reek of powder was in her nostrils.

"Look!" the beer king said pridefully. He pointed to a rainbow-hued blotch in the windshield, a center of honeycombed glass with radiations like a spider web round it. "See? Just a bubble. She'd stop a machine gun just as well. At that, I'll have a new glass put in when I get back to Chi." He swaggered—yes, he was actually strutting. He handed the gun to Jay. "Automatic pistol, see? I always carry it. Latest model"

Jay accepted it reflectively. "Oh, yes. I believe I saw one in the Army."

Martha wondered how many other guns were concealed about him. One in the coat and one in his hip pocket, probably, and a knife under his lapel, and brass knuckles and a sandbag distributed variously about him. That was the convention. Not only the movies observed it—and the movies doubtless set the mode for the beer war—but even the newspapers. Mr. Dennison could tell her. . . . Really, she mustn't tremble quite so visibly. Her legs were disgracefully betraying her.

Onegin undoubtedly had his audience. He held it for the full value of the scene and then turned majestically to Caroline: "Like to try out the bus, baby?"

"Oh, Stan! Can I drive?"

"Sure. It's safe enough here."

Caroline climbed happily in behind the wheel. Then, with no interval at all, she was on the ground again. Martha wasn't sure how Lorrie had escaped from her clutch, but he had. He had moved swiftly forward, hauled Caroline out of the sedan and thrust her quite rudely away.

"I'm not in favor of this ride," he remarked. "You keep out of this, Carol."

"Hey, who's this guy, baby?" Onegin asked.

That pale, evil face seemed to Martha agonizingly dangerous, poisonous, reptilian. Onegin had moved within arm's length of Lorrie and was glaring his question at Caroline. The girl didn't answer it, but reached backward for the support of the bench from which Perrin had not stirred, and stood there while rouge showed carmine as her cheeks paled. Scared! Martha hypnotically whispered. Reason enough. She herself wouldn't stand up more than another minute.

"Who are you, bo?" the beer king demanded, restoring his attention to Lorrie.

"I'm a purist. I'm an agency for the suppression of people who call women 'baby'"

There was no shot! Martha saw Lorrie's shoulder hunch convulsively, heard the sharp smack of a blow, and realized that the first fight she had ever seen was in progress. She moved six or seven unsteady steps and threw herself upon Jay. Quite ungently, he thrust her away and stepped nearer the dust that was already rising from the ground.

"But he'll shoot him," she murmured, trying to scream. "He's covered with guns."

The dust, or something, was impenetrable. Maybe it was the dancing circle of cottonwood trees. She couldn't see, she couldn't make out what was happening. Nauseating sounds reached to her; men, she now knew, hit hard. Still, there was no shot, though she probably would die when it came. It must be the dust; she could see only a commotion that circled and eddied. But everyone else seemed to be seeing—Jay and Dennison and Professor Perrin, wide-spaced, tensed, absorbed.

Then someone was on the ground, and it was the beer king; but he didn't shoot. He stood up sectionally and the dust was swirling again while those nauseating sounds beat into Martha's ears. But he was on the ground again. Lorrie was winning!

The beer king rose to a sitting position. Suddenly, there was no longer dust or commotion, but only a vast clarity in which everything was motionless and silent.

The beer king said chokingly, "All right, fella. You win. I've had enough."

Still he didn't shoot. The realization that, after all, he wasn't going to, sapped the last firmness from Martha's knees. She slumped abruptly to the ground and hugged those worthless knees with both arms. It was possible, now, to observe, to look at Caroline and discover the shamed and terrified expression in her eyes. And to see a red welt on one of Lorrie's cheeks and a fleck of blood on his lower lip. She was going to speak about that, but Caroline spoke first.

The girl's voice was shaking, absurdly timorous. "Lorrie, are you hurt?" it asked.

Lorrie didn't answer. For something new was beginning, on behalf of Mr. Dennison. The newspaperman strode over to the dazed beer king, whose face was mottled, and pulled him unceremoniously to his feet.

"What's Onegin going to say when he hears about you? Did you steal Bagatti's car?"

The somewhat battered jaw sagged. "Naw. Onegin give me that car for wages. Say, who the devil are you?"

Still holding the deflated terrorist by the collar, Dennison swung him round to the public view. "It sounded rather fishy from the first. This isn't Onegin. It's a kid that used to hang out at the Big Top. Did dancing turns occasionally, I think. He's not in the profession; he's a ham actor."

"What!" Caroline marched up to the two of them and peered incredulously at the battered face. "You mean—you mean he's a—a fake?"

"My dear Miss Forman," Dennison said dispassionately, "you'll forgive me, I trust, but Stan Onegin and other leaders of the profession haven't time to waste entertaining society girls."

All this was sufficiently riotous to disturb Martha's vision again, but it was comic to see incredulity, in Caroline's face, become first anger and then detestation. Just short of instantaneously she began to loathe the glamorous figure who had suffered a beating for her sake.

"But he knew everybody," she still protested to Dennison. "He took me everywhere."

"Neither," Dennison said—"neither do the nobility exhibit their domain to outsiders. You can be quite sure that you had no need of bullet-proof glass anywhere you went."

"Then"—Caroline stamped both feet in quick succession—"then I think he'd better get out of here right away." She glared at him. "Do you hear me? Don't wait to explain who you are; I can spare that. I'm not interested. Get on your way."

"All right, ba—— All right; you said it, kid. I'm willing. I don't stay where I ain't asked." Dennison releasing him, the now anonymous ham actor hurried into the sedan, clattering the door shut behind him. Then he opened it again. "Say, fella, give me my gun."

Jay took it from his pocket and looked at it speculatively. "On the whole, I think not," he decided. "If you need protection anywhere along the road, appeal to the police."

The sedan rolled ponderously over the bridge. Its exhaust poured back from the cliff for a moment. At the door of the house, Wang Too began to beat a steel triangle and so brought Martha back to the immediate world.

"Dinner," she announced and stood up gingerly, testing out her ability to remain upright. "We seem to have survived. I never thought I'd live to eat those berries when I cleaned them."

Caroline looked at Lorrie, between frankness and something rather astonishingly like diffidence.

"Go wash your face for dinner," she directed him. "It's considered proper even for pugilists." She flung back her head, but did not essay impudence. Instead, she gave him her eyes. "I'm not altogether dumb. I know you didn't know he wasn't a killer any more than I did, when you sailed into him. So—thanks."

"How's your spine?" Lorrie asked belligerently.

Caroline continued to look at him. In that gaze Martha could detect no affront whatever, nothing but an unfamiliar ability to take that sort of talk and like it. Then the girl—surprisingly—lowered her head, turned away and slowly walked into the house.

Martha took Lorrie's arm. "I was making some underwear," she said. "I suspect that Carol will be sewing on it this evening. She isn't what you'd call, normally, a silent girl. How curative you are, my dear!"

"As for that neurosis," he assented, "I'm old Doc Ware in person. It might be amusing, though, to find out whose it was." He grinned. "Have you two needles, Martha?"

## HOOCH

(Continued from Page 5)

"No. Wait a minute," Barr cut in. "Just a minute, sergeant." He was drumming with his finger tips again. He pursed his teeth and sucked his lips audibly. After a moment he said: "Send one of the boys over an' get the old man." He turned to Flenger: "There's no sense in makin' trouble over these things when it ain't absolutely necessary. The easiest way is always the best"

He turned back to the sergeant. "Pick out a good man," he instructed. "Have him go over to Donohue's place an' get hold of Donohue himself. Get the old man out an' take him home. If necessary, make him think he's pinched till you get him out of the place."

The sergeant smiled. "Very good, sir. I guess that's the best thing to do, all right."

"Of course it is," Barr said confidently.

The sergeant left. Flenger growled: "Why go to so much trouble just because some old bum gits a snootful?"

"You know as well as I do," Barr pointed out, "that Donohue's place is supposed to be closed. He caught a thirty-day suspension of license less than two weeks ago!"

"That's his lookout," the lieutenant insisted.

"Why have trouble that can be avoided?" Barr asked again. "The easiest way is always the best, Paddy."

Flenger shrugged impatiently.

"Well, you go on out to your new station," he said suddenly. "I'll stick along here an' take my chances. Inside a year I'll come out there an' we'll sit in the shade trees on the station-house steps an' gab a while together. Then I'll remind you of this conversation an' we'll see who was wrong."

"You'd better mull it over a little more, Paddy," Captain Barr urged. "I've got to tip off Swinnerton today on who I want with me."

"Nope," Flenger said with a decisive shake of the head. "You tip him off for somebody else, chief." He stepped close to the desk and leaned over the captain, grinning. "An' here's another proposition for you, chief. This is a promise an' it rides." He was laughing through his words. "On the very day that this country goes dry an' makes a criminal out of a man who wants a decent glass of beer, I'll drop in an' buy you the best suit of clothes in town."

Barr accepted the decision complacently. He merely nodded agreement. Flenger stuck out his hand and they shook. It was a compact.

The lieutenant paused only long enough to relight his cigar, then left the office. As he passed the desk the sergeant there called to him.

"I'm a little worried about that old bozo," he explained in a low voice. "I done like you said an' got him a half pint. We locked him up an' he quieted down pretty quick. That worried us an' we went back an' had a look at him. He'd passed out completely. There was somethin' funny about his breathin'. We threw water on him, but we can't bring him to. His wife is in there with him now an' it looks kind of bad."

Flenger swore viciously. "You got the bottle out of the cell, didn't you?" he demanded.

"Well, I didn't know just what to do," the sergeant said. "The bottle was there when his wife arrived."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do now," Flenger snarled. "How are you goin' to explain a bottle of whisky locked up in a cell with a drunk? You go in there an' convince that old woman that she never saw a bottle, savvy? Get the evidence out of the way, too, or you'll have headquarters around our ears. That's the way every time! You try to give a fellow a break an' just get yourself jammed up."

The desk sergeant started toward the rear of the house to carry out his instructions.

Flenger walked out into the street, paused a moment and crossed to Martin's saloon. In the back room he met Martin.

"You got to quit throwin' these drunks out in the street, Martin," he explained angrily. "That old bozo is croakin' over at the station house."

"Well," Martin argued, "I can't have bums like him parkin' in my joint! You give that old crumb three drinks an' he starts makin' speeches. If I had him around here no decent customer would give the joint a play!"

"Well," Flenger insisted, "you watch your step. You got to play along with us, too. It ain't all on our side. Another thing: I want you to forget that half pint of whisky you sent across the street. I think that's what's killin' the old guy."

Martin leered understandingly. "I don't know what you're talkin' about," he said.

"Okay," Flenger responded, "an' tip off that bartender of yours too. If the old guy dies, there may be trouble about it. Things ain't like they used to be. We all got to watch our step a little. If we don't, the first thing you know we'll have a prohibition law. An' there's nothin' in the world that'd put you on a truck quicker."

*II*

BECAUSE his name was Dobbs, the entire department called the lieutenant "Ferry." Being of placid temperament and genial disposition, Captain Barr's lieutenant not only accepted the nickname but came to look upon the use of any other as a worrisome portent. It followed that when Paddy Flenger stepped into the station house, walked to the desk and said "Well, how's things by you, Dobbs?" the lieutenant was both surprised and vaguely worried. He placed his pen back upon the rack, squinted at the face of Flenger.

"Hello, Paddy," he greeted. "Why all the formality?"

There was evident about Flenger a definite uneasiness. This, too, worried Dobbs.

"Is the old man around?" Paddy asked.

"Sure," Dobbs nodded; "sure thing. He's in his private room there. Anythin' gone wrong downtown?"

"Not a thing, old boy," Flenger answered airily. He waved his hand in a gesture designed to convince Dobbs that he knew everything that was happening downtown. Then he turned away toward the door to the captain's private room. Lines of worry played about Dobbs' forehead as his eyes followed in the wake of the lieutenant from downtown. Suspicion was alive in his eyes as he saw Flenger stop before the door and tap lightly upon the opaque glass. He was still worried after the door had opened and Flenger had passed inside. It might have relieved his mind had he heard the conversation between Captain Barr and his old lieutenant.

When Flenger entered, Barr was seated with his heels hooked on the edge of an ancient oak desk. When the captain recognized his visitor a look of surprise crossed his features. He dropped his feet to the floor with a thump, stood erect, and walked around the desk with right hand extended.

"Well, well, well," he greeted, "miracles'll never end!" Their hands met and the grip was cordial.

"How're you, chief?" Flenger grinned. His eyes darted about the room. "Nice place you got here."

"Yeah," Barr agreed, the light of reminiscence in his eyes. "Ain't it the truth? A nice, comfortable, quiet little place, away from all the excitement and trouble of a regular police station."

Flenger withdrew his hand and fished for a cigar. He made a ceremony of snipping the end free with his thumb nail and moistening the broken leaf with his tongue. There was almost a ritualistic ceremony about the way in which he struck the match; a solemnity in his manner of filling his lungs with the smoke, then blowing it upward through the bristling mustache. Barr waited.

"Well," Flenger said at length, "I guess you know why I'm here. Where do you buy your clothes?"

"Clothes?" Barr asked, surprise, affected or otherwise, in his voice.

"You got me," Flenger grinned. "Don't rub it in. I made the bet an' I'll go through with it."

The captain laughed until his shoulders shook. He raised one hand and slapped his caller on the back. "Oh, yes," he said as though memory had just served him, "there was something about a suit of clothes when this prohibition thing came through, wasn't there?"

"You remember it all right," Flenger grinned sheepishly. "I guess you an' Swinnerton had the right dope. I never thought the country could go so cockeyed crazy overnight."

Captain Barr was getting full enjoyment from his moment of triumph. The mirth of his broad smile was genuine. A thousand wrinkles played about his eyes and his body shook with silent laughter. Flenger puffed again. His gaze remained upon the burning end of his cigar. He was not a man to tolerate in good humor laughter at his own expense.

"What'll you do," he asked at long last; "go an' order a suit or take a check for it?"

Barr, still laughing, answered: "Forget it, Paddy. I wouldn't take a suit from you. It was no bet. I had no chance to lose."

"You had plenty of chance to lose. I don't want no sympathy."

"Oh, I'd take the suit all right," Barr said, "if there'd been a bet between us. There just wasn't any bet, Paddy. If I'd stood to lose a suit, that would be one thing. Just because you were sucker enough to promise a suit without a chance of winning one in case you were right don't mean a thing now."

Flenger insisted, but Barr was more determined. He treated the whole incident in a bantering way.

"Well," Flenger said after considerable conversation, "if you won't take the suit the least you could do is buy a drink."

Barr nodded. "I can do that all right, Paddy, and I will." He unlocked a cabinet in the corner of the room and withdrew a bottle of whisky, with two glasses. He set them on the corner of the desk and went to a washstand for water. Flenger took his straight. They clicked glasses as they drank and the captain solemnly winked his eyes.

"I don't know why it is," he sighed, "but there's something about it that tastes better, now that we steal it."

The visitor rinsed out the glasses, corked the bottle and put them all into the cabinet. He turned the key, then handed it to the captain, who had sunk into his chair, put his feet again on the desk and reached for his pipe. Flenger sat on the corner of the desk and puffed solemnly at his cigar.

"How's everything going with you, Paddy?" Barr inquired.

"Pretty good," Flenger answered. "I ain't got any kick comin'. Of course there's no tellin' what this prohibition thing'll do, but it looks to me like somebody's due to make a lot of money. Everythin's upset now, an' I haven't found a way to make a connection with these Federal dicks that are bein' appointed. I suppose it'll take a little time."

The captain spoke with an air of great wisdom. "Yes," he agreed, "it will take time, Paddy. Things are going to be more upset than you guess. I've been a copper long enough to know that you can't create a police department overnight. I suppose the boys that'll get the preference on these enforcement appointments will be veterans of the World War, and I guess that's as it should be. But they'll have a lot to learn about the copper racket! Everything is so upset. You see, what happened was that the law came into effect before the enforcement crowd was able to make it stick. Right now nobody knows just where he stands. There are plenty of fellows that would like to sell booze, but they're afraid."

"How long is that goin' to last?" Flenger inquired craftily. "You know as well as I do that it won't last long, chief. Just as soon as a coupla birds try it fer a while an' git away with it, everybody'll be sellin' the stuff."

"I guess you're right enough there," the captain admitted. "If they really want to keep the country dry, they should have been ready to shut the saloons, then keep them shut. As it is, three months of no definite enforcement has started half the old places in town sneaking the real stuff over their bars."

"All the old ones," Flenger grunted, "an' besides them, a few hundred new ones. We've gone in fer blind pigs in this town, Barr. Places open up an' sell booze in cellars or in any old place that's partly hidden away from sight."

He chewed his cigar with almost vicious confidence. "Believe you me, once the boys really start sellin' booze, it's a tough job to stop 'em! Now that the public has learned it can buy booze, the enforcement crowd's got a thousan' times harder job."

"You're stating that a little broadly," Barr qualified. "I'm told that some of the private clubs in town are taking a chance and selling to members over the bar, but it ain't general yet. People are a little afraid. They don't know just how far the law is being carried out. But there's truth to what you say. As long as there has been this period of slack enforcement, there's dead sure to be a reaction. It won't take long for the saloon crowd to get up their nerve and start selling booze. If the first few get away with it, then there's no telling where it'll end!"

Flenger leaned over to place his elbow on his knee. He tapped the palm of one hand with the clenched fist of the other. "You take it from me, chief," he said, his voice lowered, "it'll take thousands of men to enforce this Volstead business. It'll take more men than there are who believe in the law. How many veterans of the World War think a man shouldn't have a drink?"

"Well, you'd be surprised," Barr countered. "This prohibition law, Paddy, is the biggest thing since Lincoln's proclamation freeing the slaves; it's even bigger than that. It's bigger than the war itself, because almost overnight the voice of the law has told a man what he can and what he can't drink, even in his own home."

"You an' I know, chief," Flenger snarled, "that law won't ever have a thing to do with when a man drinks or when he don't drink. The only thing the prohibition law'll govern will be the price of whisky!"

Barr laughed genially. "There's a lot of angles to this thing," he admitted -"new angles."

Flenger leaned closer across the desk. "I'll tell you this, chief," he whispered; "you only need one of those angles to get awful rich in the next couple of years."

The captain returned his gaze steadily. He saw eyes alight with cunning greed and lips that trembled avariciously. For a moment he sat silent; then his fingers drummed on the desk and he answered slowly:

"You're right enough there, Paddy. On the other hand, it'll take only one angle to get a man into an awful lot of trouble."

Flenger shrugged his shoulders. "Ain't that true of every racket?" he asked.

The captain was steeped in thought. His fingers drummed unconsciously. His gaze remained intently upon Flenger's face and a wary light crept into his eyes.

"It's best to go slow," he said at last; "kind of feel your way in a thing like this, Paddy. We know how to deal with the Secret Service and the Post Office Department of Investigation. But this enforcement bunch will be new. It'll be like everything else. Some of the officers you won't be able to touch with a thousand-foot pole. Others of them will try to make their money a little too fast, and that's going to bring trouble."

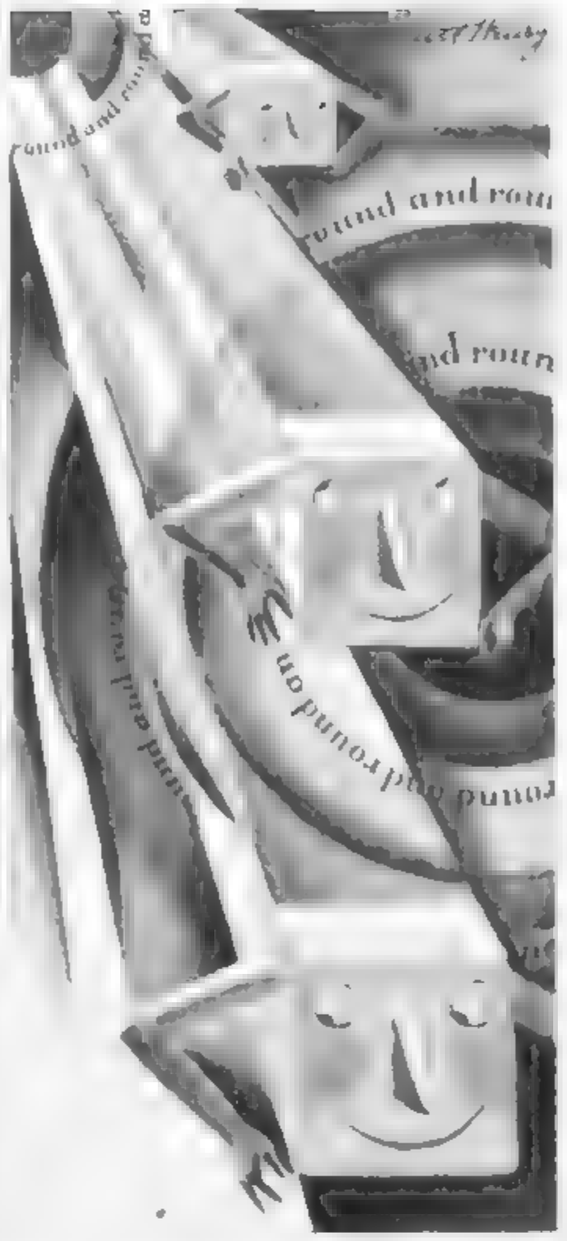
"Most of 'em will try, is what you mean," Flenger cut in. "Most of them are goin' to get away with it too. The only thing that worries me is that the fool law won't last six months. Unless you work fast you won't get a chance to cash in."

"You're plain cuckoo," the captain grinned. "This ain't local option you're playing with now, Paddy. This is a constitutional amendment. Booze is as completely out of the laws of this country as slavery, and this man Wheeler, of the Anti-Saloon League, knows his stuff. I don't say he's going to stop the selling of booze in America. But you can mark my words that he's got things fixed so that it'll always be illegal. If they had the guts and the power to amend the Constitution and pass this Volstead law, then they've got the guts and the power to try to make them both work. An' hell's going to pop before they quit trying."

Flenger laughed easily, hooked his thumbs in his armholes and jerked his cigar to a vertical angle. He paced blithely up and down the room.

"I don't want them to quit tryin'," he said. "I want them to keep right on tryin'. Right now the best people in town are paying fifty cents for a drink of ten-cent whisky. Every bonded warehouse will leak like a sieve. There'll be no shortage of supply. I tell you, chief, this is a gold mine. Bartenders that've worked all their lives for fifteen bucks a week will be rollin' in dough. You can take it from me, too, they're covered with mucilage to the elbows. What somebody ought to do is put the finger on them boys, an' I'd rather have our bunch do it than see all the gravy go to the Federal mob."

"I don't know, Paddy," the captain said thoughtfully. "Naturally I've been doing a lot of thinking myself. I've made up my mind to lay off. It's too risky. I got it straight from Swinnerton that inside six months I'll get an inspector's grade. That means I can retire on an inspector's pension. I've got a little dough laid away, and with my pension rolling in, there won't be anything to worry about. I'll just grab myself a little home in the country, pick my own spuds out of my own back yard, and every Sunday morning go out and step on a chicken's neck for dinner. I guess that



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sort of life will do me for the rest of my days."

"You're goin' to get promoted, eh?" Flenger said with high interest. "This guy Swinnerton's quite a pal to have, ain't he?"

"He carries a lot of weight," Barr smiled. The wary light persisted in his eyes. Flenger seemed to notice it.

"Swinnerton stands to make a lot of dough," he said, returning and seating himself on the desk. "I should think he'd be in need of fellows like you an' me. I guess you were right that way too. You wanted me to come over here with you in the first place." He paused at some length and Barr did not speak.

"How about it now?" Flenger continued. "Does it still shape up good in your opinion? Swinnerton ought to know I can keep my mouth shut. Look what they did to me during that gamblin' shake-up. I had half the prosecutors in town shootin' questions at me, an' what did I tell them? What did they get out of me?" There was a boastful note in his voice.

"Not a thing," Barr agreed—"not a thing, Paddy. You made a name for yourself during that jam."

"Well," Flenger went on ingratiatingly, "why not tip Swinnerton to that? You say you're lookin' for a house in the country an' don't want to mix in this new play. I'm still a lieutenant that's been on the eligible list for captain for the last five years. I don't see where Swinnerton could do better than to get me a break an' let me take this house when you're promoted to inspector."

He paused and the light of greed flamed brighter in his eyes. His face became more foxlike in appearance. He puffed nervously at his cigar. It was out, but he retained it between his teeth and it danced an accompaniment to his darting thoughts.

"The more I think about it," he said, "the better it seems to click all around, both from my standpoint an' from Swinnerton's." Then abruptly, "How does it set with you, chief?"

"It's all right with me, Paddy," Barr agreed slowly. "There's nobody in the department I'd rather see get a break than you. But I don't know if I'm the man to go to Swinnerton about it. Why don't you try your own hand at it? He's a regular guy and you can talk to him."

"It'd be better," Flenger said softly, "if I went heeled. You know how it is. An alderman of Swinnerton's standing must have a parade of guys going to him for favors. He'd probably mitt me an' pass me in one door an' right out the other."

With the birth of the idea in his mind, there flamed within him a desire to accomplish it. Eagerness crept into his voice.

"The more I think about it, chief, the better it looks. Where could Swinnerton find a man in town that knows the angles like I do? There ain't a racketeer in the burg that I don't know. I know the good ones an' I know the bad ones. I know the safe ones an' I know the dangerous ones. Look at the standin' I got. It wouldn't take the department long to know that I had Swinnerton's weight back of me, an' that'd fix them. The prosecutor's office already knows how much they can get out of me when they want what I don't want to give them. An' the racketeers know that I can keep my mouth shut when I have to. They know I'm regular."

The captain was tapping on the desk again. He was watching Flenger as a cat watches a mouse. He weighed the man and his words. As he did so the wary light in his eyes did not diminish; his manner became even more cautious.

Impelled by his own enthusiasm, Flenger continued: "How could you get a better line-up? Mull it over a bit, chief. The more you think about it, the more you'll realize there couldn't be a better line-up. Nobody in the department's got a thing on me, an' with Swinnerton back of me, nobody'd ever get anythin' on me. All them things has got to be riggered. There's a dozen barrels of money to be picked up on the next year by fellows smart enough to get it. Nobody'd get any more for Swinnerton than I would, an' I wish you'd get in touch with him an' put the idea in his head. If you don't want it yourself, why shouldn't I have it?"

Barr was still drumming on the desk. His lips had pursed slightly and the vertical line of his forehead had deepened. As Flenger finished, the captain seemed to rouse himself. His mind had not followed too closely Flenger's words.

"Yeah, Paddy," he said, "I guess that's a good enough slant." He paused doubtfully.

"How about it then?" Flenger demanded. "Will you get in touch with Swinnerton?"

"Yes," Barr agreed, "I'll speak to him. I won't go too far, because I don't want him to think I'm riding a willing horse to death. But the first chance I have I'll tell him that you and I have always been good friends and have worked together. I'll even suggest that he have a chat with you about the prohibition thing."

"Call him up now, chief," Flenger urged. "Get him on the line an' tell him I'd like to gab with him a little. There's nothin' like hitting while the iron's hot."

The drumming of Barr's fingers grew louder. The line in his forehead deepened more as his eyes shifted about the room. He wet his lips. "That wouldn't be wise," he said finally. "I know the old man better than you do, Paddy. You just leave this with me and I give you my word I'll have a talk with him."

Somewhat impatiently, Flenger slipped off the desk, plunged his hands into his pockets and walked up and down the room.

"I never saw the sense in waitin' when a fellow's got some place to go," he said. "It's a cinch Swinnerton needs me an' it's a cinch I want him. Why all the shadow boxin' about gettin' together?"

"Rome wasn't built in a day," Barr said ponderously.

"Who's buildin' Rome?" Flenger asked.

"Well, you know what I mean."

Flenger paced the room again. He paused, struck a match on the wall and puffed at his cigar. He blew out the match and dropped it in the center of the floor. Then he walked back and took his position on the desk; his foxlike eyes stared intently into Barr's face.

"If you don't mind my sayin' so, chief," he snapped, "you don't seem as enthusiastic about this thing as I am."

"You got me wrong," Barr defended. "You always were a fellow to rush in, Paddy. You are smart all right—one of the smartest cops I know—but you're headstrong. From where I sit I see a lot of trouble brewing in this town—a whole lot of trouble. You aren't the only man that sees millions in the rum racket. Every burglar is going to turn to booze peddling. It's less risky and more profitable. Where they'd take whatever they could get for a night's work before, they'll be dealing in thousand-dollar bills now. They'll be harder to handle. It takes diplomacy to handle a smart crook with a lot of money, Paddy. Any cop'll tell you that."

"Why let the burglars get it all?" Flenger demanded. "With a little management there's half a dozen guys in this town that can absolutely control the booze racket. Nobody's got to tell me that Swinnerton is going to run his distillery. I know he is. Nobody's got to tell Swinnerton that if he gets the right men around him he can stop every other distillery in town from runnin'. He knows that. Imagine sellin' all the booze in town at four times the reg'lar price. What a sweet break prohibition is for him! I suppose he's wise to all this an' probably half a dozen jumps ahead of me. But I'll tell you this much, chief: It won't take me long to catch up with him!"

Barr stopped his drumming then and his eyebrows lifted. Very thoughtfully he reached across the desk for his pipe, fumbled for a match and kindled the tobacco in the bowl. The smoke clouds hung about his face. The wary light in his eyes blazed brighter. It was as though they operated better behind a smoke screen.

"You're flying kind of high, Paddy," he said slowly. "There's a lot of people might misunderstand that last crack." There was a certain ominous note in his voice which Flenger seemed to catch.

"Don't get me wrong," he explained hastily. "All I mean is that it never does a smart fellow any harm to meet another smart fellow. I think I'm smart an' I know Swinnerton is. If you're the pal you say you are, I want you to bring us together, an' bring us together right. How about it? You admit yourself you'll be an inspector in a few months an' you'll pass out of this precinct. In no time at all you'll retire an' move to the country. Why not be a pal an' leave a break for me? Swinnerton could make me a captain inside thirty days. Then he could plant me right in this room. What sweeter break could he get than to run his distillery in my precinct? With his weight back of me, I can pick my own lieutenants an' my own detectives, to say nothin' of the men on the beat. What's more, I've got the nerve to do it an' the brains to get away with it." His teeth clamped down on his cigar and he leaned forward and thumped the desk with his fist. "If that ain't a picture for Mr. Swinnerton's right eye, chief, then I'm a sign painter specializin' in garter ads!"

Barr, still puffing on his pipe, shifted his glance toward the door through which Flenger had come. The fingers of his right hand were drumming on the desk again.

"Fools rush in," he said, "where angels fear to tread. I'll put you in touch with Swinnerton all right, Paddy, and you can make your own deal with him, if any. But the best I could wish you is that you get over this strongheadedness of yours, because I'd hate to see you get jammed up like a lot of them are going to be jammed up before this thing is over. This is just as big as you say it is; in fact, it's bigger than you say it is. It's the biggest thing ever faced by the police department of any city. And before many moons go by hell's going to pop. Those that don't watch their step pretty close are going to come out of this with a mouthful of brimstone."

Flenger spread his hands quickly, palms upward. He was about to launch into another vehement speech. By way of preventing him, Barr rose suddenly.

"Get out of here." He grinned amiably. "I've got a platoon going on the street in a short time and I've got to look them over. I told you I'd steer you into Swinnerton, and I will. When the time's right I'll see that you meet him. That's a promise." He held out his hand again and Flenger accepted it. Even as they clasped hands, Barr was walking toward the door. He paused just long enough to slip a uniform coat from a hat tree in the corner. This he put on, along with the uniform cap that hung there. Then he opened the door.

"Well, good luck, Paddy," he said, "and don't be strange so long again. Drop in when you're over in this section of town. It's always good to see an old friend."

Almost in a whisper Flenger said: "Don't forget now, chief, I'll expect the tip-off inside two or three days." Then he turned and walked blithely through the station house. As he passed the desk he turned to Lieutenant Dobbs. "So long, Ferry," he called.

Dobbs nodded in relief and waved a salute. Flenger walked into the street, whistling softly.

Barr went into the reserve room and inspected there, with the roundsman, the relief squad. That done, he turned back toward his private room. He entered it and closed the door.

Seated on the divan waiting for him was the lieutenant in charge of detectives of the precinct. He rose.

"Who's that bird that just went out, captain?" he queried.

The captain was taking off his coat. Along with his cap, he hung it back on the clothestree. When he turned around there was a tired look on his face.

"You ought to know him well enough," he said slowly.

"Well, I don't," the lieutenant answered. "His face looks kind of familiar. He must've bit that mustache out of a mop."

Barr walked to his desk before answering. Then: "Well, that's Paddy Flenger from my old precinct. Among other things, he's a cop; and at everything he does he's smart."

"And dangerous," the lieutenant added voluntarily. "I wouldn't believe him if he told me he was lying."

"Yes," Barr agreed slowly, "and dangerous. But he was just paying a little social call this afternoon. By the way, walk out of here and call up Swinnerton, will you? Tell him you're speaking for me and that I'd like to see him tonight for a good long talk. Tell him it's something hot and we've got to get together."

"Sure," the lieutenant agreed. "I'll get him right away, captain."

"Come back, then, and let me know what he says."

"I sure will. If I can get him on the phone I'll be back within ten minutes. Will you wait?"

"I'll wait," Captain Barr agreed.

"Right-o." The lieutenant walked into the outer station, and as he passed the desk Dobbs called to him:

"You remember Paddy Flenger, don't you?"

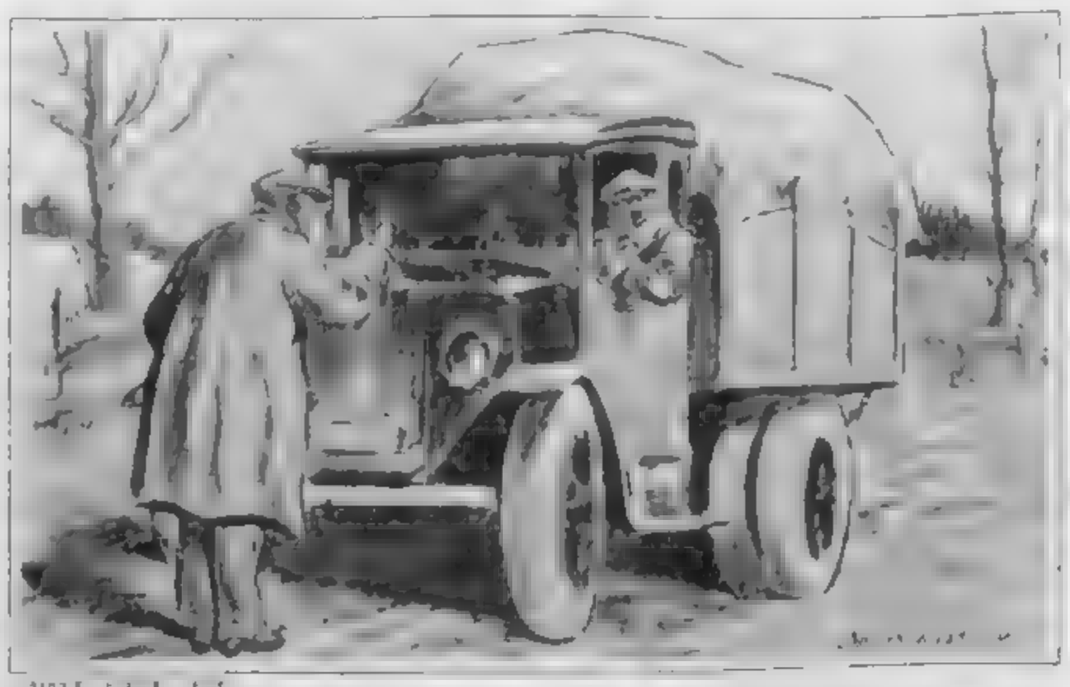
"Yeah," the lieutenant answered.

"That was him that just went out," Dobbs explained. "He was pretty smart durin' that gamblin' jam. I wonder what he was doin' around here?"

"Just a little social call on the old man," the lieutenant explained. "They used to be partners downtown, you know. It was just a social call." He turned then and walked out into the street. As he went down the steps he muttered under his breath:

"Like hell it was just a social call."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



*Rum-Runner: "She's Liable to Freeze Up, Mike. You Better Open One o' Them Cases an' Pour a Bottle In." Mike: "Wot? An' Ruin This Truck!"*

# "A BOTTICELLI COME TO LIFE!"

## I thought as she passed down the gallery

I HAD been lost in wonder before one of Botticelli's most glorious canvasses . . . the women in the picture were *alive* . . . they had that air of actual animation . . . that ethereal lightness of foot that characterizes the Master's work . . . one half expected them to step forth from the frame as one watched . . .

It was then that I saw her . . a Botticelli come to life!

Lightly she floated into my range of vision . . . a sprite . . . a fairy . . surely no woman of flesh and blood!

Her trim little feet seemed just to whisper over the marble flags . . . softly . . . caressingly . . . as one would brush a lovely cheek with a blossom . . .

The very Spirit of Grace . . . gloriously animate . . . a Botticelli come to life!

* * *

The beauty born of motion . . . fluent . . . poised . . . lovely beyond words . . . what a priceless gift to womankind!

And so easily acquired!

For, a flowing walk . . . a charmingly graceful carriage . . . are, after all, the rewards of being *properly* shod

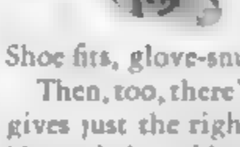
Beauty grows from the ground up . . . to be *foot-free* is to be naturally graceful

That is why women who wear Red Cross Shoes invariably walk in beauty . . . for these faultlessly fashioned and scientifically shaped shoes give glorious support to active insteps . . . fit with caressing snugness as the feet flex in walking

Free, unhampered, as light as thistledown, one steps buoyantly along in these ultra-smart shoes . . . eagerly alive . . . perfectly poised . . . *foot-free* . . . a Botticelli come to life!

* * *

Red Cross Shoes are remarkable shoes, you know, for each pair is shaped over the famous, exclusive "Limit" lasts, that insure correct fit, always. Because these lasts



were derived from an exhaustive study of feminine feet, every measurement, or "Limit," was established with scientific accuracy. Tread, vamp, instep, heel . . . at every point, The Red Cross Shoe fits, glove-snug, but without pinching

Then, too, there's the exclusive Arch-Tone support, that gives just the right uplift to the active arch . . . and the Natural-shaped heel, that does not rub, that cannot chafe

And you have only to see Red Cross Shoes . . . whether for street, afternoon, or formal wear . . . to know that they are designed by Frenchmen, for who else could put such *chic* into shoe leather?

The best shoe shop in town is showing the lovely models of this famous shoe, at prices ranging from $10 to $16 50. There are also Sub-deb models from $6.50 to $8.50, and Junior models from $3 50 to $6 00.

ARCH-TONE

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YOURS FOR THE ASKING—*This interestingly illustrated book, "Walk to Beauty," gives the views of prominent educators on the subject of correct posture, tells how many beautiful women have acquired the charm of a graceful carriage. Send for your copy. Address, Dept P-13*

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# THE PASSING OF INDIVIDUAL OWNERSHIP

(Continued from Page 21)

scathing condemnation of the part which the Wall Street banking syndicate plays in floating and recapitalizing the one-man or family concern. This sinister encroachment of finance upon administration, says Mr. Filene, has given the modern revolutionist one of his strongest arguments. It is no accident that the agitator attacks great financiers oftener than great administrators.

In graphic language Mr. Filene tells how the most critical moment in industry is when the administrator, the captain of industry, gets old or at least a little tired of responsibility, and is then approached by a financial syndicate which offers him an extravagantly large price. His exit may be eased by making him an officer of the reorganized enterprise, "but when the transaction is closed he is no longer the dominant spirit of the business."

But only a few months ago, scarcely five years after these words were written, we find two great Wall Street banking houses offering for general public subscription, with promise of listing on the big board, several million dollars of both the preferred and common stock of the Wm. Filene's Sons Company! The vivid contrast suggested by this brief recital of facts proves, as nothing else could, the sheer compulsion of the forces which are driving us on.

Reason as we will, there cannot fail to be regret at the passing of those virile figures who combined ownership and control of the major industries. Judge Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and J. Ogden Armour, one-time head and chief owner of the immense packing company of that name, died within a few hours of each other a little more than a year ago. Although a very old man, Gary passed at the peak of his power and wealth; Armour had lost both, but was somehow the more interesting figure of the two.

There are those who say that the independent, individualistic captain of industry is an obsolete figure, as romantic as a clipper ship, but as out-of-date. Yet there is no denying that he is more appealing than anyone in the consortium of professional hired managers, lawyers, accountants, engineers, salesmen, efficiency experts and advertising men whom Wall Street bankers put in charge of a business once it falls into their hands.

Mr. Filene is strictly accurate, speaking as he does of the critical moment when the captain of industry gets old or a little tired and the financial syndicate approaches him with an offer. Valuable or not as the banker's services may be, they are not rendered gratis. A fee frequently charged is 10 per cent of the total amount of securities. Representatives of banking houses travel up and down the country, looking for opportunities to finance, combing all the nationally known concerns, and urging the wisdom of public financing, especially through their particular firms.

### Time to Make a Change

It is almost a form of financial ambulance chasing. The long record of hearings in the Ford tax case is full of eloquent evidence to this effect. Temporarily pressed for funds in 1921, Mr. Ford and his son Edsel found themselves the objects of a veritable procession of emissaries from Boston and New York financing syndicates. Mr. Ford was able to get by without their services, but in most cases the banker's persistence and patience are ultimately rewarded, for the crises and exigencies of business are like those of human life itself; the critical moment may come through any one of a combination of circumstances too various and numerous to be catalogued.

Here is a subject so delicate and complex that the only safe attitude is to assume that no two deals or cases are alike. Sometimes the results are beneficial and not infrequently they are the reverse. Everything depends on what is done, how it is done and who does it.

Now, it is a self-evident truth that men in the prime of life and at the peak of their success rarely, if ever, envision themselves growing old or weary. Thus, old age steals upon the captain of industry like a thief in the night, and in timidity or fright he sells out part or all of his holdings. Sometimes he is ill and sometimes he thinks he is ill, which is just as bad. Perhaps he is troubled by rapid changes in the industry. Secretary Mellon once remarked to the writer that men who sell out their businesses usually make a mistake, being misled by the high prices which bankers offer them. These men, said Mr. Mellon, know the difficulties of their own businesses and feel that anything else would be easier. "The opposite policy would often be wiser, but it is human nature to act as they do."

Great industries are controlled on the average by men of about sixty, and these otherwise strong men are often weak at training successors. In fact, a great underlying problem of business is how to pass from one generation of management to another. The father at sixty often lacks confidence in even the hard-working and conscientious son of twenty-six. Or there may be no son, or he may be incompetent, or his real interests may lie elsewhere. There are sons and grandsons who have a pride in the family business, and there are those whose only desire is to get all the income they can out of it. There are those who wish to make more automobiles and there are those who prefer Santa Barbara and Palm Beach. In the latter case the aging owner or his widow or his executors and trustees hardly know where to turn except to the bankers.

### Thawing Frozen Assets

Nor is there any doubt that founders of businesses are led to sell part of their holdings because of heavy income and inheritance taxes. If stock is sold, the proceeds can be put into exempt securities to soften the blow of income taxes, and when death comes there is less necessity of a forced sale if the entire estate is not in a single stock.

Among all classes of people who have any property at all, the desire is increasing to own liquid, marketable securities and to leave a well-arranged estate. The stock of one-man, family and close corporations is not easy to dispose of from time to time as the owner pleases. But once it is opened up, distributed around among the public and listed on the exchange, a few hundred or a thousand shares may be liquidated any day without a flutter.

Consider the actual case of a man still under fifty who twenty years ago was a mechanic. He has built up an immense corporation which manufactures automobile bodies. For some years he owned all the stock, but as the company grew and prospered he sold large amounts to the public through the bankers. He has retained 20 per cent to 30 per cent and thus still controls and dominates the company. In his own lifetime he has created a great industry and a market for its stock. The bankers argue that this makes a better executive because his mind is free from the fear that with all his eggs in one basket there is danger of losing all. His assets are not frozen and yet his stake is big enough to provide incentive.

Women are constantly inheriting large private businesses without being able to operate them. The founder may leave 80 per cent of the stock to his widow. Always there are a few ambitious persons who see in such a situation an opportunity to buy control cheap. The banker can prevent such a sacrifice.

Another motive for opening up is the desire to make stockholders of the junior executives and employes. Wise seniors, realizing that they have only five or ten years more of activity, wish to induce the juniors to become interested as shareholders. This, it is true, has frequently been done in a close corporation, but there is a general feeling that employes and officers prefer to become stockholders if there is a ready market for their shares. It may be embarrassing for the employe of a close corporation who has been fired, to dispose of his stock to the only possible buyer, his former employer.

Still, again, a frequent motive for opening up and letting the bankers and public in is to concentrate control in the hands of the dominant personality. At first glance this may seem strange, but it is an entirely natural situation. The founder of a business may leave it to one son who is competent to succeed him, and to several married daughters. The head of the business is hampered by his brothers-in-law and finally persuades his sisters to sell out. By increasing the stock issue and selling part to the public, he is furnished with the funds to buy out his sisters and at the same time to keep his own stock. Or if the bankers buy direct from the sisters and scatter their stock around, the president can then control the company with his own 20 per cent or 30 per cent interest.

Finally, of course, many a business changes from close to open, from private to public form, solely to enable the dominating interests to obtain the capital for expansion and for mergers. In numerous cases the willingness of the captain of industry to let the bankers and the public share in what he has hitherto held intact, does not mean that he is tired or sick or old or suddenly envious of the idle rich, but simply that he wants to buy out his competitors, and does not know any other way of raising the cash.

Back of all these various considerations is the broad fact that the methods of business financing have been changing. Instead of borrowing money from commercial banks, corporations now get what they need by making new partners in the stock market. The old commercial-paper houses have been changing over into so-called investment bankers, and the commercial bank maintains its position only by establishing an investment department. More and more the burden of corporate financing has been shifting from ordinary commercial loans to the brokers' loan account.

With the growth of corporate strength we naturally might expect less borrowing and more partnership. The country as a whole is rich; it has been able to lend vast sums to other nations and to pay off its own public debt at a rapid rate. Yet, despite all these facts, there is danger of grave abuse in the rapid distribution of corporate securities, especially of stocks. We must realize, first of all, that the transfer from private or individual ownership to public form would be far less feverish if the public were not so speculation crazy.

### A New Order of Economists

"If I were you I would not generalize at the regrettable passing of these fine old individualists," said the head of one investment-banking house whose views I sought. "There is pathos enough, to be sure, but it has nothing to do with the Wall Street banking wolf preying upon the poor little manufacturer. The real pathos consists of the public bidding the worthless old fossil out of his worthless property at a high price. Mr. X has been in business for twenty or thirty years and has had enough. He wants to get out with ten millions, so he sells for eleven, and the bankers keep the extra million. Now, those who take over that company will make it worth fifteen or twenty millions in a few years, if they have capacity.

"That's all right. My kick comes when the hysterical public pays twenty or thirty or forty millions for that ten-million-dollar property. True enough, the manufacturer salves his conscience by saying to the banker, 'You can do better with the property than I have.' My point is that the profit remains to be earned. We put out a stock at 200 and the public ran it up to 700. Our customers made ten times what we did. There are many cases where bankers would not buy out these companies at such high prices, except for the competition of other firms. We have to have stuff to sell, else we get trampled in the procession. I tell you, it takes a level head these days. My objection to this flood of new participations is that the public has made so much money that every speculator now regards himself as an economist."

In other words, market conditions have favored the opening up of closed companies as never before. Suppose we were now in a long declining market. Is anyone so innocent as to suppose that great Wall Street investment-banking houses would be falling over themselves with sympathy for that keen young man who inherited a fourth interest in the Mammoth Dish Rag Corporation, and whose problem is how to buy out his three sisters and their quarrelsome husbands, while at the same time retaining control of the concern and letting the public have for ten million dollars such of his own stock as he does not need for the purpose?

Nor does anyone in his senses suppose that if the market were sinking week after week and month after month, the bankers would be lending such a ready ear to this same bright young man when he suggests a scheme for buying out the General Dish Rag Company, whose president he so cordially hates. No, dear reader, if market conditions were reversed, this same young man would hardly be able to get an interview with the office boy in the banking house.

### An Open Sesame to Fortune

It is the market which has provided a glorious opportunity for idle and ambitious heirs alike to cash in, for women who cannot manage the business to get out of it, for old, tired and sick captains of industry to put their houses in order. One does not need be a cynic to realize that if the public were less mad, brothers would buy out sisters, elders would take in juniors, new blood and new ideas would be injected, altruistic employers would provide for employes—all without public financing.

There is no innate witchery in mergers, recapitalizations and all the readjustments that go with public financing. Only a few of the mergers in the late 90's were successful. For ten years the United States Steel Corporation presented a sorry spectacle. We have had other periods in which all public financing was regarded as sacrosanct evidence of a new era which the old fogies could not understand, and an open sesame to fortune. But always there has been a sad awakening.

Mergers do not last merely because of the promoter's dream of power or because of share manipulation and public appetite therefor, any more than trees are made to combine by thrusting their limbs together. In every period of excessive corporate enthusiasm and speculation, people are convinced that the small or private business is doomed. But the world does not turn over quite so fast after all.

Yet I am far from wishing to convey the idea that the opening and spreading corporate tendency is wholly an expression of speculative mania. For there is inherent weakness in the family business, and there are enterprises which outlive the founders or outgrow the merely family aspect. The greater elasticity and efficiency of American business as compared with English may be due in part to the less exclusive reliance here upon family control. There is little doubt that the extremely rapid growth of Detroit and Los Angeles is accountable in some degree to the fact that these are largely first instead of second and third generation cities.

There are lines of business, like private banking, where the conservatism, tradition, continuity, standards and credit of a family name are invaluable. Witness the Rothschilds and Morgans. But continuity and tradition in manufacturing may be a cloak for laziness and reaction. Many a mill treasurer has sat upon his one talent too long, never looking ahead, and with no one to look after him. Even if an occasional doubting cousin or other stockholder did bob up, the other relatives would say, "Don't you believe that Frank is an honorable man? Why, he has lived in this community for forty years."

Of course there is pathos when the proud old family name begins to go and the impersonal consortium of bankers, lawyers, managers and engineers comes in. But no one can tell whether the next generation will consist of builders, conservators or spenders. Industry changes with fantastic rapidity. New ideas constantly pour in. Business is always tomorrow, never today. There is something attractive in the idea of the landlord-and-tenant relationship between British dukes and their coal miners. Feudalism has always had advantages, but today industry must earn profits, and it cannot without elasticity.

The family, parochial thing used to go. Everyone familiar with industry will think at once of a manufacturer who inherited his business and yet is famous for keeping several laps ahead of the procession in ideas and elasticity, while at the same time running his business utterly without Wall Street aid. Of course, there are exceptions. A Wall Street recapitalization is not the only method of bringing new ideas and new blood into a business. Every staff should evolve its own leaders; every organization should move up its young men without the necessity of a distant banking house disrupting the whole scheme.

But somehow, outside banking interposition seems at times the only solution. There may be weakness in diffused ownership and absentee control, but there is something dangerously set and arbitrary about the old-style family captain of industry surrounded by his brothers and sisters and cousins. He believes that things should stay as they always have been, and suddenly the world moves away from him and his product.

With all its faults, Wall Street is more friendly to the newer styles in management. It will listen to experts. The very fact that bankers so often appoint the presidents of companies creates an opportunity for this class of managers to develop. Nor is it usually the old-fashioned type of family industry which treats its workers best. The great absentee, diffused, non-family corporations, with their Wall Street affiliations, such as United States Steel, General Electric, General Motors and Standard Oil, are the ones which set up profit sharing and so many other enlightened devices in the field of industrial relations.

### *Developing Successors of Successes*

In the private-family concern son may succeed father without the grueling competition which alone insures fitness. Or instead of blind favoritism, there may be constant warfare, if there be more than one son or if in the third generation cousins control the business. The transfer from Henry Ford to Edsel might not be so easy if Edsel had numerous brothers, sisters and brothers-in-law. For information on this point, I sought out one of the country's foremost executives, a man who is now engaged by the bankers to regenerate the third family concern with which he has been connected. He is not a member of any of these families, but an outsider brought in as new blood. He said:

"Relatives don't take orders from one another; they argue. It is almost as bad with friends. I never surround myself with golf cronies, because if I call one of them down he says I am not the same kind of a man in the office that I am socially. You know that in the publishing business the foreman of the press room and the advertising manager should be men of different types. Strangers have different mental backgrounds, which is what business needs. We must have a mixture of personalities in business, not inbreeding, like royalty.

"What I am proudest of in the last company I was connected with is not in having saved it from bankruptcy or in having rehabilitated the business or in the enormous profits which the stockholders are making now, but of the men I developed. Although I am sixty-five, I left a man of forty-two as president, and he is surrounded by men in the late thirties and early forties. Here in this company I am trying to make every young man feel that it is his personal corporation. I don't want a single man to feel overlooked. I encourage each one to bring me a new idea each month. In the family business such methods are not so easily applied, for William is president now because he is the oldest, and Henry feels sure he will be president when William dies. Where the company is made up of strangers, no one can tell who will be the next president."

### *Retaining the Captain*

Nor is the alternative to one man or family domination and ownership necessarily banker control and management. It is the exception for the banking house which has refinanced a company to attempt its actual management. A very few do this successfully; most would fail lamentably. What the wise banker wants is someone in the organization who can manage it as president, and he is not to be differed with until the bankers feel obliged to fire him. In other words, they want a president, either from within or from without the organization, who can run it successfully, so that they can go on to the next deal.

"The first thing I say to the leading man in any company which comes to us for recapitalization," remarked the head of a banking house, "is that I am not interested unless he is going to stay with the company. I don't propose to buy him out today, lock, stock and barrel, and then go look around for another man tomorrow. I tie him up with a long-term contract, and then, in the intervening years, I have plenty of time to look about for another man to develop for the position."

Not all bankers insist that captain of industry A stay with the company. But they insist that B or C or D, just below A in rank, must come up if A retires. No wise banker goes into a company if not only A but B, C and D are all getting out.

There is a curious sifting process going on in industry. First comes the one man or family stage, then the period of banking tutelage, and finally, in a few instances, the very advanced stage of which the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. is typical, where the corporation is an almost complete entity in and of itself, almost like the state, quite overshadowing any individual, industrialist or banker or even group of men. General Electric, United States Steel and American Telephone once had banking connections; these are now more sentimental and traditional than anything else.

Yet in most cases the captain of industry is still with us. He may appear in different guise in successive stages of corporate development, but common sense and everyday observation evidence the dominating force of personality in industry. The strong, the able, the astute man permeates even the most intricate business structure.

A. A. Berle, who is chairman of a committee on corporate relations of the Social Science Research Council, tells in one of the committee reports of how the great corporate "machinery in and of itself will use a man, and on his death pick up another." The man can leave only his record; his control is transitory, with no right to pass it on. Yet his power is almost complete while it lasts. "There is no limit to what he can do, but when he is through, his game is over." Our legal institutions pay little attention to the dead hand.

"There is a certain savage democracy in the process. It takes a man where it finds him, uses him as long as he is effective, and breaks him when he is not."

But what of Mr. Ford, the outstanding industrial genius of all time? He has been the sole owner of his business, and its absolute ruler. He may by now have turned over ownership to his only son; and as far as anyone knows, he proposes to pass on absolute power to his son. Bankers testifying as valuation experts in the Ford tax case, while modestly disclaiming the genius to run the company as profitably as Mr. Ford, declared he was its greatest risk and menace as well as its greatest asset.

"There is risk in the peculiar genius of the man. Nobody can foretell what kind of decisions he will make. His processes cannot be anticipated. He draws unexpected conclusions. He is very obstinate. He might possibly, consistent with a knowledge of him, decide upon some course which would have most unfortunate effects upon the company. To buy the company with him as manager would be like buying a porcupine."

"Ford followed a single idea for twenty years," said one of the lawyers in the case, in commenting upon it, "although I think Senator Couzens deserves credit for standing by him. Other stockholders were scared to death in the early days, and out in Detroit they thought Henry Ford was crazy. He was a mechanical nut. Couzens was a hard-headed, close-fisted man. It took two bull-headed men to cling so long to a simple, elementary copy-book maxim. Ford's idea was a utility car without any style, and he used to say, 'You can have any color you want, provided it is black.' Also Ford had ideas which were peculiar for those days about price and cost."

### *A Bitter Dose*

"Bankers wouldn't have had the courage to stick to one policy the way Ford and Couzens did. Bankers, with their respect for other people's money, couldn't afford to set out deliberately to lose money. Only two strong men playing with their own red, white and blue chips could take so much immediate grief.

"Way back in 1914 a research man in no way connected with Ford issued a detailed report showing that Ford ought to change over to style. Ford of course paid no attention to this study, but bankers would have done so. They would have hedged with it. The investigator was several years too early, but he proved to be right ultimately. Ford, however, bulled through the utility idea and made profits as high as two or three hundred millions in a single year. Finally he saw the style idea himself, and came to it with a smash.

"Ford realized the need of a change in 1924–5. Suppose, a few years before, the company had been opened up and had eight hundred million dollars in bonds and twelve hundred million dollars in stock out, as its earnings warranted. With interest and dividends to be paid, Ford couldn't have taken one or two hundred million dollars of immediate grief in changing tools, as he was able to do as sole owner, without giving the company a terribly black eye.

"Yet I hardly know how to answer your question. I really don't know, after studying the Ford case, whether individual or distributed ownership is better. When the bankers and public come in, I think there is a more diversified and stable element. After all, Ford is only one man. Suppose he should make an error in judgment sufficient to break his company; it would have calamitous national and international consequences. I think the individual is preferable in the early stages. But when the ramifications become so vital to the whole community I believe a more diversified judgment is better. Up to a point where size is a possible menace to public security the individual is all right; after that perhaps we should have security even at the cost of some waste and inefficiency."


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# ANTIQUES FROM ABROAD

(Continued from Page 11)

"Of course, the Treasury Department hasn't exact statistics, and, moreover, it would be very difficult to differentiate between reproductions imported as such and reproductions imported as antiques. Speaking offhand, I should say that of the English antiques coming in about 90 per cent are straight. Of the French, my observation would show about 50 per cent genuine. Of the Italian, about 90 per cent are fakes. This embraces all sorts of antiques. Exceptional pieces are not so liable to be faked. The most reckless millionaire is not apt to pay $50,000 or $100,000 for one piece or a set without a guaranty of its authenticity from the dealers. He may even call in an outside expert. You don't pick up $100,000 pieces in junk shops. I mean the buyer of high-grade stuff wants to do business with a reputable dealer. He is looking for quality and not for cheapness."

"Basing your guess upon what comes before you for appraisal, which are the most popular antiques being imported at the moment?"

"Just now I should say English furniture. That is logical. American collectors have naturally preferred American pieces to foreign and they have bought so much that there are not many first-class pieces in the market. This scarcity of high-grade American antique furniture has made antique lovers turn to the other side for desirable pieces. After all, our favorite furniture—Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and so on—is all of English origin. Incidentally, the present vogue of Queen Anne in England is being reflected by the increasing quantities of Queen Anne chairs and sofas imported these days. When it comes to earlier English periods, say, Jacobean or Elizabethan, much of what comes is not authentic. The fakers use old English oak. You know, old houses over there have roofs of slate, or rather of a kind of stone that weighs so much that the timbers—rafters, plates, and so on—have to be very heavy. These are bought up and used for making Early English furniture, just as old American pine boards are bought at fancy prices to be used in manufacturing genuine 'Early American' pieces. I passed on a couple of tables last week. One had one leg that was old. All the rest of it was newly made of old, worm-eaten wood artistically stained and antiqued. The other table was 75 per cent reconstructed. If it had been in good condition it never would have left England. A museum or some collector would have gladly paid a much higher price for it than any American collector would give. After all, such a table naturally would belong to its own country. Its historical associations are entirely English."

"How about old French furniture?"

"Well, much of the French furniture of Gothic as well as later periods, say, up to Louis XVI, is faked. That is, we get only reconstructed pieces over here."

### Antiques Carefully Made

"The French are very artistic and they turn out marvelous imitations; real works of art. They take infinite pains and their cabinetmakers probably take as much craftsman's pleasure in their work when they are faking as when they are doing an original piece. They even go to the extent of getting their effects by using the very same methods that nature does. I mean, for instance, if it is desired to show the wear of feet rubbing on a stretcher, they don't use a rasp, they actually hire people to use their feet on the stretchers. The soles of their shoes may be a little rougher than ladies would have on slippers, but naturalness of wear is obtained.

"Italians use old wood and old fragments. An importer of imitations who pays duty on them as reproductions—that is, as modern furniture—told me the other day that there was enough old wood in storage in Florence to manufacture antiques by the shipload for the next ten years. The chief trouble with the so-called Italian antique furniture is that it doesn't stand the air of our steam-heated rooms. The pieces dry out and simply fall apart. In the better grade of fakes—for instance, in those artistic old armchairs that are so popular—the Italians often use genuine old damask or seventeenth-century velvet in the upholstering, though the frame may be fresh-made of very old wood. But the upholstering is genuine and usually stunning in color, and the chairs fetch enormous prices. It is all the result of the craze."

### That Untrue Ring

"A friend of mine, working from rather incomplete data, figures that in the past five years the number of antique dealers in the United States has increased 500 per cent. These dealers for the most part have evolved. They have graduated into the business of selling antiques from some other occupation—from cabinetmaking or secondhand furniture or junk or interior decorating or, in many instances, from the drudgery of household work. These factitious antiquers do not know their business. They have never learned it. They have never had to. They buy indiscriminately because they sell indiscriminately. They are the creatures of their trade. Their customers have made them. The sucker buyer pays a high price for junk, as, on the other hand, the wise collector often gets bargains from sucker sellers among little dealers. When the craze raged for Early American—homemade pieces, which were so easy to fake—the temptation to do so was irresistible.

"Before the American demand for good English pieces reached England there was very little exporting of fakes. But the insistent call for certain styles that could not be legitimately or, at any rate, easily supplied led to the making of reproductions. They are now being imported in large quantities.

"Take pine pieces. They are being made in England and Holland out of old pine or out of a Scandinavian variety that closely resembles our own. I have seen interiors done with new Danish pine that couldn't be told from old American after treatment. Note what has happened with certain English Sheraton pieces. Our natural interest in America has made us justly proud of our old master craftsmen, so that people today will buy a Duncan Phyfe piece or a Savery or a Goddard or a Gostelowe as picture collectors buy a Rembrandt or a Titian or a Gainsborough. When some of our less well-informed antique lovers found in England pieces that resembled Phyfe's work, instead of calling it late Sheraton they called it Duncan Phyfe. I was in England two or three years ago and every dealer that I talked with asked me particularly about Duncan Phyfe. I told them. Being clever, they found it easy to sell a Sheraton table to an American by calling it 'one of your Duncan Phyfe pieces' instead of selling it for what it was—an English piece made 130 years ago."

"But those are not fakes," I objected.

"No. But if an American tourist brings over a piece which he bought for an antique and we tell him it is not old enough to come in duty free, he rails at the crooked English dealer.

"There is no end of new furniture coming into New York honestly imported as new furniture and paying full duty. It so happens that I have several times seen in dealers' rooms in New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other cities these same reproductions offered as antiques. Neither the English maker nor the importer should be blamed for this. In some of the shops they were simply scattered among old ones and the antiquity was implied. I am not making any blanket accusations against all antique dealers. In that business, as in every other, you find scrupulously honest men as well as shysters.

"Some of these reproductions are not, strictly speaking, new. I have known sets of chairs sold as 'genuine Chippendale of the period'—that is to say, made in Chippendale's lifetime—which were really turned out by first-class cabinetmakers in the 1870's. The half century of usage has given them an old look that you cannot always get in the cleverest new reproductions. In England, even in the dismal mid-Victorian days, there were large numbers of people who admired the old designs and never allowed their love for the charming lines of the masters to be vitiated by the passing fads. Remember that a Chippendale chair may be a 'genuine Chippendale chair,' but not a 'genuine Chippendale chair of the period'—that is, one made, let us say, between 1740 and 1780."

"Does the same thing hold true of French furniture?"

"I told you that of the importations of French furniture of the kind that passes here for antiques, 50 per cent are fakes. Of styles, Louis XV and Louis XVI are the most popular, although there is considerable Louis XIV and earlier, going back to Henry III. Of these older styles, I can assure you that a large percentage prove to be fakes. Genuine pieces of those early French periods do not cross the ocean. They remain at home, where they are held in the same high esteem by French collectors that our own collectors have for a Savery highboy or a Goddard secretary. I know a French concern that sells nothing but fakes, though nothing is frankly sold as reproductions—new fabrics, new tapestry covers, new wood, everything new. The other day some marvelously beautiful chairs came before me for appraisal. They had cost the optimistic collector $12,000—a bargain, for a similar set had fetched $33,000 at auction in Paris a few months before. The tapestry covers were astonishingly well done and would have fooled anyone who did not study them exhaustively. The chairs themselves—that is, the frames—were to all appearances genuine. But there is where experience came in. A Louis XVI chair of the period could not be rigid today unless it had been reënforced by new corner pieces or new portions of the frame. One of my first tests was to raise a chair from the floor and let it drop back. The sound is apt to tell you a great deal. When you go back home you try that with a new piece and then with one 100 years old, and you will be amazed by the ring of the new one. A careful examination confirmed my suspicions, and the chairs paid duty."

### The Expert's Sixth Sense

"Right here I should like to impress upon you that years of experience give a man a sort of sixth sense. It is very hard to describe it. But it is what really warns an expert when he sees a fake. It puts him on his guard, and by filling him with suspicion, makes him extra careful. After you have learned all that there is to be learned about the technic of cabinetmaking, for instance, of the Sheraton period, and the kinds of wood they used and why, and all the peculiarities and trade tricks and devices, you still are up against the extreme cleverness of fakers who know as much as you or more, and neglect no detail and overlook nothing. Usually what saves you is that curious feeling, induced probably by a thousand trifling observations that cumulatively are overwhelmingly convincing."

"That," I said, "is one of the things that beginners don't seem to be able to grasp. They think it highbrow bunk or plain bluff."

"Let me tell you something about that. Two years ago I was traveling abroad. I had letters of introduction to a man who was supposed to know more about Gothic tapestries than all the experts of all the museums in the world. The friend who gave me the letter was very keen that I should realize what a wizard the old chap was at his business. I don't want to mention names or identify him too closely. I'll say he lived in Central Europe. He had a wonderful collection that included not only perfect pieces but tatters and fragments in all stages of disrepair.

"I presented my letter to him and he was very courteous. I hoped to learn a great deal about Gothic tapestry and, to be sure, he practically delivered a lecture, with demonstrations of points that he brought out, illustrated on specimens in front of us. I had been studying tapestries for years and I thought I was fairly well posted. But I want to tell you that I learned from that old chap things I had never heard of or read about.

"I'll say frankly that in most instances I would have myself been able to pass accurately on the age of the pieces, but now and then I was stumped. I remember one piece. I asked him, 'Is this an old one?' And without looking at it, he just felt of it with his fingers and nodded. 'Oh, yes,' he said. Then he took the trouble to look at it and proceeded to tell me exactly why it was old and where it came from, how it was woven and everything about it, including the reason for certain differences that had puzzled me. It was like a minute description in a sales catalogue. He was a funny-looking old chap with a long white beard. 'How do you know these are old without looking at them?' I asked him. And he answered, 'How do I know I have whiskers on my face without looking in a mirror?' 'Is that your best answer?' I asked. 'It is the only answer,' he replied. And there you are."

### Just Like the Pictures

"Very often the ignorant beginner or the half-informed collector sneers at the so-called expert. They will ask for specific details that only the maker could supply, or for dates and names, as though one could find hidden numbers or labels somewhere about the piece. I admit that there are many experts who do not know as much as they would have the public believe. But knowledge of this business comes from the study of thousands of specimens, accurate observations of what long experience tells you are distinguishing traits, and that indescribable instinct or sixth sense. It is very difficult for us at the customhouse to convince the victims of foreign fakers that we know what we are talking about. Sometimes indignant ladies will quote long passages from standard authorities and show us on their pieces exactly what the authority says should be found in genuine specimens. They squelch us finally by showing us pictures in books. And if we tell them that the wood is not old and they ask us how we know and we answer that experience tells us, they are not satisfied."

"If a man doesn't think your appraisal is fair or if he disagrees with your judgment of the authenticity of an antique and hints that you are not competent to decide, what do you do?" I asked.

"If a man is not satisfied with the customs examiner, he is privileged to file a protest and take the case to the customs court. We let him bring his own experts, who must qualify. The court hears what he has to say. If he wins he doesn't pay duty. Of course, the appraisers' office, in a case of that kind, also can bring in outside experts. We are anxious to do justice. The faking of antiques has been practiced for centuries and it has developed into one of the fine arts—especially in Europe, because, as a matter of fact, Americans do not compare as collectors with Europeans. We are getting there quickly, but we have not yet reached their level. I mean, the top-notchers. We are too new at it.

(Continued on Page 80)

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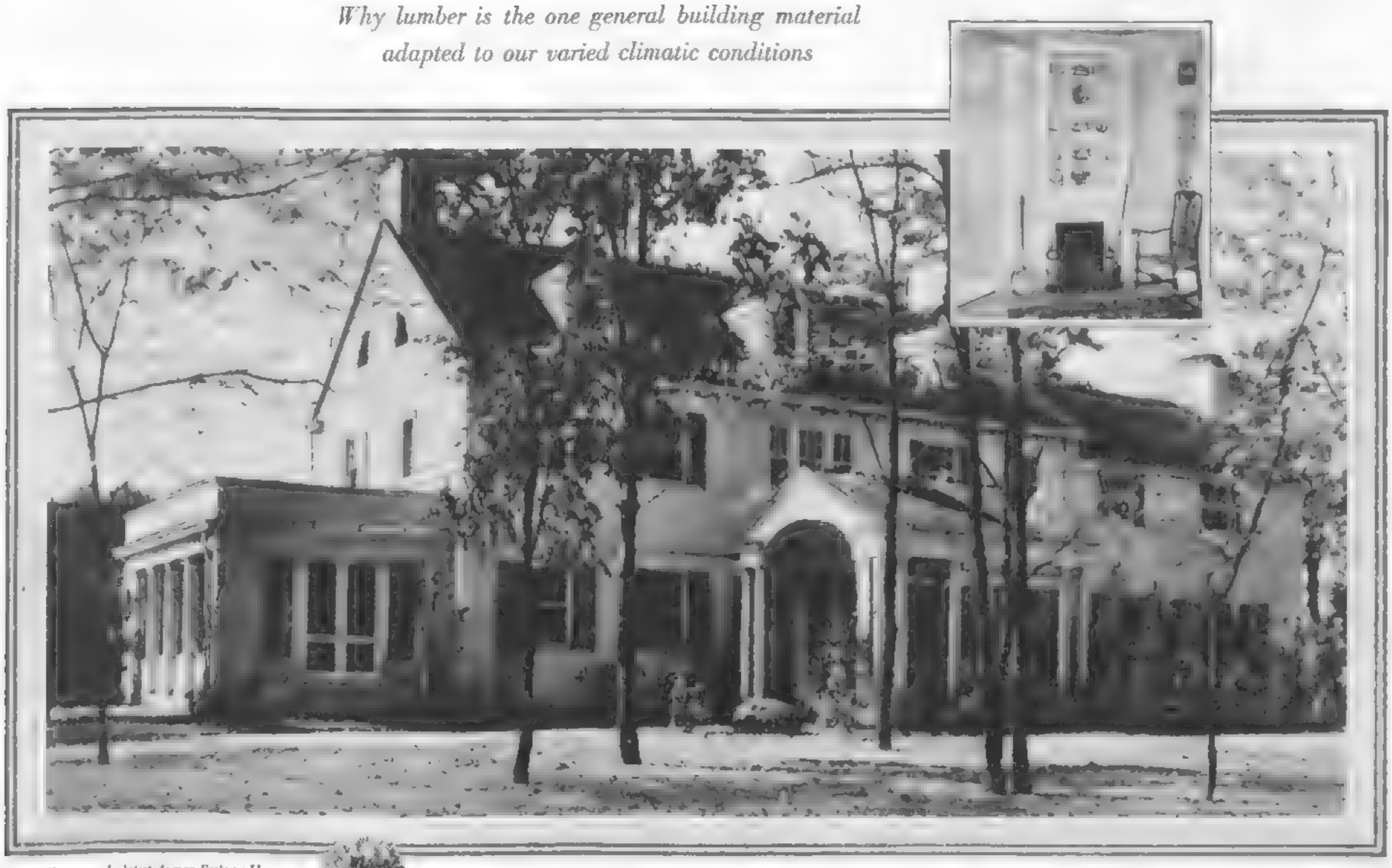
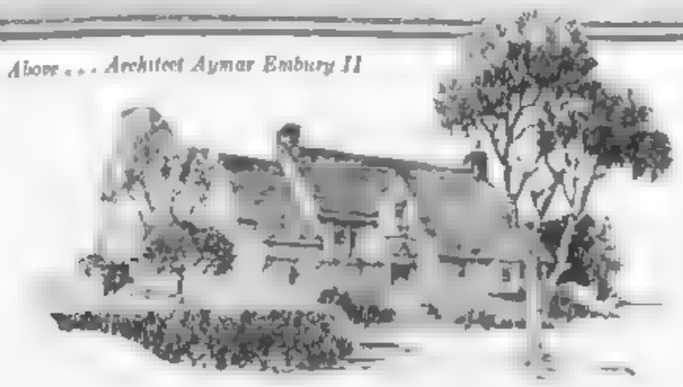


*Above . . . Architect Aymar Embury II*



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(Continued from Page 78)

"Now, you can readily see that it is no small matter to be thoroughly posted. A specialty requires a lifetime of study. If I had only one line of antiques to pass on and devoted all my time to working at it, studying it and constantly comparing notes with others, I might get to know all there was to be known about it. But we, in the customs house, have to pass on all lines of antiques. If we are in doubt we invariably call in outsiders. For instance, if we wished to determine unappealably the authenticity of old English silver which we were asked to let in as being early Georgian and we thought it was spurious, we would call in Doctor Blank." He really gave the name of a well-known collector who is also a museum trustee and a life-long student of English silver. "His standing is so high as a citizen, as a business man and as a specialist on old silver that nobody would dream of appealing from his decision. It may interest you to know that he has never reversed a single one of our own decisions.

"In English furniture we have a dozen men." He named them, and they surely know furniture. "I don't mind admitting to you that I was puzzled a few years ago by some mahogany Hepplewhite chairs which didn't seem quite right to me, and yet they certainly looked old. I was puzzled and I sent for—I'll call him Garrison. He looked at one of the chairs. 'Oh, yes,' he said; 'that is one of those Portuguese chairs made around 1800 or earlier in Lisbon from English models. It isn't English, as the owner thinks, but it is more than 100 years old.' The owner didn't have to pay duty, but he was cheated just the same.

"We do the same thing when it comes to tapestries, china, gems, and so on. We get the best outside men that we can. Some of them are, as in Doctor Blank's case, museum officials. Others are famous collectors or dealers and importers who have specialized in certain lines. Uncle Sam gets the benefit of the experience and special knowledge of these experts. They decide disinterestedly, and when competence and impartiality do the judging, no one need fear the verdict. They act without compensation and are glad to help us. I rather think they feel that the compliment of being asked to serve as disinterested experts by the custom house is reward enough for them. I do not recall a single instance in which any decision made by these experts was objected to by the complainant's own outside experts. In the overwhelming majority of cases, I may tell you, the contentions of our own appraisers have been sustained."

"That must be gratifying to you," I said, "because importers and dealers often complain to me that you custom-house fellows don't know as much about antiques as you ought to."

### The Warning Touch

"It is natural to grumble and we get so we don't mind it. An accusation of ignorance is not particularly mortifying when the accuser is obviously more ignorant than the accused. Of course, you must understand that we do not often deal with downright crooks. Our work for the most part consists of noticing in New York and Philadelphia what the careless buyer or the unenlightened importer did not notice in Paris or Rome. We merely try to keep frauds perpetrated upon the buyers of alleged antiques from depriving Uncle Sam of the revenues to which he is entitled by statute. It is not often that an importer deliberately tries to put one over on us. I suspect that much of the indignation of the duty payers comes from the realization that they were fooled by fakers.

"Of course, we have all manner of troubles. For example, one day I was called to examine a shipment of old damask. The entire lot certainly looked old, but somehow it did not feel old to the touch and, as I told you, that old sixth sense warned me. It made me doubt. I could not say that I had more than a hunch and, of course, I knew my evidence had to be more convincing than that. You know, a silk fabric that is more than 100 years old becomes harsher to the touch. It is more brittle. It rips on the slightest provocation. You can see where the breaks go right through, across the warp. Some old silk is six or seven strand, and, of course, it has held together better than two-strand stuff. Also, you can usually spot certain differences in color between new and old silks."

### Hard to Convince

"Well, the pieces I was telling you about had only faint indications of not being 100 years old. As a firm believer in that sixth sense, I would have bet even money on none of the shipment being antique. When I told the importer that I didn't think the goods were 100 years old, he protested vehemently. I knew nothing against the man that might have made me suspect either his integrity or his expert knowledge and he insisted that all the pieces were old. He told me, among other things, that he had been in business many years and that, whatever I might think, he was certain he knew as much about old damask as I did. I told him that might well be, but I would not pass the goods duty free. Finally he agreed to let me call in a museum official, who has the reputation for being the best-posted man in America on medieval and renaissance fabrics. The official looked over the damask with great care and then came to my office and talked to me alone.

"'If these are fakes, as you suspect, then I am going to give up thinking I know all there is to be known about old damask. It has everything that old damask should have ——'

"'Except the feel,' I interrupted.

"'Except the feel,' he agreed; 'but even that is not pronounced enough to prove your belief. The only thing I can think of is to get an analytical chemist to tell us about the dye.'

"I sent some samples of the goods to two chemists. Both reported that they had been dyed with aniline dyes, which, of course, are modern. If the damask had been old enough to entitle it to come in duty free, it would have been colored with vegetable dyes. I showed the importer the chemists' reports and he gave up. He told me that he had bought the goods himself and he had not asked the seller in Europe whether they were old pieces or not, because he was so sure they were. He also said he guessed he didn't know everything about old damask.

"At that, I may tell you that one of those chemists, who happened to be in the office on other business, told me, months later, that he had learned certain reactions which he thought peculiar to aniline dyes were also present in certain seventeenth-century dyes. Anyhow, the lesson I learned was that it is impossible for any expert to tell a layman how he can protect himself against fakes in antiques. Experience is the only protector.

"Not long ago I had to tell the head of one of the largest Wall Street brokerage houses that a set of very fine Chippendale chairs, for which he had paid an extremely high price, were not 100 years old and that he must pay duty. He was shocked, and though he didn't doubt me, he got some of the museum experts to examine the chairs. They agreed with me, so he promptly shipped the chairs back to England, and the London dealer who sold them to him returned the money at once. The buyer had a written guaranty and the English dealer had no option but to refund, although he insisted that he had sold them in good faith to the New Yorker, honestly believing them to be of the period.

"We had another Wall Street millionaire, some months ago, come in to see us about $100,000 worth of paintings which he had bought from an aristocratic old lady in Paris. She said they had hung on the walls of her salon for many years. They were old family pieces. She was such an aristocrat that he didn't ask for any guaranties as to the authenticity of her old masters. Anyhow, every one was a fake. The lot might have been worth perhaps $600 as imitations. He told me he paid a little more than $100,000 for the bunch!

"At first he would not believe me when I told him they were all fakes. He said he might not know a genuine Nattier when he saw one, but he did know people, and the marquise was incapable of the vulgarity, first, of owning and, second, of selling spurious paintings. I told him I didn't know anything about the French nobility, but I did know fake paintings. He brought an expert with him who worked an entire day on the lot. I don't know exactly what his report was, but the next day the millionaire brought in another expert—an Italian who really knows paintings. He does the highest-class restoring in this city. On the next day a third expert came. I learned that the three of them reported in writing that all the pictures were fakes. The owner felt very badly about it, but he perked up when I assured him that there was hardly a private collection of old masters or a single museum in the United States or Europe that did not have one or more fake old masters proudly hanging on its walls, labeled genuine."

"And now tell me," I inquired, "some stories about women who buy fakes abroad."

"They all do," he answered. "Just like the men! It makes my work rather trying, because buyers of fake antiques in nearly every instance think they are getting bargains. When they find out that instead of bargains they have been stung, they are broken-hearted. With women it is more ignorance than greed. With men it is more greed than ignorance."

"How about restored pieces? How much restoration is permissible in an antique to entitle it to come in free?"

"Excepting when the restoration is slight, the restored pieces pay duty because the restored portion is not 100 years old. If a sixteenth-century table had been repaired and restored in the eighteenth century it would come in free. A chair with new legs or a table with a brand-new top must pay duty on the restored part."

"But how do you estimate the cost of such a piece?"

### Fakers' Favorite Formulas

"We appraise it according to what we know of market or trade conditions. If the duty on furniture made entirely of wood is 33⅓ per cent ad valorem and on tapestry 50 per cent, and we get a chair covered with new tapestry, we consider that piece subject to a 50 per cent duty. Say an old wing chair comes in. The frame is indisputably 100 years old. It should come in free as an antique. But if it is covered with silk woven less than 100 years ago, it is subject to a 60 per cent duty as silk. That is, we appraise the dutiable material. We are forever having to explain to people who buy genuine old chairs covered, for example, with new wool upholstery, that no matter what they paid for the chair frames, they nevertheless will have to pay 60 per cent on the new wool fabric of the seats and back."

"Don't they fake upholstery material?"

"Yes, indeed. Damask, which is very popular, is being faked a great deal. The fakers rub the nap off where it would ordinarily show wear—on the seat or the back or where the shoulders rub the most. I think they do it with a piece of pumice stone. They will rub the goods down to the bare warp. Often, when they are weaving tapestry, some portions of the ground or body work are left bare. The weavers simply do not put in any threads or wool in that particular spot, to make it look as though the moths had been busy there. In the old days they used to give fabrics the appearance of age by staining them with coffee or some other decoction. Nowadays they use other stains, some new, some old, each faker having his own favorite formula. Most of the imitations of old

tapestry come from Belgium. It is not high-class work and would fool only the ignorant.

"English copies of old tapestries are infinitely better. There is a man in England, well known to the trade, who will make tapestries that you cannot tell from the old ones—that is, not when you look at them on seats of chairs or on fire screens. I visited his workrooms the last time I was abroad. He employs a lot of girls who are expert needleworkers and he copies any bit of tapestry or petit point or gros point that you give him. He charges very high prices. In fact, some of his copies fetch higher prices than the originals, on account of the enormous amount of highly paid, skilled labor required for the work. But supposing you had a set of eight chairs covered with petit point and you had to re-cover three because the seats were gone. Well, this man will make you three covers so like the old ones that nobody can tell the difference, and you are so glad to have your complete set of chairs that you don't mind paying. The necessarily high price of good reproductions is what keeps petit point from being faked very much. I have come across several of these wonderful copies. I also have had to levy duty on more than one piece of very good tapestry that was beautiful enough, but not old enough. I have seen covered with this fresh-made tapestry, pieces of furniture that were bought in England for about £50 or £75 and sold in New York at from $500 to $2500. We have to be on the watch for high-class imitations in everything."

"How about silver?"

"We don't have as many fakes to appraise as you might think, when you consider the popularity of old silver. I imagine the reason is that collectors of such a high-priced specialty as old English silver know their onions pretty well, or are either wise enough to buy only from reputable dealers from whom they demand guaranties or get experts to pass on the articles before they purchase them. I heard the other day that a very prominent member of the New York Stock Exchange who collects silver, learned by accident that some of his Jacobean silver was spurious. He happened to have, as a dinner guest at his house, a famous English collector who, in speaking of fakes, told him of a set that he had bought from a reputable dealer in London. A week later he returned it to the dealer as the result of a very careful examination. I don't remember the details, but it seems it had been improved with cleverly executed alterations, and the spuriousness was only discovered by two or three slight slips or errors on the part of the faker—details of the decorations or the engraving that were of a later period. At any rate, the Englishman showed it to other experts, and after much discussion it was agreed that the pieces which had been represented to be Jacobean originals were neither Jacobean nor in their original condition. The reputable London firm that had sold the set to the collector of course took it back. They naturally claimed to have been themselves deceived by a mighty skillful faker. The set was put up for sale at auction. Whether or not it was described as Jacobean, I can't tell you, but a well-known firm of antique dealers, with salesrooms in both London and New York, bought it and shipped it to New York, where it was bought by the Wall Street man."

### *Below the Line of Duty*

"The English collector pointed out to the American exactly how the fake had been determined. The New Yorker, of course, returned the set to the dealer, who promptly brought us into the case by saying that not only was he an expert himself but that the silver had passed the custom-house sharps. That, in his opinion, settled the matter, because, he said, Uncle Sam's appraisers were the greatest experts in the world. However, the silver had been sold as genuine Jacobean, and the points made to prove that it wasn't were too strong to be refuted, so, rather than face a lawsuit, the dealer refunded the money. The pieces were more than 100 years old. We couldn't make the dealer pay duty on the alterations, because nobody could tell when the improvements or changes were made. No new part had been added and the engraving might be old work."

### *The Telltale Edge*

"On the other hand, there are vast quantities of fake Sheffield plate coming in. Every steamer brings in large lots, and they are scattered all over the United States, chiefly among the country antique shops. I should say that of the Sheffield plate sold in England not quite one-half is real Sheffield; and yet only the crassly ignorant will be deceived. The real article was made by superimposing a thin layer of silver on copper and then rolling it so that the copper plate was surfaced with silver plate. The amount of silver used varied according to the aims or desires of the maker. When the plated sheets were made up into pieces the trimmed edges were turned over or rolled under, so that they did not show the edge of the copper plate sandwiched in between the silver layers. The fake Sheffield does not show the copper edge, even though the edge is not rolled over, for the simple reason that it is not made by the old method, but is electroplated. Of course, there was no electroplating done 100 years ago, and therefore no electroplated ware can come in duty free as antique. This electroplated or fake Sheffield plate can easily be told if you place the genuine article beside it and leave both alone a week. You will be able to tell even more accurately the difference between the two by the difference in the tarnishing. The fake will be much the darker. Also, the festoons on the edges of the electroplated Sheffield are made from soft white metal. You can scrape it with a penknife. I will say that this fake Sheffield plate is never entered at the custom house as antique. The importers buy it for what it is. The transformation of modern electroplated ware into antique Sheffield plate is effected somewhere between the importers' warehouse and the antique dealers' shoppes. You sometimes see electroplated pieces with spots where the silver has worn off and the copper shows through. These are deliberate frauds, imitating age-worn pieces, see?"

"How about china?"

"Old English china is faked, of course, or rather imitated; but there again the ignorance of the buyer is responsible, because it is not easy to fool a person who is fairly well posted. To the tourists who bought china abroad on which a duty of 70 per cent had to be paid after being assured that it was duty free, we simply say that the china is old, but not old enough. I cannot tell you how many times I have had to explain to an indignant traveler that her dishes had to pay duty because they were not 100 years old, only to have her say, 'I know better. I have a written guaranty that they are more than 100 years old.'

"'You may have a written guaranty, but that does not help here.'

"'Why not?'

"'They are not 100 years old.'

"One of these ladies to whom I said this, snapped: 'Do you mean to tell me I lie?'

"'No, madam, I know you do not lie, but I am afraid you do not know that this particular china was not made until the 40's. We know all about the factory and its operation and products. That's what we are paid for. If you want this china to come in free of duty, you will have to keep it in England fifteen years more.' And then I showed her in one of the books all about her china. That helped a little. There is some fake Lowestoft coming in—most of it made in France. Also some easily spotted Chinese armorial, also of French manufacture.

"The other day I rejected some ivory. How anyone could be fooled on old ivory is beyond me. As a matter of fact, I doubt if faking old ivory pieces could be made to pay. Old glass is not faked, but its age is misrepresented. Some old Bristol comes in free of duty as old Bristol, and promptly takes out naturalization papers and becomes full-fledged Early American. Some antique dealers even call it Stiegel. Personally I have not made the study of old glass that I have of old furniture. I didn't find it equally important in my business, but I will say that a comparison of authenticated specimens of Stiegel glass with genuine old Bristol of the same period shows distinct differences. I will admit that some doubtful Stiegel looks like authenticated Stiegel, but the talk about Bristol or Swiss colored glass being undistinguishable from American is tommyrot, and a real collector would not be fooled. The trouble is that too much Stiegel here is not Stiegel. Some clear glass—wine glasses chiefly—tries to come in duty free, but where the antiquity is not clearly enough established we do not pass it. And how the importers howl!

"You must not gather from what I have told you that nothing but fakes are imported. As a rule, the fakes that come before us as antiques were bought by tourists who could not tell the genuine from the spurious. We are collecting hundreds of thousands of dollars on reproductions that are reported as such and do not become fake antiques until unscrupulous dealers sell them for old. The honest dealers will sell them as reproductions. My business is to appraise articles imported into this country. I have no views on the selling of fake antiques in the United States. I can't see any cure for the evil, because I do not know how to abolish greed or dispel ignorance by statute. When you can legislate dishonesty out of born crooks and make faddists laugh themselves out of their imbecility, it will be a different story. I should say the best thing is to buy your antiques both at home and abroad exactly as you would buy diamonds if you wanted to make sure of getting first-class stones: Go to a reliable dealer. In the meantime the importations of antiques into this country run into the millions of dollars annually, and growing every day."

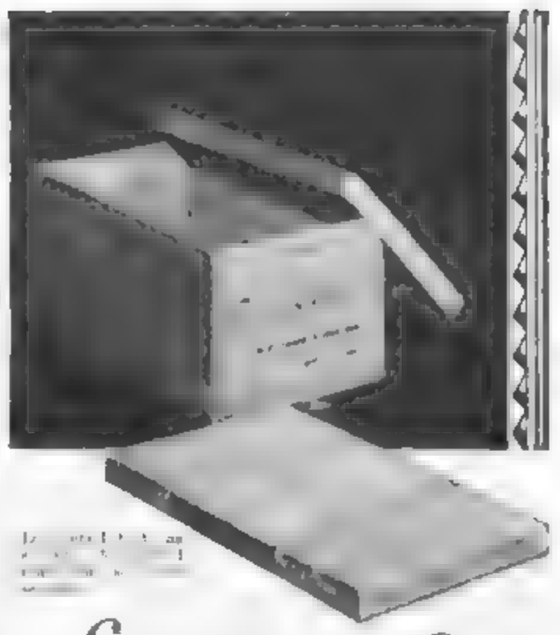
I had not seen my friend the glass collector in months, and so it was natural that he should do all the talking at the luncheon. The most taciturn glass man will speak freely on three subjects: His finds; what you missed by not being on the job; and the asininity of other collectors in allowing themselves to be gouged by dealers. My friend harped on the third.

He could no more help exuding bitterness than a spruce trunk could help exuding gum. The reason was that he not only specialized on glass but was also a collector of antiques!

### *Taking Advantage of Good Nature*

Cases are known of people who collect period furniture and withal remain human. An inveterate Hepplewhiter may forgive the strange aberrations of a Sheratonian friend and a Philadelphia-Chippendale exclusivist does not fidget overmuch if he is compelled to sit once in a while in a moron's Late Empire sofa. But with glass it is different: The Stiegel hound positively loathes the Sandwich! Eventually the man who lives for glass perishes by glass: He either loses his fine discrimination and becomes a mere accumulator, or takes to lecturing, beginning with the discovery of the art of glassmaking by the Phenicians and ending with Czecho-Slovak reproductions of South Jersey.

In addition to his fatal specialty, my glass friend also happens to be a veteran. Beginners cannot understand how an old-timer feels. They cannot remember—because they never knew—the blessed days when rare finds were the rule instead of the exception and all trades were bargains. Only a few short years ago any man who had a sense of quality and bought what was good, disregarding the fad of the moment, could not help but buy wisely, commercially speaking. Take, for instance, those who

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bought fine curly maple for a song because the faddist, at the time of the Spanish War, was buying nothing but mahogany, good, bad and indifferent. Those discriminating buyers of 1898 foam at the mouth when they hear maple quotations in 1928. What this will do for an angel's temper any veteran collector's wife will tell you.

And then, the dealers were so different! The old-timers knew, because the only buyers of antiques then were people who either knew or loved what they bought. There were no shoppes; no planting of furniture in tea rooms; no packed barns; no spinning wheels and carboys on lawns of farmhouses; no women who, needing pocket money, tried to sell junk at the New York prices for choice items; no junkmen fattening off "Early American" pine pieces made the week before in order to give Pilgrim atmosphere to remodeled kitchens.

Last week a friend, in my own house, after partaking of my hospitality, told me how in 1899 his fine Queen Anne walnut chairs, six sides and two arms, authentic, cost him eleven dollars apiece!

You can see by this how easy it is to infuriate a veteran by harping on the cost of collecting then and now. He undergoes exquisite anguish every time he gets a new piece. Fortunately, sooner or later he reaches the point when his wife gets tired of walking sidewise along the littered halls, and it becomes a case of choosing between another chest-on-chest and a Paris divorce. More than one affectionate soul has had to stop short of completing his first dozen of highboys. But the glass gatherer, if his cash holds out, can keep on buying. What is another cabinet or two? And what are breakfast rooms for excepting to have glass sides? And what are glass sides good for excepting to display colored glass? And don't forget that his friends do not feel insulted if he discourages them from handling his glass. All he has to do is to tell them what he paid for it and they won't touch it, whereas 200-pounders ignore your warnings and lean back in your Hepplewhite chairs, forgetting that those shields were not made for overweight Spartan warriors to rock on. Casualties from friends and visitors are far more frequent among pieces of furniture than in the frailest of glass.

### How Shocking in Others

"I tell you, the dealers and the fools have combined," he assured me, "to kill the goose that lays the golden egg." He looked more than gloomy.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the high prices merely reflect the greater scarcity of desirable pieces."

"Not at all!" he snapped. "The boost is out of all proportion to the scarcity."

"Then possibly the natural increase in the number of rich collectors is responsible."

"You mean the natural increase in the number of darling faddists, don't you?" What he really said was "D. F. women buyers," but I refuse to use initials. "They will pay any price. They don't know what a thing is worth. They don't have to earn the money. Friend husband kills himself working eighteen hours a day so they can pay $1000 for a Stiegel scent. Why, last week I was in Bethlehem at the shop of an old friend, and in walks a doctor's wife from Ohio. I had been dickering for a lovely little creamer. We were only thirty dollars apart. She spied it and says: 'Oh, isn't that cute! I'll take it!' She never asked how much. She couldn't possibly know what those things were worth and she used no judgment in buying. You can't really blame the dealers."

You might have thought I was the Ohio lady herself, from the way he glared at me. But recalling a story about him that a brother collector had told me the day before, I said without any heat:

"I understand you paid seventy-five dollars for a three-section-mold quart decanter at the Wilson sale last week, and thirty-five dollars for an odd stopper."

"That is just what I was trying to tell you," he said impatiently—"that people have gone crazy. I needed that decanter and I should have got it for about twenty-eight dollars. But the woman who was bidding against me was the wife of one of those fresh-made millionaires that drip oil all over the auction rooms. Social climbers! Every time the auctioneer looked at her she nodded. She didn't know what she was bidding on. She probably thought she was butting into polite society."

"Yes, but you know you had a chance to buy that selfsame decanter before the sale for thirty-five dollars. Wilson told me himself he offered it to you, first at forty dollars and then at thirty-five dollars. But you would not buy it then."

"Yes, but who in Hades wanted to pay thirty-five dollars in cold blood for a quart decanter in clear glass? I might have paid that much for a quarter pint ——"

"And thirty-five dollars for a stopper," I reminded him.

### The Only One in Captivity

"It is the only one in existence," he said vindictively. He hated the stopper for being unique—that is, for having the power to make an ass of him.

"Oh, somebody will find a couple of dozen in some old cellar," I began, "and you will see the price drop to ——"

"Well," he said frostily, "I have been collecting three-mold for fifteen years and nobody ever saw another stopper like that."

"What pattern was that seventy-five-dollar decanter?" I said, bent on peace at any price.

He described it with the scrupulous exactitude of a Helen Powers. It was wonderful to see how an unspeakable outrage changed gradually into a wonderful bargain as he spoke. I heard him with every facial evidence of the intensest interest, and it inspired him to heights of eloquence of which I had never before believed him capable. At last he stopped and smiled weakly. He was apologizing to himself for having revealed state secrets.

"I gather that your seventy-five-dollar decanter is the only one in captivity," I ventured.

"The only one!" he confirmed. "Here's a photograph of it."

I looked at the picture. I am not vindictive, but he had referred to my best friends as D. F. women buyers, so I said "That's funny!"

"What's funny?" He snapped the words at me in about the voice an automatic would use if it could speak.

"Why, Joe, I picked up"—the true collector never buys; he always "picks up," except when he "acquires"—"I picked up the mate of that decanter in Central New York last week."

I tried to look as though it were not my fault. In return, his eyes plainly called me a liar. It drove pity from my heart. I went on: "Yes, old chap. It was marked ten dollars and I paid it. I had a hunch it was a good one, and now it turns out to be the mate of yours. That's luck!"

"You know, there is one variety without that lower band of herringbone ——" he began.

I took from my pocket a rough drawing of my decanter, compared it with the photograph of his and handed both to him in silence. He looked.

I saw it on his face!

I felt remorseful.

"I think," he finally said huskily, "they must be foreign ——"

I ceased to feel remorseful

"Oh, then you won't trade?" I said. "I hoped you might not have one like it, or, if you did, that you might want a pair. All decent decanters should be married."

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"If you wish to swap me your Jared Spencer pint for my decanter ——"

"Will you sell it?" he said quickly.

Glass collectors share with simians the inability to loosen their clutch on anything they grasp. The more you coax the tighter they grip.

"No, I'll swap," I insisted.

"I'd rather pay cash. You see, that Spencer flask is very rare, while the decanter was offered to me for thirty-five dollars ——"

"But you paid seventy-five dollars," I protested.

"Yes, but auction prices are not a fair criterion of the real market value. I won't swap. I'll buy ——"

"But you don't collect flasks and I do."

"Oh, I do collect flasks! Tell me how much cash you want."

"I might as well keep mine," I said, and rose from the table. He grasped my sleeve.

"Hold on," he said. "I'll give you ——"

"I'll see you later, Joe. I have to see about my passport this afternoon."

"What do you want a passport for?"

"I am sailing on the Aquitania next ——"

"Waste of time," he interrupted.

"What is?"

"England." In his voice the vindictiveness of the foiled collector struggled with the magnanimity of the true friend—the collector slightly in the lead.

I am easy. I said: "Joe, if you really feel badly about it I'll let you have the decanter." I looked him straight in the eyes and went on, a true bottle collector: "At cost." I then considerately gave him an opportunity to be a gentleman. "Of course," I said, "I should very much like that Jared Spencer flask. It is doing no good to anybody in your attic."

He shook his head impatiently and said: "I know what I am talking about. I just got back. They have beaten you to it."

"Who?"

"The same bunch that makes life a burden to the real collector in the United States. Not satisfied with spoiling the market here, they are doing the same thing in Great Britain and on the Continent. You can't go into country shops in England without bumping into tourists asking dealers there the same asinine questions they ask dealers at home; proudly proclaiming their ignorance and begging to be stung. Of course everything has gone up there as it did here and the boost in prices has brought the usual increase in the number of fakes. You will have to stick to the reliable dealers. That means you will have to buy from sellers who know what they are selling. This may protect the ignorant buyer from getting fakes, but it also prevents the real collector from getting bargains."

### Paradise Lost

He shook his head. The least I could do was to shake mine. It was enough to make him go on:

"England used to be a paradise for those Americans who specialized in certain lines that did not happen to be particularly popular with the big collectors there. London dealers with branches or correspondents in New York were fairly well posted as to the American demand, but not the little country dealers. I used to pick up wonderful pieces for a song.

"They are wise birds—those English collectors. Over here we are mostly faddists. I myself am not entirely free from it. You can't really blame English dealers who have been tempted beyond human resistance by American tourists. They owed it to their families and to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to boost prices. When I think of how I always found something in every shop I went into —— Oh, what's the use? England is finished, I tell you. Your countrymen have killed it for us."

I was grateful for his inclusion of me among the victims. But I said unsympathetically, "I can't see why you, of all men, should complain. It doesn't interfere with you. Tourists cannot exasperate you by asking for late Sandwich over there, and they do not compete because they do not buy good English glass. It is too high priced for most of them."

"Yes, but they spoil everything by the mere act of behaving like fools among the dealers there. You know, I'll buy good glass anywhere. Well, the only bargains I ever found in England were in the smaller provincial shops. Today I cannot get good glass except in London. I have to pay full price."

"How about Switzerland, where so many nice pieces of Early American come from?"

"Listen." He frowned. "Anybody who tells you that old Swiss glass can be mistaken for American will tell you that you can mistake a squirrel for a crab."

"What?" I exclaimed, frankly surprised.

### The Rolling Stone

"Yes, sir. What has happened is that much glass that used to be called Early American in this country was foreign. We didn't know much about glass in those days. Take, for instance, Hunter's attributions of Stiegel. He and John Kerfoot certainly knew a lot about glass, but being pioneers they made pioneers' mistakes. Later collectors, far less competent but better informed, have pointed out Hunter's mistakes. We have more facts to help us to judge. But I don't go to Europe to buy American glass or to change blue Bristol into undoubted Stiegel. Neither do I buy foreign glass in any particular place. I buy good foreign glass wherever I find it. That is why I buy Swiss glass even in Switzerland and Spanish in Spain and French in France. Last summer I was in Bern, Lucerne, Geneva and Interlaken. I picked up a few pieces, chiefly flasks, in lovely colors and shapes, and some unusual enameled glass; but I had to pay dollars for what I used to get for francs three or four years ago."

"But you would pay a great deal more than that in New York or Philadelphia."

"Yes, ten times more. But I had to travel 3500 miles to do it. And at that, how many pieces did I get?"

Knowing what he wanted me to say, I said it. I even said it eagerly: "How many?"

"Five in Bern, two in Geneva, three in Interlaken and none in Lucerne. At all these places the dealers said the same thing: The demand from American buyers had cleaned them out. They told me that our tourists bought anything and everything. Where the dealer spoke English his price was at least double what they asked in shops where the antiquarian conversed with me in Schweitzer Deutsch. I tell you, there are no more bargains in glass on the Continent. At least, I couldn't find any. If you go abroad you might as well make up your mind to stick to sixteenth-century Venetian. Hereafter I won't bother to go around; I'll stay in London. The cream of the world gets to London sooner or later—the loot of every war, the plunder of every nation, the pick of the most famous collections. Those Englishmen have been collecting colonies and choice pieces for centuries. They know the game from A to Z, and up to the outbreak of the Great War they had the money. The English spend more than we do on antiques, but they spend intelligently. They are good business men. It required a mastodonic convulsion like the World War to throw the best of the English collections into the market without waiting for the owners to die. I remember the time when the English dealers used to maneuver elaborately in order to coax American millionaires into their salesrooms. Today the English press howls about the looting of their art treasures by the Yankees. I tell you, you can save money and time by staying at home. No bargains! All done!"

"Thanks, old chap," I told him. "I am really greatly obliged to you. I had not intended to do any antiquing abroad excepting where I couldn't help running into a good piece or two; but now I have to see for myself whether the antique business abroad has been as thoroughly Americanized as you claim. Thanks for the friendly tip. And any time you want to swap your bum Jared Spencer for the mate of your best decanter let me know." And I left him, to go after my passport.

---

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

# HELIOTHERAPY—MAN'S FIRST MEDICINE IS REDISCOVERED

*Sun Worship Now Has Scientific Basis—World's Foremost Sun-Shrines in Europe and America are Visited Annually By Millions of Health Pilgrims*

HUMANITY'S first medicine was sunshine. When primitive Man began to ail, he instinctively turned to the sun for remedial aid—impelled by the same inherent law of nature that makes plants turn their leaves and flowers to follow its daylight orbit across the skies.

So beneficial was this instinctive practice, that Man's first religious ceremonies consisted of rites of gratitude, directed toward the sun. In the United States, sun worship in its primitive form still persists among aboriginal tribes, notably the Seminole Indians who continue religiously to hold their annual sun dances.

There is great significance in the fact that in Ancient Greece, the Father of Medicine, Æsculaplus, was the son of Apollo, god of sun, medicine and music. The great Temple of Health of the ancient Greeks, the Æsclepieion, on the Island of Cos, was located with a view to taking advantage of a special quality and quantity of sunshine.

Hippocrates, first great physician of history, practiced on the Island of Cos, and recent archaeological discoveries there, show that heliotherapy (sun-cure) was the most important factor of his medical treatment.

*Modern "Sun-Worshippers" at Miami Beach*

*Sun-Worshippers of Ancient Greece*

## *The Sun Goes Modern*

With the discovery that certain vegetable and mineral products had therapeutic value, and with the ensuing development of the science of materia medica, the natural use of the healing values of sunshine was temporarily abandoned. However, since the discovery, through comparatively recent experiments in photography and electricity, that sunlight causes certain definite chemical reactions, the attention of medical scientists has been re-directed to the healing methods practiced by the ancient sun worshippers and by Hippocrates.

The great Danish scientist, Dr. Neils R. Finsen, first indicated that sunlight contained actinic or chemically active rays. The famous German, Dr. Koch, demonstrated that sunlight had definite antiseptic and bacteria-killing value. The discoveries of Roentgen in the matter of artificial light rays, electrically created, have been the guide posts to the re-discovery of the health-giving values of sunlight.

Heliotherapy, or cure by the sun's rays, today constitutes one of the most potent factors in the modern science of healing, and certain localities in which, due to location or climate, it can best be practiced, have become shrines of modern health pilgrims, seeking restoration of body and spirit from the sun.

The city of Leysin, Switzerland, under the superintendence of the great heliotherapeutist, Dr. A. Rollier, has become the outstanding European rendezvous for those who seek the sun's benefits; while in the United States, Southeastern Florida, notably Miami, with its surrounding territory, has become the recognized sun-shrine of the western hemisphere.

## *The Ultra-Violet Ray*

It is now a scientifically known fact that atmospheric conditions definitely govern the health-giving properties of sunlight. The violet and ultra-violet rays—those which exert chemical action upon living organisms, are capable of their curative effects only under the most ideal climatic conditions. The ultra-violet ray is easily diffused, easily deflected and easily dissipated. It cannot penetrate a dusty, smoky or cloudy atmosphere, nor can it pass through ordinary glass or clothing. It is also known that as the sun's rays increase their angle to reach the more northern latitudes, they are less concentrated and there, by virtue of passing through a greater atmospheric distance, are less intense.

For these reasons, Miami—where the sun's rays in winter and in summer, maintain a constant direct focus—where the atmosphere is practically clear at all times—where the sun shines on an average of 360 days of the year and the winter temperature permits out-of-doors activity—has become increasingly the shrine to which Americans who seek preservation and restoration of health make their annual pilgrimages—more frequently in winter, when practically every other part of the country is denied proper curative sunlight.

Dr. Rollier asserted in a recent address to the International Council of Nurses at Leysin, that the general sunbath, by dilating the capillaries, determines the flow of blood from the depths to the surface through the muscular layers; that it stimulates and regularizes the circulation better than the best massages, and restores the muscle system—that the tonic action manifests itself in the thoracic and abdominal organs—reviving the appetite, stimulating digestive functions and giving new life to the vital forces.

## *Sunlight—The Great Regulator*

Physicians generally agree that sunlight acts to control the speed and direction of the chemical process by which the blood rejects the bacteria of various diseases—that it determines the concentration of the mineral salts (calcium and phosphorus), which are necessary to the formation and maintenance of healthy bone, teeth and tissue.

It is this health-giving result from sun treatment that has made the winter vacation in South Florida a growing national institution; taken it out of the luxury class and placed it upon the economic program of hundreds of American families. Every year the railroads, steamship lines, motor busses and other forms of transportation are reporting an increased pilgrimage from the northern states into Florida. Beginning with the first part of December and continuing until May, on the long stretches of white sanded beaches along the coastline of Southeastern Florida, may be seen hundreds of thousands of health pilgrims basking in the sun and breathing the iodized salt air of the tropical Atlantic.

## *Play Your Way to Health*

It is a health benefit you may obtain while playing at surf bathing, golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing—practically every summer sport—in mid-winter, and its efficacy is extolled by hundreds of thousands who have been restored to health and revived energies. There is no need for anyone to handicap his health and efficiency by sun hunger, a few weeks of basking in South Florida's sunshine is so readily, so quickly and so economically available. Miami has facilities for all winter health pilgrims who seek the benefits of the sun. Accommodations are available for every taste, every purse and every station. Thousands of Miami visitors will attest the fact that they live more economically in Miami than at home.

If you are run down, ill at ease; if you are subject to colds; if you are physically too reduced in vitality to withstand the possibilities of influenza, pneumonia and other ailments of the northern winter—make your sun pilgrimage to Miami and avoid these threatened attacks upon your health and life.

Wire today—or mail this coupon:

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Send me Greater Miami Literature, also information concerning accommodations for.....Adults,.....Children, at approximately $.....per week. Prefer (check): Cottage, apartment, hotel. Arriving, ....., 192.. Intend staying until .., , 192

Name

Address

# Makes this hard job easy!

A 3-in-One enthusiast writes: "Last year I avoided the usual damage to my fingers and my temper when changing license plates. I put 3-in-One on each bolt and then did some other odd jobs about my car. When I returned to the license-changing job the nuts turned as if they were loose." (Name on request.)

Save *your* fingers and *your* temper by trying this good use for 3-in-One. And while you are waiting for the oil to soften the rust, do this:

Rub all the nickel parts—radiator, lamps—with 3-in-One. It removes tarnish—stains—grime. Makes the nickel bright as a mirror—keeps it that way—and prevents water marks. If your car is new, start using 3-in-One on the nickel at once and it will always be spotlessly clean and bright.

Oil the door latches and hinges with 3-in-One and you won't have to slam the doors, endangering the glass. A wonderful automobile polish, too. Use as directed.

3-in-One is a scientific compound of several high quality oils. That's why it's different and better than ordinary oil.

Sold everywhere by accessory stores—hardware, drug, grocery, sporting goods, department and general stores. Two size Handy Cans and three size bottles.

*Manufactured since 1894*

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 William St., New York

**Free:** *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal card.*

**Beauty Hint**

A garage employe says: "3-in-One will remove tar from running boards and fenders—a good 'Beauty Hint' for car owners." (Name on request.)

Your generator needs 3-in-One regularly. Better than engine oil because it penetrates and won't gum and clog the bearings

When starters act sluggish with 3-in-One they start instantly. You'll appreciate this in cold weather

Model A Ford Timers last longer and always flash a hot spark when oiled with 3-in-One. Never gums the contacts

[90]


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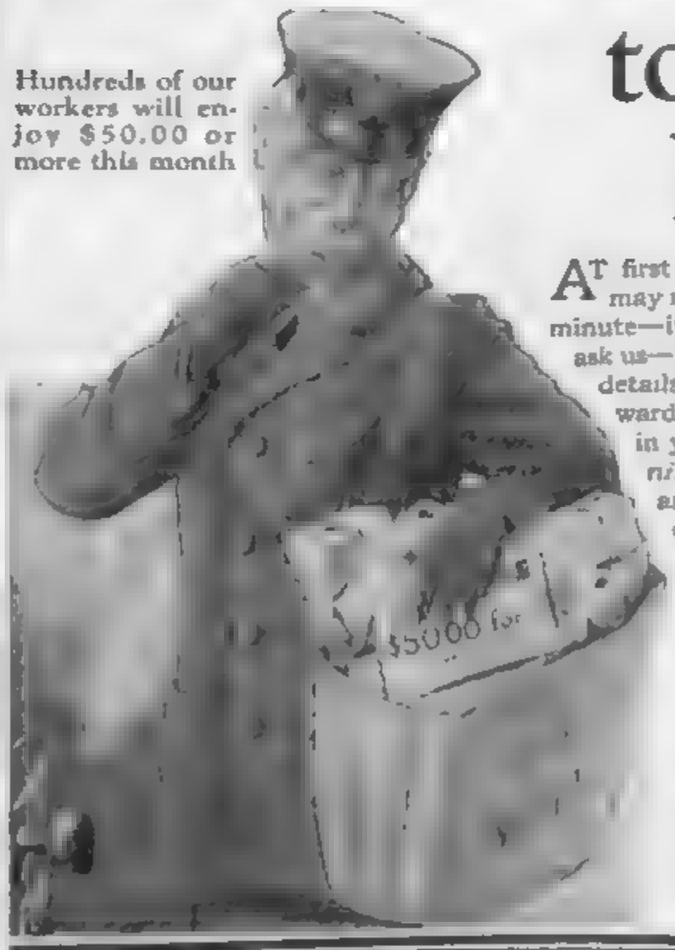
# Will He Bring $50.00 to YOUR Home?

Hundreds of our workers will enjoy $50.00 or more this month




AT first reading of the question above you may murmur, "No such luck." But wait a minute—it may easily be true! If you will but ask us—*today*—we will promptly send you full details of three sure ways to profit: (1) Forwarding the renewals of present readers in your locality for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*; (2) securing new subscriptions, and (3) accepting the orders of folks who desire to send subscriptions as gifts.

## No Experience Necessary

If we could get together and talk this over, we could doubtless quickly convince you how easily you may win an extra $50.00 or more. As we cannot, do the next best thing and mail the coupon.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
936 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send to me by first class mail everything I'll need to make an extra fifty or more.

*Name* ..... *Age*
Please print name and address

*Street or R. F. D*

*Town* *State*

# AUTOMATIC HEATING WITHOUT DISAPPOINTMENTS

## BRYANT GAS HEATING

AUTOMATIC heating is unquestionably the accepted modern standard. Each year the percentage of new homes using hand-fired heating plants grows smaller. Each year an increasing number of occupied residences are brought up to date by replacing old-fashioned heating plants.

When YOU buy an automatic heating plant, take one precaution—be sure to get one that is *truly* automatic. Find out from owners how many servicing calls per year their plants have required—how many winters they have stood the gaff of day and night service without faltering or quitting—how many moving parts there are to wear out.

To have a truly automatic heating plant means that you simply take your boiler or furnace for granted—never worry about your fuel supply any more than you worry about your running water—rarely, if ever, need to ask a service man to call—go out of town over week-ends without even making a trip to your furnace room.

Bryant Gas Heating is not only truly automatic—it gives *clean* heat free from grimy vapors, soot or dust; it gives *noiseless* heat—there are no motors, blowers, pumps or other mechanisms; and it settles your heating problem once and for all because a Bryant Boiler or Furnace has no revolving mechanisms to wear out.

Bryant Gas Heating represents the nearest approach to perfection in house heating which human ingenuity has yet devised. Best of all, this margin of superiority is not expensive, either in first cost or in operation. For the complete story of this time-proven heating service 'phone your local Bryant office, ask your gas company, or write to us at Cleveland.

IN the Bryant Gas Heated house you can . . Throw away your coal shovel . . Junk your ash can . Make a single match your winter's kindling...Tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock . . . Live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one . . . . Add a useful room to your house . . . Laugh at the ups and downs of the temperature outside

Enjoy winter . . . and "let the pup be your furnace man."

It is truly automatic—whether used with steam, hot water, vapor or warm air.

Bryant Gas Heating provides ample, uniform warmth—thermometer measured to a single degree of the temperature you prefer—with no more effort or bother than the winding of an 8-day clock.

And a Bryant Heater embodies no revolving mechanisms, such as motors, blowers, pumps, etc.: it is as noiseless as your kitchen stove and stays noiseless; and so utterly reliable that you can take your winter heating just as much for granted as the water you draw from your kitchen or bathroom faucets.

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THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. COMPANY, 17807 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

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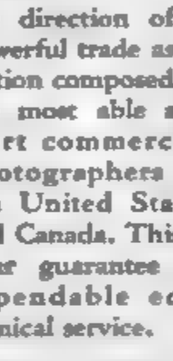
THIS Exchange Service is under the direction of a powerful trade association composed of the most able and alert commercial photographers in the United States and Canada. This is your guarantee of dependable economical service.

There is an interesting book called "The Four Thousand Mile Lens" that tells all about this service and suggests many ways in which you can use it to good advantage. Your local commercial photographer will gladly give you a copy, or write National Advertising Headquarters, Photographers Association of America, 136 East Market Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.



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YOU'VE often wanted a photograph of some subject in a city a hundred or a thousand miles away. Now you may have it quickly, and without a bit of bother. Just telephone the man who makes your regular commercial photographs. Tell him your requirements. He will transmit your instructions to an associate in the distant city, who will take the photograph. A print will be delivered through your regular photographer in the usual way.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER INTERNATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS *Tell the Truth*


# The Poets' Corner

### The Parent

*AND we poor, grubbing, wingless things*
*Who toil to give our children wings—*
*What pride is ours, when on and on*
*We watch them mount the golden dawn. . . .*
*A little more and they are gone.*

*Then something in us sees and hears*
*The empty silence of the years*
*And cries its loneness through the tears—*

*Ah, woe is me! But yesterday*
*He lay upon my breast,*
*A wingless thing, content to stay*
*Forever in the nest!*
*(Had I but kept his baby eyes*
*From straying upward to the skies!)*

*For him I labored night and day*
*And threw my better years away—*
*A sacrifice, for that I must*
*Lift up my fledgling from the dust.*

*I bore the bruises and the stings;*
*I battled other earth-born things,*
*Till from the dust I wrested—wings!*

*I gave him wings, and he became*
*Straightway a flying swallow;*
*Does he remember whence he came,*
*The while he cleaves the purple flame*
*Where morning banners fling acclaim*
*Across the heaven's hollow?*

*Or does he in his pride forget*
*The dust I watered with my sweat? . . .*
*I watch my flying swallow. . . .*
*How can I tell? I only know*
*I gave my fledgling wings to go*
*Where I can never follow.*

*Still—wistful thought I oft have pressed*
*Against the hunger in my breast—*

*Though I'm forgot, my travail done,*
*Yet in some golden sky the sun*
*Shines on the flashing wings I won!*

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

### Spring for Celia

*NOW Spring is here, for Celia*
*And others twenty-one.*
*Now Spring is here for Celia;*
*For me, the Spring is done.*

*The Spring is gone and vanished,*
*And winter's come to stay.*
*Celia, take your laughter, please,*
*And go away.*

*What? You will not leave me?*
*Can it be*
*That Spring has come for Celia*
*And me?*

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*


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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request.

# 2 ways to know IPANA's benefits to your *Teeth* and your *Gums*

## 1 The Coupon

EVEN more than most makers of tooth paste, we are delighted to send you a ten day tube of Ipana.

Why shouldn't we be? Ipana's fine, clean taste, its ability to make teeth shine and gleam—these are convincing from the very first!

But Ipana is more than just a good dentifrice. It is—and it can be for you—a tonic for your entire oral cavity!

Used faithfully with a light massage it restores your gums to a healthful tonicity.

It combats "pink tooth brush". People whose gums have a tendency to bleed find Ipana the perfect dentifrice to keep their gums, as well as their teeth, sound and well.

But these are advantages which accrue to the consistent user of Ipana. A month, at least, is needed to show you all that Ipana can do for you.

So, while there is a coupon below, we do not urge its use. We know you will achieve all of Ipana's benefits only by going to your druggist and asking for a full-size tube which will last at least a month.

Then will your teeth gleam—then will your gums be healthy.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. P-128
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

## 2 The Drug Store

ONE great advantage in getting your first tube of Ipana from the drug store is that you can begin its use the very same day!

You get a full, fresh tube, of over 100 brushings, ample to demonstrate all of Ipana's many virtues.

And your druggist, like your dentist, can explain the benefits of Ipana in the technique of massage.

He and the dentist will confirm that our gums, damaged by this soft, modern food of ours, fall easy prey to many stubborn troubles.

Probably out of his own observation he can quote instances of how Ipana has benefited tender gums—how in conjunction with a light massage, with the brush or with the fingers, it has been employed by leading dentists to combat gingivitis and other disorders of the gums.

For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, long used by the profession in the treatment of gum disorders.

So go to your druggist—get a large tube of Ipana today. Begin its use tonight. Your mouth will feel invigorated and clean. Your teeth will gleam. Your gums will be kept in perfect health.

MEMO TO MYSELF

*Get Ipana Tooth Paste today*

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# *Your clothes are carefully classified*

"EVERY season brings new fabrics and new colors," Ted Hall, the superintendent, explained to Alice Gartley, "and each piece must receive the washing process best suited to it." Through the Laundryowners National Association, a Research Fellowship is maintained at the Mellon Institute, and a proving station at the American Institute of Laundering. Thus making true the challenging statement that laundry-washed clothes *last longer*. Modern laundries offer services for every need.

*Go with Alice into Laundryland*

This delightful journey booklet may be had from any modern laundry displaying on its trucks this picture of Alice in Laundryland. A telephone call will bring your copy.

**A Service for Every Family Budget**

WHETHER you supervise the laundering at home, or send clothes out to questionable quarters, you will find that modern laundries offer freedom from work and worry, in a variety of services to meet every family need. All-around work, partially-finished work, and a plan which returns clothes daily for ironing are a few individualized services available at laundries today.

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*Let the* LAUNDRY *do it!*

# *Even to the* Eggnog

Whether it's dinner or supper or luncheon, whatever you may serve, from the soup to the daintiest dessert—even to the eggnog—every item on the menu, with Pet Milk wherever milk is used, will make your party something for your friends to remember.

The reason for the extraordinary qualities of texture and flavor, and the certainty of getting them, lies in the milk. More than twice as rich as ordinary milk, every drop of every can uniform in this double richness, always fresh and sweet, Pet Milk takes away much of the chance of failure in preparing food.

For every cream and milk use, Pet Milk is the perfect supply. Rich enough to use in place of cream, it gives the texture and flavor you want cream to give, yet costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit whatever need you have for milk, it gives a distinct richness because the cream is always in the milk—yet costs no more than ordinary milk.

**EGGNOG**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 fresh egg | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| ½ cup Pet Milk diluted with | 1 teaspoon vanilla or other flavoring |
| ½ cup water | Pinch of salt |

Mix egg yolk, sugar and salt; add well beaten egg white. Slowly add diluted milk and flavoring and thoroughly whip with Dover egg beater. Chill. This recipe makes ample eggnog for one serving.

*Let us send you our free booklets, demonstrating the extraordinary quality of Pet Milk dishes.*

PET MILK COMPANY
1421 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

made with PET MILK

# SHE KNOWS

## the quickest way to do dishes

NO longer is dishwashing the slow, tedious task it used to be! A remarkable new soap, Super Suds, speeds up washing and ends dish-wiping altogether!

Super Suds is soap in an entirely new form, amazing little *beads*, so delicate, so tissue-thin, that they dissolve instantly and completely when water hits them. No other form of soap can do this.

Many cake soaps, chips, flakes, have good soap in them. But their form keeps them from dissolving instantly. The thinner soap is made, the better it works. Super Suds is four times thinner than chips, which means four times thinner than any kind of soap ever made before.

*How you can get through dishes quicker*

Pour Super Suds in your pan. Turn on the hot water. Remember, Super Suds does not need *boiling* water to dissolve or wash clean. Instantly all the bead soap dissolves. Full, creamy suds on top. And down below, active *underwater suds* that quickly loosen grease and food particles, leaving dishes shining clear.

Then—a quick hot rinse, and let dishes drain. Every trace of soap flows away. No need to wipe when plates never feel sticky or show streaks. For things that need polishing—silver and glassware—a touch of the towel brings out all of the gleam that every housewife loves to see.

*Bead soap a speedy laundry worker too*

In tub or washing machine you'll find Super Suds the same quick, efficient worker as it is in the kitchen. Because bead soap all goes into suds, it rinses out more easily. Colors come out sharp and clear. White things are whiter than ever before. Clothes last much longer. Try Super Suds today! At all grocers', 10¢.

**Beads— the fastest-working form of soap**